Predicting the Consequences of Technology by John Lear

Saturday Review

March 28, 1970 50¢

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STORM ON THE HOLY SEE
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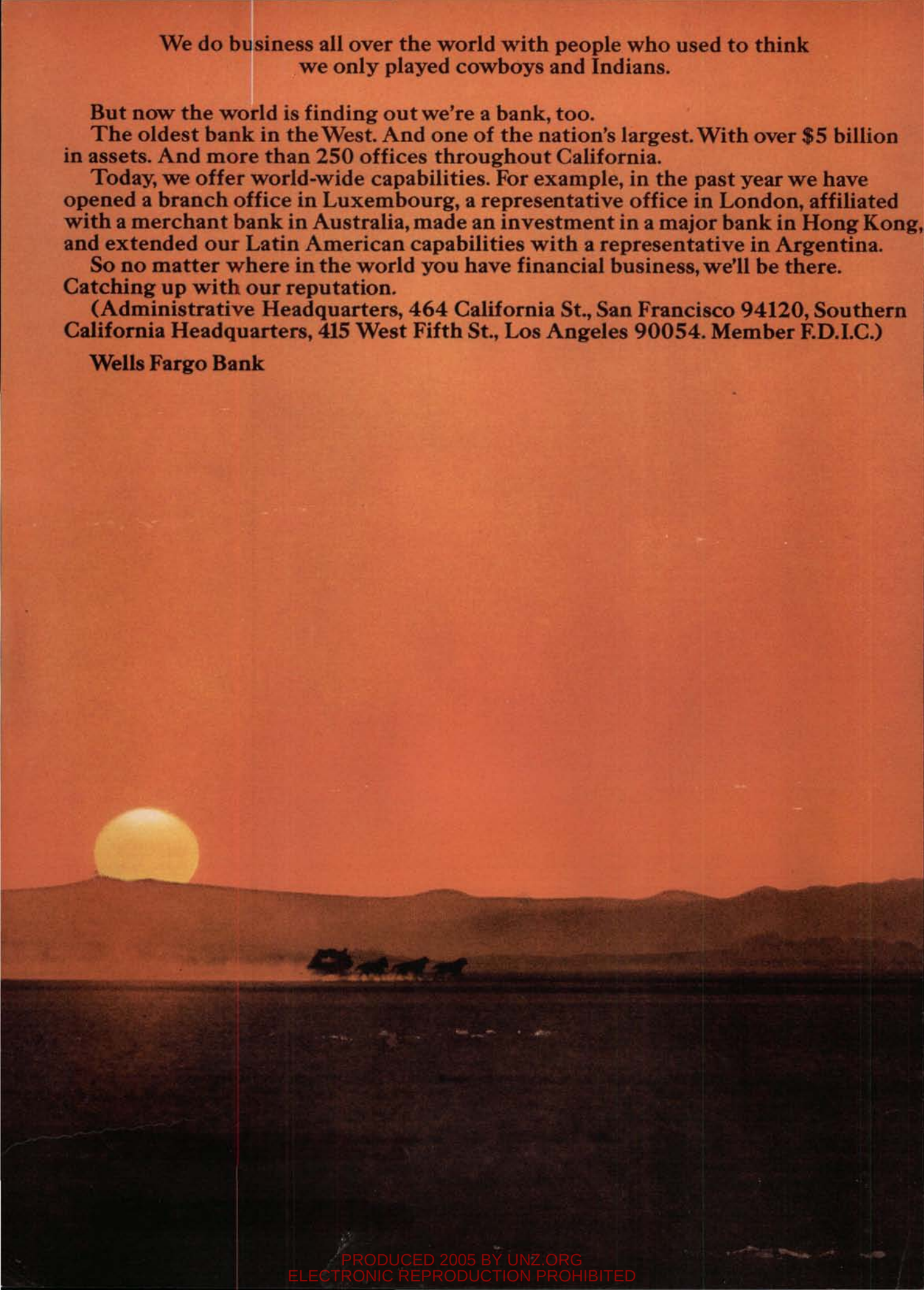

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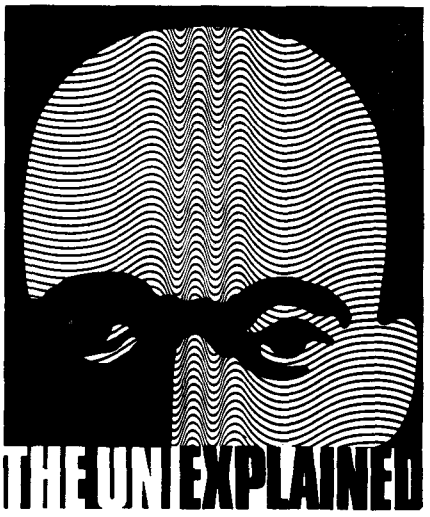

NBC-TV Friday, April 3
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Arthur C. Clarke, author of "2001," comments. Startling probes include the mysteries of space, hypnosis, ESP, the human brain, animal communications, plant behavior and other unexplained phenomena.

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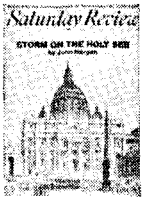

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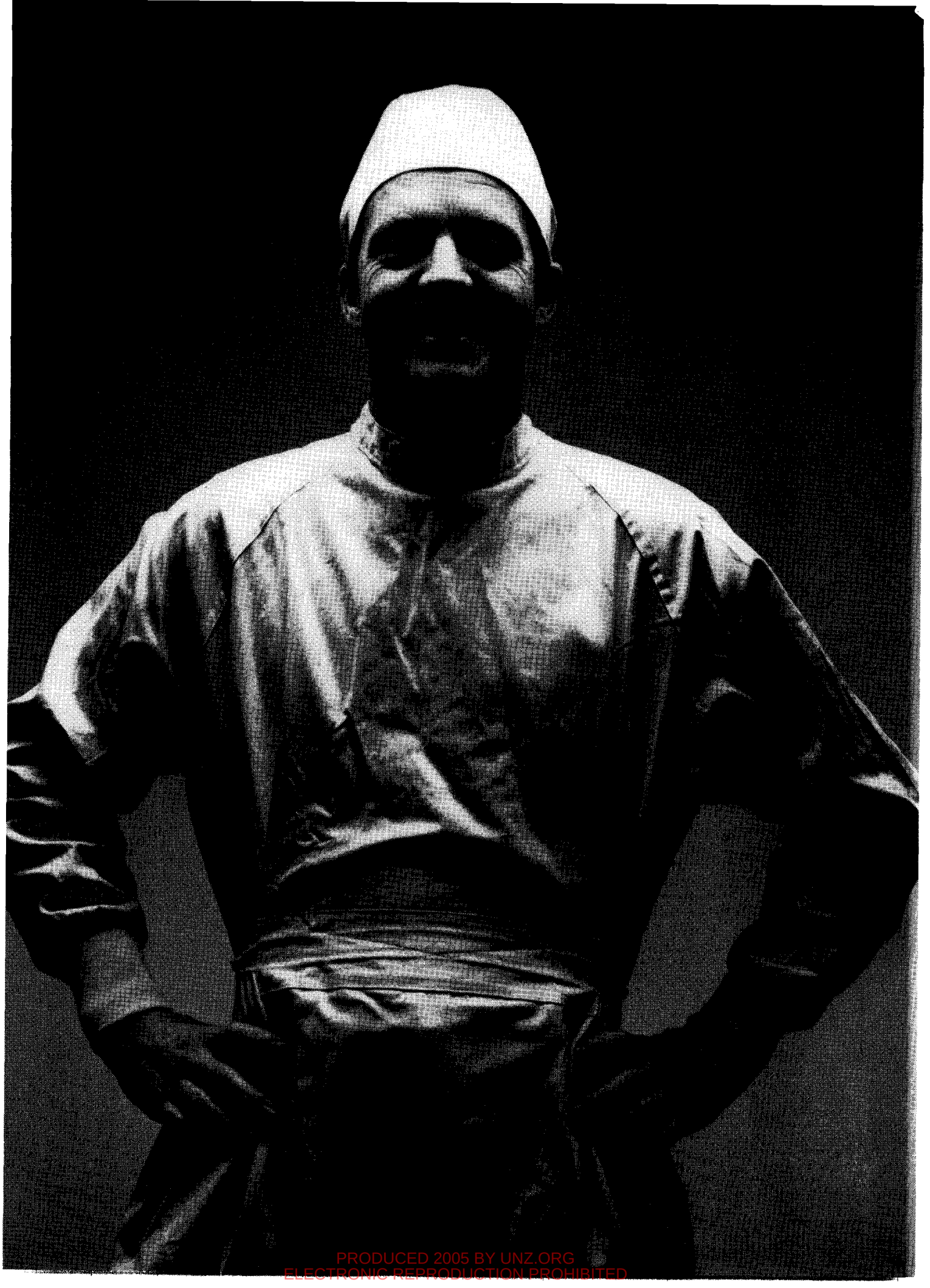

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Be My Guest

IF YOU'RE WONDERING why your favorite TV programs are to disappear from your sets next season, you can blame it on the two eye-counting outfits that make these reports: the Audience Research Bureau and the A. C. Nielsen Company.

How they accomplish this arithmetical feat has been a trade secret all these years. Fortunately for you, I've unearthed it. The latest ARB count reveals there is a "widespread, unaccountable, and unbelievable decline" in TV viewers. The Nielsen people say there is a decline, but it's only minor and isolated.

What it amounts to is ARB counts each eye glued to the set and multiplies by two. Nielsen multiplies by four. In any case, there is a decline. And high time.

One reason for viewers' disenchantment is the monotonous repetition of celebrity guests who appear on the programs of celebrity hosts. This is especially true regarding TV specials.

Most often these celebrities who are guests don't appear for money. It's what is called an exchange. "You guest on my show, and I'll guest on yours." One ham washes the other.

For instance, when you see the celebrated Bob Hope show up on a celebrated *Bing Crosby Special,* you can safely bet two cans of Minute Maid to one that Crosby will show up on the next *Bob Hope Special.*

Similarly, Hope was recently a guest on the *Perry Como Special.* And who do you think showed up as a celebrity guest on the next *Bob Hope Special?* Not Phil Brito!

Carol Burnett does it, Jim Nabors does it, Lucille Ball does it, Tom Jones does it, even the Lennon Sisters, and the birds do it. All fall in line. This overexposure may make celebrities household words. But not household pets. For heaven's sake, even Vice President Agnew has cut down on his TV appearances.

Oh, I see a lady has raised her hand. Yes, Madame, what is it? A very good question: "What is a TV celebrity?"

Well, celebrities come in two categories—the "Now" celebrity and the "Then" celebrity. Follow closely:

A Now celebrity is a young man, wearing a guitar, who has just come from Nashville, where the action is, with his recordings of folk, rock, and country songs.

A Then celebrity is an older man, wearing a money belt over his girdle, who has just come from the bank with a recording of the money he made in the early days of TV, where the action once was.

The name of the game is a high ARB or Nielsen TV rating. A Then celebrity can usually be depended on to get a big rating, but to play it safe he hires a Now celebrity, hoping to attract the young viewers.

A celebrity ceases to be a celebrity when his rating drops. Jackie Gleason, for instance. The Great One has always rated high doing *The Honeymooners.* When he decided to change to variety programs, down went his rating. The network said he could stay on if he would go back to his original format. But no, it was too much work, now that he'd gotten rich and thin.

Perry Como, once a weekly giant in the ratings, could have stayed on, but, when the network started talking ratings and change of format, he retired to a golf course. Now he does one special a year. He still sings like an angel. Obviously, he's decided to save it till he gets up there.

Oh, before I forget, there is another kind of celebrity guest—the Instant Celebrity, who overnight makes the front pages. Instant Celebrities don't last long. They are immediately grabbed off, usually by the alert Ed Sullivan.

I'm thinking of that poor rich lad who recently came of age and inherited millions. What made him a celebrity was his announcements in the papers and on TV that he was giving it all to the needy, on a first come, first served basis.

After Mr. Sullivan gave the boy his usual obscurely eloquent introduction, we were treated to the pathetic sight of a young man who mumbled a poem by Bob Dylan to what could loosely be called his own accompaniment on his guitar. Mr. Sullivan gave him his special "let's hear it" treatment, the boy bowed and departed, saying he was giving away trillions of dollars.

I don't know how high the Instant Celebrity raised the Sullivan rating that night. But it couldn't have been as high as the papers suggested the kid had been when he announced his giveaway. And so another Instant Celebrity had gone to pot.

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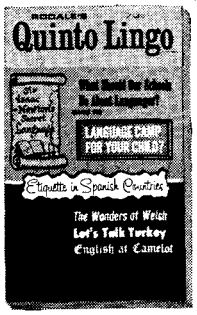

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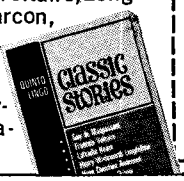

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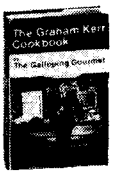

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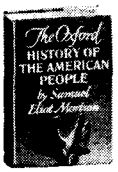

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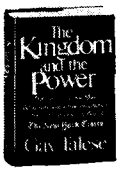

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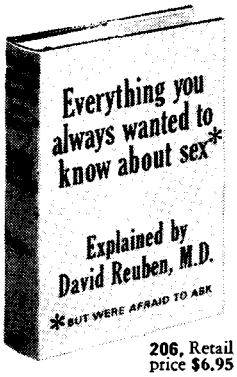

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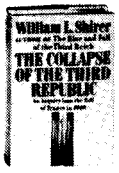

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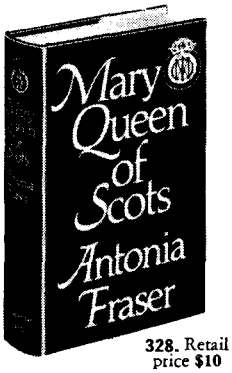

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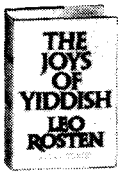

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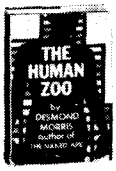

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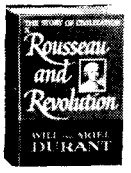

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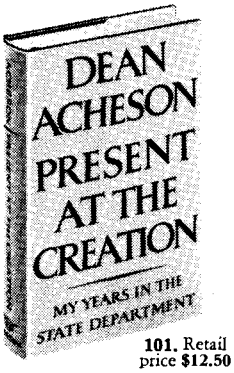

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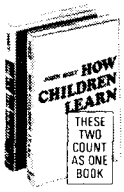

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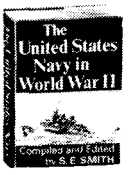

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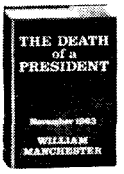

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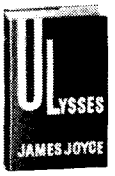

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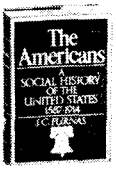

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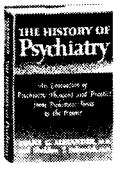

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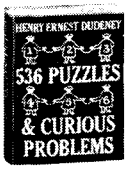

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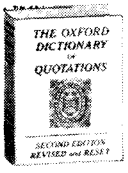

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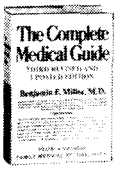

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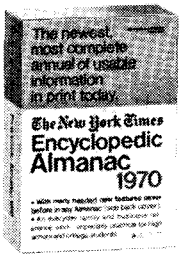

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Edited by Martin Levin

Altered Habits

CONVENT ORDER ADVOCATES
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—NEWS HEADLINE

How swiftly fashions change,
From miniskirts to maxis;
New viewpoints disarrange
The old-time parallaxes.

The theologues have ceased
To seek God in the test'ments,
And nuns are turning priest . . .
Suppose they'll wear transvestments?

—FRED SAIDY.

Tense Days in the Animal Kingdom

UNCLE ELK looked up from the shadow of the trees. "Here's Willie," he announced. "Seems to be in a hurry about something."

Willie Elk trotted into the clearing, obviously out of breath. "Brace yourselves," he gasped. "I've got bad news."

Papa Elk spat out a mouthful of half-chewed bark. "What is it, Son? Where you been?"

Willie paused for a few moments. He was panting heavily and needed to get his breath back. His sister and Mama Elk moved closer.

"I've just been talking to some of the boys down at the south lake," Willie reported at last. "What d'you think they heard?"

"What?" asked Mama Elk anxiously. "Tell us, Son. What's the poop?"

"That Podgorny's here."

"Podgorny?"

"Yeah. He's in Helsinki on a state visit."

An expression of relief swept across Papa Elk's face. "That ain't no cause for alarm, Son. From what I hear, that Podgorny's a lousy shot."

"They said Kosygin was a lousy shot," recalled Minnie Elk. "But he got himself a bag of pheasants in Scotland, didn't he?"

"They weren't pheasants," corrected her father. "They were grouse. And I never knew anyone had taken a count. It's like those Presidential golf scores in America—they don't release the figures." He nudged his daughter's hide affectionately. "If you ask me, Kosygin wouldn't know a cartridge from a trigger. Besides, we're not grouse."

"No," agreed Mama Elk, "but we offer a better target. Especially with a figure like yours. I told you already you've been getting too fat."

Papa Elk sniffed. "I still say that Podgorny couldn't hit the Kremlin with a tennis ball."

"He's no Tito," conceded Willie. "But someone's gonna get hurt. Besides, Kekkonen's coming with him. It'd be *lèse-majesté* if he didn't. And you don't think Kekkonen's gonna let him go back with an empty bag, do you?"

Uncle Elk moved away from the trees and joined the group. "Let's not bicker about it," he urged. He turned to Willie. "How do we know they'll come this way?"

"That's what the boars said in Poland, when they found out Khrushchev was coming. They learned soon enough, didn't they?"

"Boars!" Papa Elk snorted. "When did they know enough to wipe their own snouts? I know them boars. If they could think like they can grunt, Khrushchev would be running yet."

Uncle Elk reflected. "Any chance of wrecking the lodge? It's a long time since we mounted a stampede."

Willie shook his head. "Naw. It's too well protected."

"Why the hell," exploded his father, "can't they go fishing for once? Don't the Commies know *how* to fish?" He kicked up a small heap of snow with his right hoof.

Minnie Elk sighed. "Maybe we're lucky we don't live in Kenya. Especially with Tito going to Nairobi next month. That's going to be something else. Those rhinos and buffalo down there—I heard they're half crazy with anxiety." She pawed the snow thoughtfully. "They've been saying it's so dangerous nowadays the inner jungle's becoming an absolute city."

—FRANK LITTLER.

Whatever Became of the Nehru Jacket?

I WAS HAPPY to note the other day that *The New York Times* is beginning to show some interest in its general news columns in what men are wearing. This is an encouraging sign in a newspaper that employs a large staff of women reporters who spend a good deal of their time writing about men's clothes, a job that properly ought to be done by a male reporter in the Culture Division.

Until now, I've always turned to the

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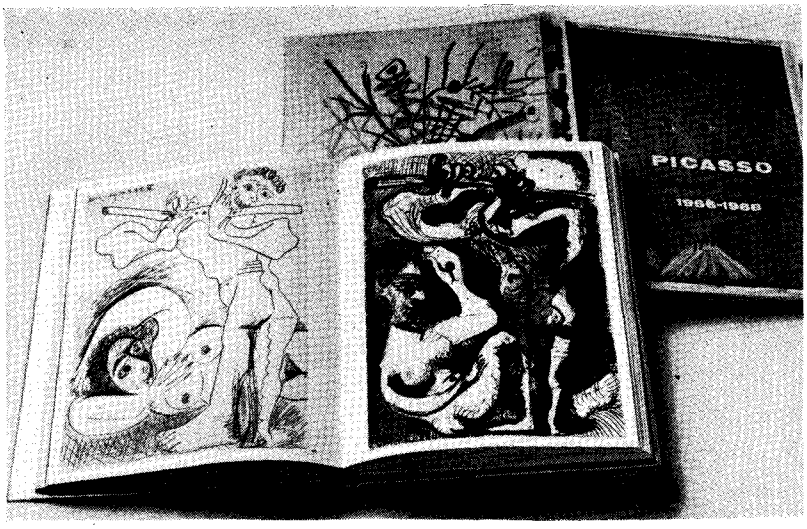

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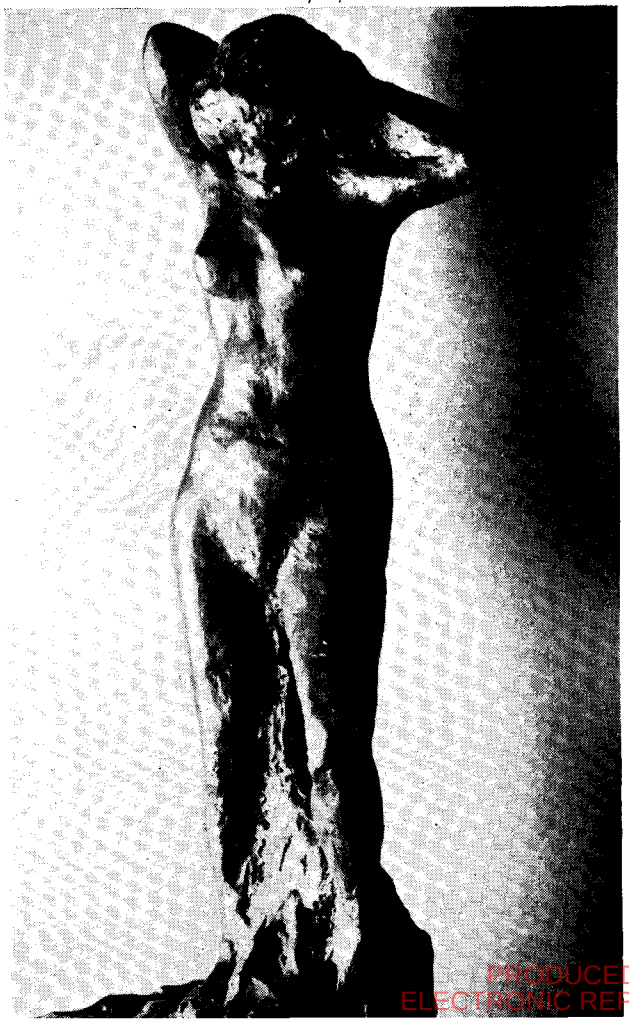

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Stories of a Boy
Growing Up in Warsaw
Farrar, Straus & Giroux

FICTION

JOYCE CAROL OATES
—*Them.*
Vanguard Press

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T. HARRY WILLIAMS
—*Huey Long*
Alfred A. Knopf

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

ERIK H. ERIKSON
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On the Origins of
Militant Nonviolence
W. W. Norton

POETRY

ELIZABETH BISHOP
—*The Complete Poems*
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TRANSLATION

RALPH MANHEIM
—*Castle to Castle,*
Louis-Ferdinand Céline
A Seymour Lawrence Book/
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The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

Women's Page of the *Times* when I wanted information about what the Italian designers have decided to do with cuffs on men's trousers, or how long sideburns are going to be next fall, or whether muttonchop whiskers will be replaced by the spade beard. (It's astonishing how a barber from Arezzo or a clerk from Frascati can set himself up in a studio in Via Borgognona, Rome, only ten frilly shirt lengths from the Spanish Steps, and know unerringly what men in such places as Milwaukee or Akron, Ohio, would like to wear.)

As a constant reader of the Women's Page, I had been forced to the conclusion a long time ago that male reporters, even those in the Culture Division, were forbidden to say anything about men's clothes—wearing apparel, as they say. I could remember when it was a part of every young reporter's training to learn how to describe a man and what he wore—his tie, his shirt, his suit, his underwear if an enterprising reporter was bold enough to find out.

Clothes, in other words, were a vital part of a news story. A good reporter took pleasure in writing about a man's clothes, and readers of the *Times*, I am sure, were grateful. At big criminal trials, the clothes of all the principals were described, and this often took quite a bit of time and doing. Minor inaccuracies appeared now and then, but never in the *Times*, which in those days employed veteran courtroom observers to help faltering reporters in their sartorial descriptions.

Suddenly we all woke up one morning to the sad discovery that men's clothes were not being mentioned in stories of general interest. I'm not sure if the change happened overnight or if we merely became aware of it abruptly, or why it happened. Possibly one of the big polling concerns did one of those fast questioning jobs on the *Times* Editorial Board members and found a preponderant number favored dropping men's clothes from news stories. Maybe it was a simple inexplicable prefiguration of the coming of Clive Barnes and *Hair*.

It happened in any case, and under the kindly influence of the *Times* we were led to believe that nobody cared what a congressman wore at a hearing, or whether Governor Rockefeller's suit was new or old.

Some of us did care, of course, and that is why I was heartened the other day when I read a story by Emanuel Perlmutter, who was sent to federal court in Newark for the sentencing of two Mafiosi, Daniel ("Red") Cercere, fifty, and Angelo ("Gyp") De Carlo, sixty-seven. The sentence in both cases was the same: twelve years in prison and a $20,000 fine. Mr. Perlmutter is a good reporter and a brave one. He has written about the Mafia with no thought of his own personal safety. His Newark story struck me as correct, factual, unemotional—just the right tone for a story of that kind.

And then I was shocked into a new alertness as I read about the two prisoners' reaction. Mr. Perlmutter had introduced their clothes. Cercere, he wrote, "stood behind the counsel table, erect in an expensive-looking brown suit," while De Carlo "was attired in conservative blue serge."

It wasn't much, but it was a start. I have no idea how the Women's Page people felt. I could imagine them sniffing at Mr. Perlmutter's descriptions. How expensive was the brown suit? What shade of brown? The violent Italian brown that sickens Americans in Italy, or the quiet brown worn by Mayor Lindsay? How were the suits cut? Who tailored them? I don't care. I'm satisfied that Mr. Perlmutter has shown the way back to putting men's clothes where they belong.

—JOHN FERRIS.

"On TV they run over to it and wag their tails."

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A SOVIET HERETIC

Essays by Yevgeny Zamyatin

Edited and Translated by Mirra Ginsburg

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Zamyatin was one of the few writers in post-revolutionary Russia to lash out openly against Communist party-line writing. His stories, novels, plays, and essays are banned in Russia to this day. Yet he had a profound influence on emerging Soviet literature. This collection makes it clear why the *Times Literary Supplement* called Zamyatin "a master of the essay form." With wit and originality he writes about himself, about the state of Russian literature in the twenties, about the writer's craft, and about specific writers including Gorky, H. G. Wells, and O. Henry.

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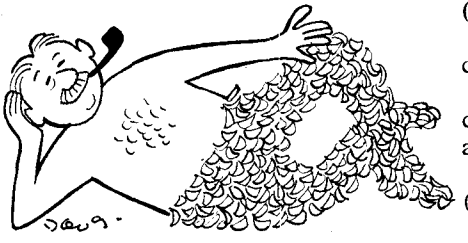
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

There are a lot of funny stories about the late humorist in Babette Rosmond's book *Robert Benchley: His Life and Good Times* (Doubleday). Like the time he was seen wandering around Grant's Tomb late at night. Someone went up to the big iron doors later and found a milk bottle with a note in it: "One milk, no cream—U. S. Grant." In 1940, Benchley was ill in Hollywood, and he was taking one of the new sulfa drugs. One day he and actor Charles Butterworth opened a down pillow and carefully glued the feathers on Benchley from his waist to his toes.

When the doctor came to visit, he asked the patient if he had noticed any change after taking the sulfa. Benchley, who was in bed, said no, the drug had no effect on him at all.



"That's funny," the doctor said. "This stuff's supposed to be so wonderful." He got ready to leave.

"Wait a minute, Doc," said Benchley. "There is just one little thing." And he threw back the covers.

Having just read this book about Harlem, I thought you might be interested to know what happens to white folks in that section of the city, according to black novelist Chester Himes in *Hot Day, Hot Night* (Dell).

"The cop reddened."(p. 16)

"The twelve cops reddened." (p. 21)

"The sergeant reddened." (p. 21)

"The white man . . . leapt for the curb, his face burning." (p. 24)

"'Look, she's blushing.'" (p. 25)

"The white man's face flamed." (p. 26)

"... the white man's red angry face." (p. 27)

"[They] turned red like a race of boiled lobsters." (p. 39)

"She blushed furiously." (p. 50)

"She . . . blushed." (p. 52)

"Viola turned bright red." (p. 55)

"Her face turned bright red." (p. 56)

". . . Blood rushed to Viola's head." (p. 58)

"Van Raff . . . trying to shake down the blood in his own head." (p. 59)

"The patrol cars cops . . . had become slightly reddened." (p. 64)

". . . the assistant M. E., reddening uncontrollably." (p. 73)

"The sergeant reddened." (p. 73)

"Color drained from the sergeant's face." (p. 74) (What a relief!)

"Color flowed back into the sergeant's face." (p. 74) (Oh, well.)

"The cop was getting red." (p. 77)

"A slow blush crept over her pale face." (p. 84)

"Sergeant Ryan turned bright red." (p. 103)

"The red-faced photographer took his camera." (p. 107)

"Faces turned red all over the place." (p. 108)

"Captain Brice reddened." (p. 120)

"Anderson reddened." (p. 124)

"Anderson's face got pink." (p. 140) (Is he running out of blood?)

"The sweating, red-faced cops . . . chased the black youths." (p. 170)

"He noticed the red-faced white cops." (p. 171) (Very patriotic sight, along with blue uniforms, no?)

"Anderson's skin turned blood red." (p. 192)

"Pink came into Anderson's face." (p. 199)

"Blood flooded the woman's face." (p. 224)

"The big white man . . . reddened." (p. 229)

"Fat Sam's wet black skin dried instantly and turned white." (p. 230) (Now he too can blush if he wants.)

On page 46 of the paperback edition of *Hunter's Green* (Crest) by Phyllis A. Whitney (and also in the original Doubleday hardcover, presumably), Nancy Knox found this description of an arboreal phenomenon: "I fancied that I knew the very trees I walked beneath, and indeed there was a great old beech that Gran had mentioned, with the initials of forgotten lovers cut into the bark, *the carving now grown high and far from the ground.*" (Italics added.)

Sharps and Flats: I was mistaken in TRADE WINDS of February 28. It is proper to say *the I Ching*, if you wish. Numerous people wrote to correct me.

► A huge sign at Hardee's restaurant in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, begs: TRY OUR NEW ROAST BEEF WITH AU JUS SAUCE.

► Thank heaven for the right of the people to have access to court records, from which Bantam Books has published *Tales of Hoffman*, taken from the official transcript of the trial of the Chicago Seven. Otherwise we would not know the incredible things that went on in that courtroom. Newspaper and television coverage never even came close to it.

► In Pawhuska, Oklahoma, the city librarian is Mrs. Charles Bookout.

► Stan Steiner, author of *La Raza* (Harper), points out that a tortilla is the ideal food. It can be eaten for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, or as a snack. It can also be used as a plate, and if an eating utensil is lacking, a tortilla makes a good spoon, too.

► The Hudson County (New Jersey) Young Democratic Club invited a local police officer to speak on the drug problem. A story in the *Jersey Journal* was headlined: YOUNG DEMS TO HEAR DOPE TALK.

► In San Francisco, the May Company travel bureau advertised a "peek season" tour to Alaska.

► I am indebted to James Britain of Seattle for pointing out the difference between a podium and a lectern. He has collected numerous examples of the use of the word podium when lectern was proper. That was the reason I knew that Kenneth Rexroth (see last week's TRADE WINDS) had erred. And recently I perked up my ears when I heard Patty Duke describe herself as standing behind the podium when receiving an award. (You stand on a podium and behind a lectern.)

► Diane Kruchkow attributes significance to the fact that a government study of drugs has been undertaken by a *joint* legislative committee.

► Show me a policeman apprehending a heart patient, and I will show you a cardiac arrest.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1876)

JOHN LAHR:
NOTES ON A COWARDLY LION

Lahr . . . read books like *Pepys's Diary*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. The archaic and high-flown diction amused him, and he found he could work them into his speech both off and on the stage. He enjoyed the burlesque in the real life of these English men of letters as much as he did on the stage of the Columbia Theatre.

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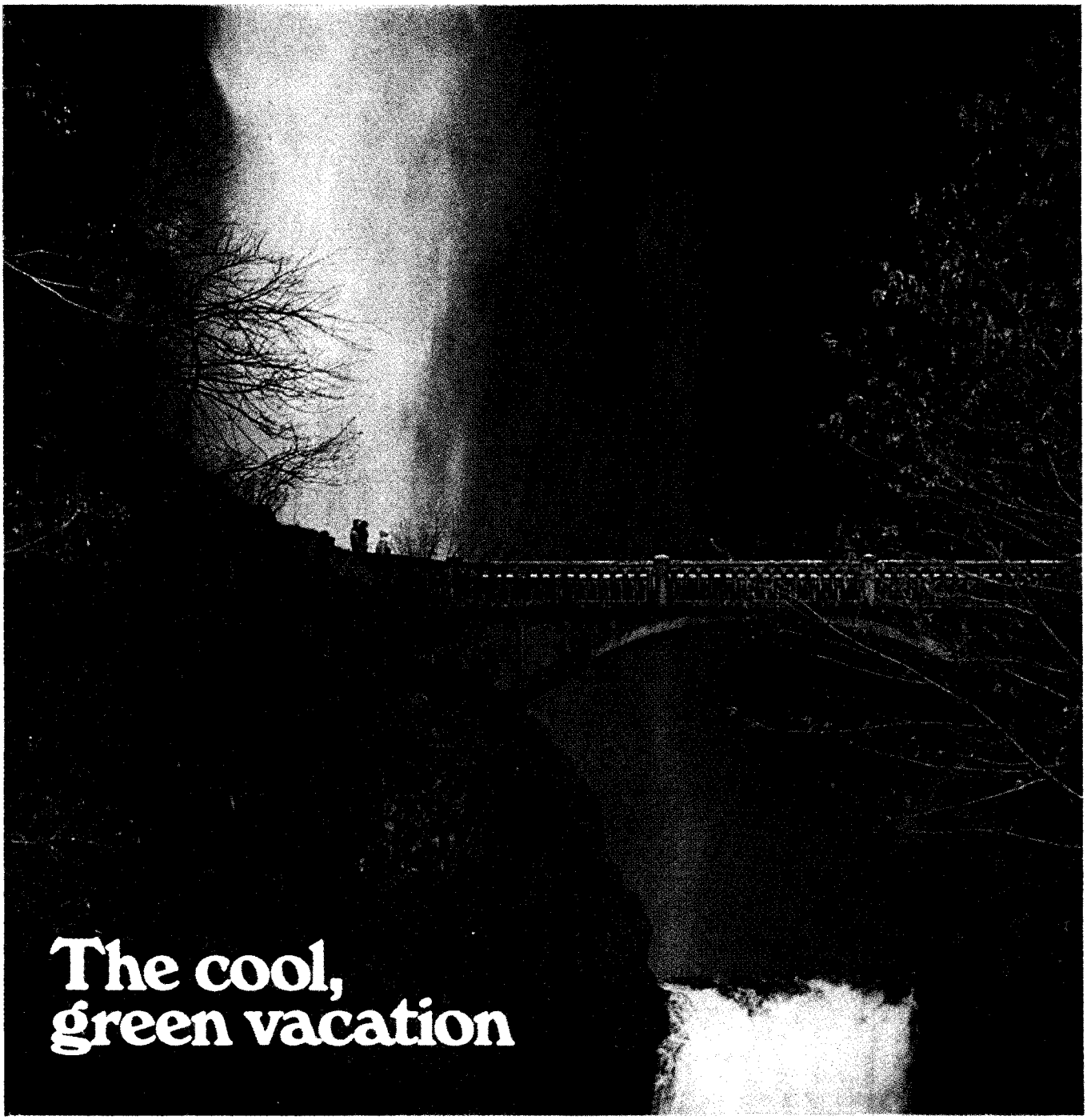

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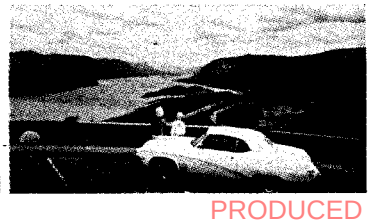

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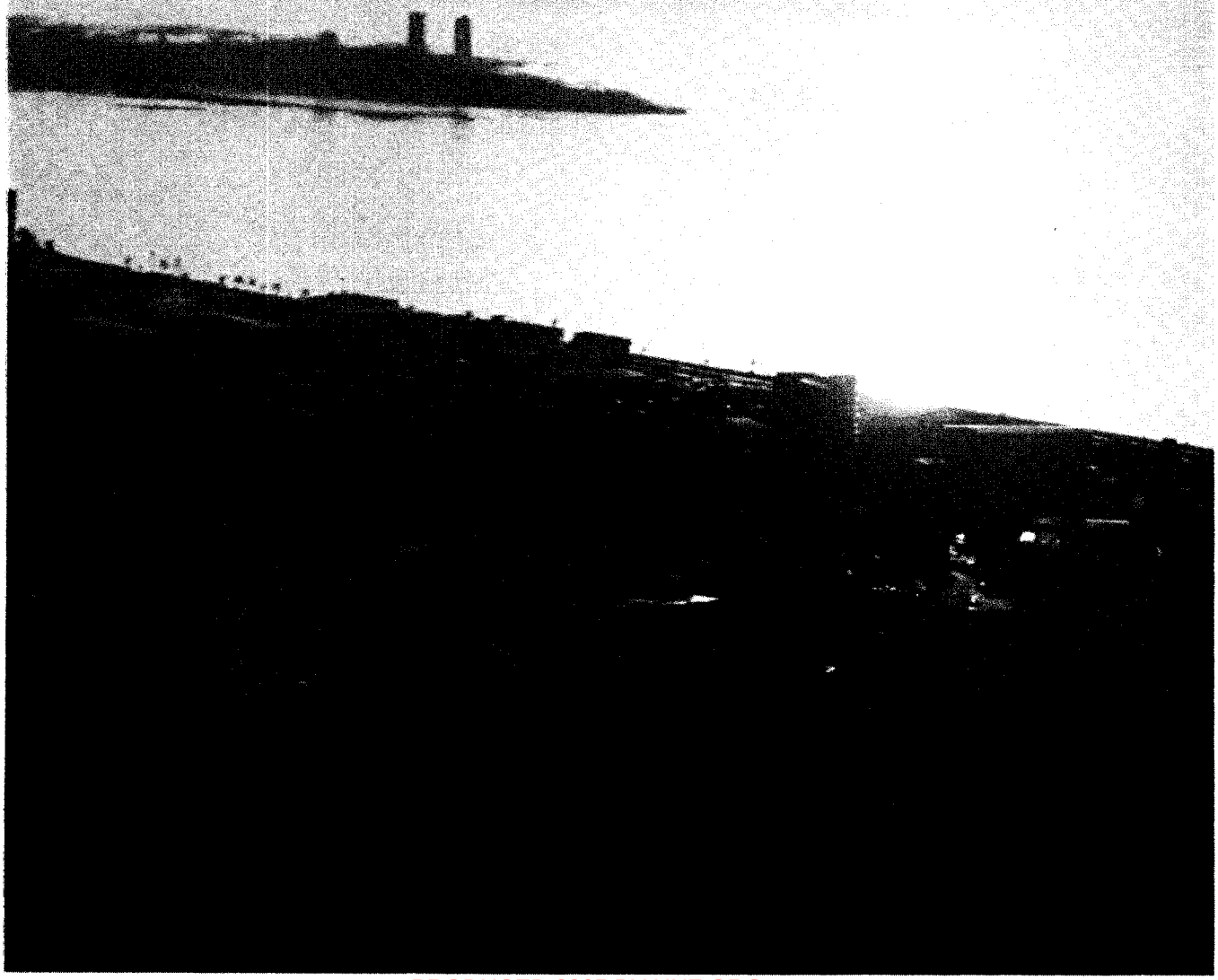

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Saturday Review
March 28, 1970

Storm on the Holy See

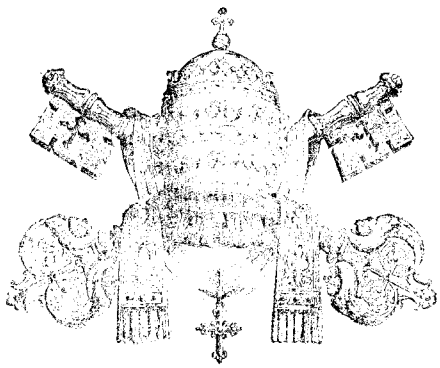
"The crisis of authority will continue to exist for as long as decent people are being treated by their ecclesiastical superiors with a lack of due process and of the ordinary human decencies that would be an affront to the conscience of any civilized organization."

by JOHN HORGAN

When two of the best-known, and most conservative, cardinals in the Vatican Curia take it upon themselves to issue a broadside implicitly accusing Pope Paul VI of heresy, it is safe to assume that the Roman Catholic Church is changing. This, in effect, is what happened just after the Second Synod of Bishops in Rome last October, when Cardinals Ottaviani and Bacci published a long document arguing that the revised rite of the Mass, which had been openly approved by the Pope, represented a sad and dangerous departure from the doctrine of the Council of Trent.

Only a matter of weeks earlier, the same Pope had sat in the synod hall listening carefully as a succession of his brother bishops warned him, in the polite language customary on such occasions, that there must never again be another *Humanae Vitae*—the encyclical on birth control that threw the Catholic world into a turmoil.

All this happened, it should be remembered, a scant three years after one of the most widely respected English Catholic theologians, the Reverend Herbert McCabe, O.P., had been sacked as editor of the influential intellectual



Catholic review *New Blackfriars* for daring to suggest (in words that had been used before him, and in a roughly similar context, by Saint Teresa of Avila) that the Roman Catholic Church was a "corrupt" institution. The Draconian measures taken against Father McCabe at that time seemed to be fairly typical of an era in which—or so many people thought—the candle of hope that the Second Vatican Council had lit was being slowly but remorselessly quenched. Last fall, however, nobody suggested that Cardinals Ottaviani and Bacci should be sacked—much less the bishops who had made their opposition to the publication of *Humanae Vitae* evident before the world. This development, it cannot be denied, represents progress—of a fairly negative kind, perhaps, but progress nevertheless.

Leaving aside for the moment the enigmatic figure of the Pope himself, it is clear that the Roman Catholic Church today is fighting on not one but several fronts; all that the various engagements have in common is that none of them can be solved by the kind of directive from the Chair of St. Peter that used to settle things so decisively only a few short years ago. A sharp realization of this was at the heart of the last synod, and was probably responsible for making it such a low-key affair. The subject under discussion was vital — the relationships that should exist between the pope and the bishops in the government of the church—and papalism and anti-papalism were both probably as strongly represented as they had been at the First Vatican Council a century earlier. But the age of instant answers to problems such as these has gone, and the synod's final conclusion, to the effect that the only way to find out was to struggle ahead in the near-darkness, would have been unthinkable even five years ago. It was a decision that praxis is one of the best guides to principle—that which works well is probably good. It is not a leap forward into democracy on the part of the church, but at the very least it is not a leap in the other direction, and many progressive churchmen have now reached the stage where they

JOHN HORGAN is religion and education editor of the *Irish Times*.

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mark up such a score as an unqualified plus.

The creation of a new, permanent synod secretariat (to contain twelve men elected by and from the synod's own number, and a further three nominated by the pope) is another step of enormous practical value. This innovation is all the more valuable because the members of this new secretariat will habitually live at home in their own dioceses, where they will be (one hopes) more in touch with the real problems of the church and the world, instead of being turned slowly into immortal Vatican bureaucrats.

The end of the age of the Petrine thunderbolt (or of its effectiveness) does not, however, mean the end of what has come to be known as the crisis of authority. This will, presumably, continue to exist for as long as ecclesiastical thunderbolts are being assembled and dispatched anywhere in the world, whether against priests, theologians, or laymen. It will exist, basically, for as long as decent people are being treated by their ecclesiastical superiors with a lack of due process and of the ordinary human decencies that would be an affront to the conscience of any civilized organization, let alone one claiming the name of Christ. The yardstick here has to be that of ordinary human values and rights; this is a point often missed by antiauthoritarian reformers on the left, whose zeal sometimes leads them into a new legalism as depressing as the old. Occasionally, the voices raised against the pope's power are also raised to demand that this power should be used to dismiss Cardinal Ottaviani, to stop the war in Vietnam, and generally to turn the church inside out to suit the protesters' own vision of what it should be like. Some of those who shout loudest about the abuse of power in the church might, in fact, be rather ugly customers if they themselves ever got hold of that power. There are signs that the discussion about authority within the church is becoming an increasingly narcissistic one; if this happens, the participants will have nobody to blame but themselves.

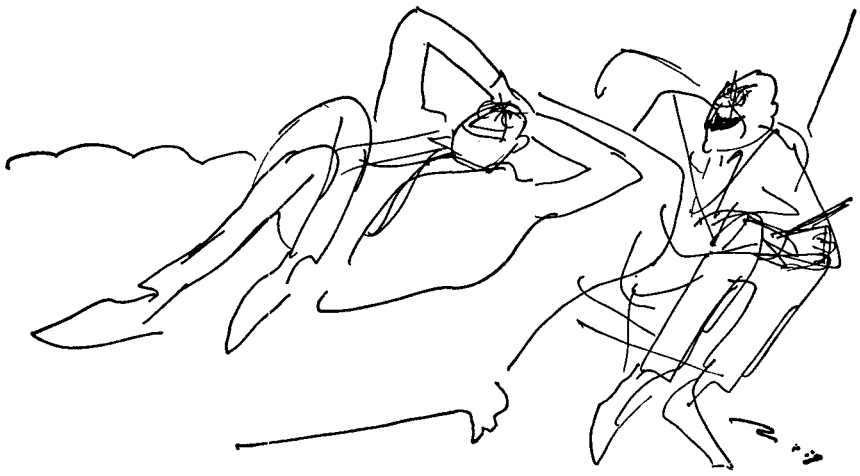
This is not to say that all talk about authority is meaningless. The three years' experience of the Dutch pastoral council, for example, is vital for an understanding of how democratic processes can be injected into the system of church government so as to strengthen rather than weaken its basic structure. In the same way, the refusal of the papal delegate to the Netherlands to attend the council's meetings in January was an indication of the degree of suspicion with which these practices are still regarded in certain Roman circles. On another level—although there is always the danger of establishing new forms of clericalism—the formation of groups, such as the National Association of Priests' Councils in the United States, is a necessary and practical way of going about making the church a more democratic and therefore a more habitable institution.

Part of this problem, of course, is the personality of Pope Paul himself. In a sense, at this time when the role of the papacy is undergoing such rapid and radical redefinition, it might almost be said that his vocation is to be wrong. By being wrong—whether about birth control or about compulsory celibacy for the priesthood—he is making Catholics think for themselves as they have never done for centuries. In this context, his peculiar mixture of theological conservatism and social progressiveness is probably not as disastrous as many of his critics think it is.

The continuing snag is that he insists on reserving so many initiatives for himself. The question of clerical celibacy, in many ways a subdivision of the authority crisis, is a classic example. By issuing his encyclical *Sacerdotis Coelibatus*, with its stress on the traditional link between celibacy and ministry in the Roman Church, he almost ran the risk of preventing people from seeing the real problem. This, as Cardinal Marty of Paris said during the synod, is the much more radical question of the future of the ministry itself. It is not just that priests want to get married, although more and more do (and, in many cases, are being given the necessary permission by Rome); it is that an increasing number of priests, whether they want to get married or not, feel acutely the need for a re-evaluation of their role and functions in a world that disbelieves in magic, that has more (and better-trained) social workers than ever before, and that tends to see a priest only as a celestial insurance policy, a cultural oddity to be tolerated for the sake of his socially acceptable presence on the various occasions (baptisms, marriages, funerals) during which he officiates. The problem of the moment for the Catholic Church in this area is not to decide whether or not priests should be allowed to marry—or whether married men should be allowed to become priests, which presents fewer problems—but to redefine the whole concept of the ministry in a pluriform way that will give a new dynamic to both the celibate and the noncelibate, the full-time and the part-time priest. It did not need the presence of the *prêtres contestataires* at the synod and at the bishops' meeting in Switzerland last summer to make this point; if it is not on the agenda for the next synod in 1971, it will be on the Pope's own responsibility.

The Dutch, who made their position on celibacy perfectly clear at their pastoral council in January, are by no means alone in their wish to see the traditional discipline abrogated. But they, like the other hierarchies calling for a change, would probably agree that such a change would not solve all the problems of the ministry, but would merely enable them to see their fundamental problems more clearly.

The thought of so much power in one man's hands is startling in 1970, despite the tentative inauguration of synodal government in the church. It points to the fact that one of the crises is a crisis that has to be faced in Rome itself: How can the Roman



"Say, you're a real nut! I like you."

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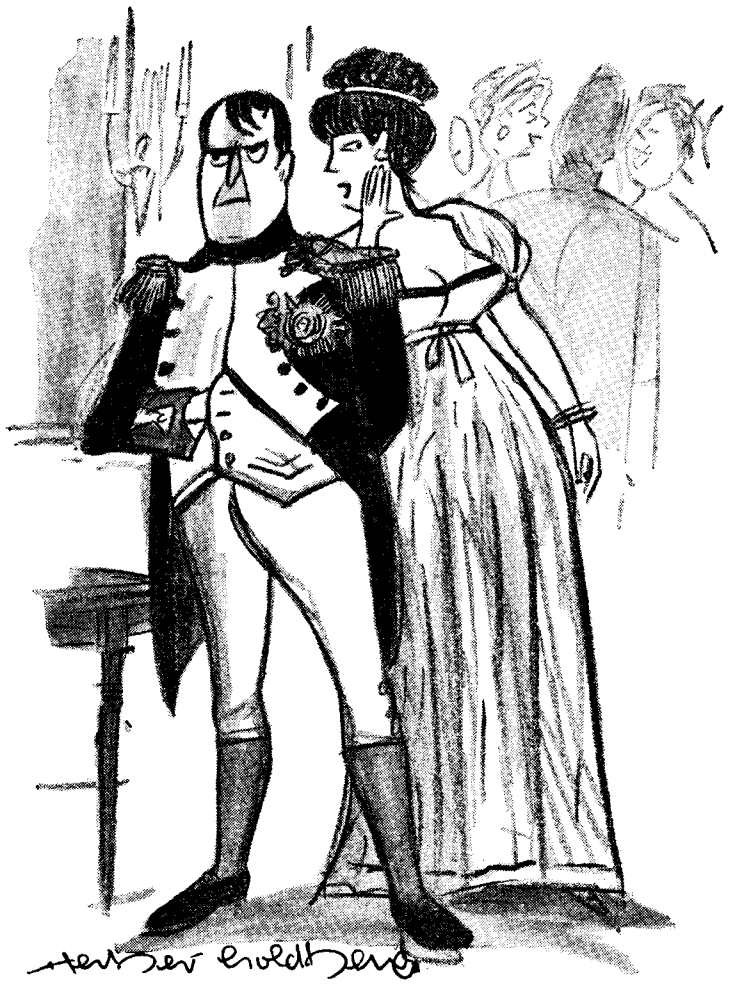
Church become more catholic? It has to be faced on two levels: at the level of the ordinary Vatican administration and at the level of the papacy.

At the administrative level, the basic problem is still that of curing the disease of ecclesiastical inbreeding that has made the Vatican "machine," however saintly its individual members may be, such a terrifying thing to see in action. "The fundamental tendency of the bureaucratic mind," Karl Mannheim once wrote, "is to turn all problems of politics into problems of administration." It is a tendency to which Vatican bureaucrats are no more immune than any others. Pope Paul's new regulations on retirements and resignations have sent a few tremors through the edifice, but it is still standing. The system on which it operates is still essentially one of "circles"; young, aspiring clerical functionaries hitch their wagons to a particular star —usually that of a cardinal or of a man who is likely to become one—and follow it up (or down) for the remainder of their working lives. Together with this tendency there is the immense capacity of an organization like the Curia for molding men in its own image; none but the best can escape this remorseless process, as the cases of Cardinals Wright and Garonne make all too clear. A few, such as Cardinal Villot at the Secretariat of State, and to a limited extent Cardinal Seper at the former Holy Office, have managed to carve out for themselves areas of progressive thought and activity, but it has not been easy, and they remain to a large degree outside the system they were originally imported to reform. Currently, the ablest practitioner is probably the comparatively youthful and active Archbishop Benelli, under-Secretary of State, whose ability to be simultaneously traditional and streamlined has made him a force to be reckoned with.

The question of the papacy itself was also highlighted during the synod when Cardinal Suenens, the Primate of Belgium, with a forthrightness that at times approached ruthlessness, shoehorned the question of papal election into the debate. He did so in the face of a considerable amount of disapproval, not to say downright opposition, and his ideas only reached the record book in a modified form, but at least they got there. There is nothing theologically impossible about his suggestion that the pope should be elected by the synod of bishops (or by a specially enlarged synod) instead of by the college of cardinals, as at present, but Pope Paul has resolutely set his own mind against it, and possibly harmful repercussions among Orthodox Christians may also prevent it from being seriously discussed for some time.



"Relax, will you. You're developing a complex."

Following authority, a second important area of stress in the church is closely connected with what is seen as a failure of the ecumenical movement to maintain momentum. For many people, it appears to have become irrelevant—the preserve, at an official level, of savants and theologians whose only function is to say "No," ignoring the one great rule of the ecumenical movement to the effect that everything is impossible until it has been tried. The wave of intercommunion among young people, extending even to ardent young Catholics at the World Council of Churches in Uppsala in June 1968, has sometimes been as much of a protest against the slowness of the official ecumenical movement as anything else. There is, as it happens, relatively little that the official ecumenical movement can do at the moment outside the normal range of theological contacts, precisely for the reason that nobody is quite sure, any longer, what any of the churches will be like in another decade. A year or two ago, the possibility that the Catholic Church would join the World Council of Churches was discussed with great avidity and enthusiasm by many Catholics who felt that they were being daring in doing so. This marriage was, however, a nonstarter from the beginning. Not only was the Catholic Church not in favor of it, but neither was majority opinion within the WCC. Today, we can be grateful for this hesitancy. The monstrous ecclesiastical hybrid created by such a union would have been enough to destroy the ecumenical movement forever, not least in the eyes of the millions of evangelical Christians whose growing numbers, outside the ranks both of the Catholic Church and of the World Council denominations, are a silent reproach to all concerned.

Here, as in many other areas of church activity, it is becoming more and more obvious that intensely committed work at the local level (however much it may scandalize some of the elders) is a vitally necessary preliminary to any wider schemes for structural union. In this way, for instance, we can expect to see much greater participation and even membership by Roman Catholics in local

(*Continued on page 73*)

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The Gentle Gendarmes

David Burton Durk is thirty-four, a college-campus recruiter for the New York City Police Department, and a believer in the police as a positive social force. "If you really care about cities, if you really care about people," he recently told Harvard students during a talk quoted by *The New York Times*, "don't join the Peace Corps or VISTA. Become a policeman. The social potential of the police is incredible. . . . If you dare to think about it, it's really your last chance to be a knight-errant."

It takes a knight-errant to carry such a heterodox message to modern campuses, but Sergeant Durk—an Ivy Leaguer himself—tells the "anti-pig" faction in his audiences, "If you think that the cops are bad, then the only way to change is to change the people who become cops. . . . As a cop, you can have a real and immediate impact. . . . That is totally unlike any other alternative before you."

People listen to the sergeant: Recently 125 students from Yale, Harvard, Union Theological Seminary, and other Eastern centers signed up for the New York City patrolman's test. Although the city's force, one of the country's finest, has many men with a college background, Sergeant Durk's search for college-trained recruits with a positive social outlook has stirred unusual interest and excitement.

But are positive social approaches really what we need? After all, many veteran policemen sincerely believe that what you need in our racially and ideologically tense society is a patrolman who commands respect with his nightstick and service revolver.

The police of other Western democracies, however, seem to get along fine using approaches that minimize violence. The standard explanation is that the people of these countries are racially and culturally homogeneous, hence quiescent and tractable. But until quite recent times, "racially homogeneous" Europe has had more than its share of bloody mob scenes, footpads and cutpurses, and sudden death in dark alleys. If things are better now, could this happy condition be in part a result, not the cause, of violence-minimizing police methods?

To visiting American hard-liners, there is something comic-opera about the European police scene, what with smiling policemen taking senior citizens on walking tours to point out pedestrian hazards; officers holding safety classes for bicyclists; and special forces men restraining overwrought demonstrators with smiling forbearance.

"Reading the Swedish press," Boston sociologist George Berkley has said, "An American is continually impressed by the way policemen handle unruly, violent, and frequently armed teen-agers [and cop-killers] without resorting to major force."

When European police do carry pistols, they use a modest 7.65 automatic that packs less wallop than the .32 handguns carried by New York City's policewomen. Most American policemen carry a formidable .38-caliber revolver, and many departments allow them to buy a Magnum—a handgun eminently suited (as one European police official has put it) to stopping an elephant. Other common U.S. police equipment includes the riot shotgun, Mace, and a sort of karate glove with lead weights built into it, "for instant defense."

These unnerving details are not spelled out here to make it look as if American policemen get their jollies from head-busting. On the contrary, the suspicion grows that deep-running flaws in our law-enforcement systems undercut the American policeman at every turn, inducing him to depend too heavily on violence as a deterrent, and depriving him of access to those public-rapport approaches that greatly ease the task of his European counterparts.

One expert thinking creatively along these lines is the aforementioned sociologist George Berkley, whose lively recent study *The Democratic Policeman* compares European and American police methods. Reading the book, one can't help feeling patriotic pique at the way other democracies have outstripped us in using approaches that by-pass violence—especially since many of these approaches were pioneered in the U.S., but have since languished.

Are we so far gone in racial and ideological strife that we can't borrow back the best of these techniques? Berkley thinks we can, and he makes some interesting proposals. He calls for democratic police unions, which he says have had a progressive, humane effect abroad; and he advocates strong civilian control of American police departments, although he does not favor civilian review boards. Some other Berkley proposals: centralizing America's 40,000 separate police forces, adopting high uniform standards, and setting up imaginative outreach programs aimed at winning over disaffected portions of the public.

Above all, Berkley urges longer, more varied training: The exemplary German police system trains a rookie for three or four years, while New York City's force—one of the most advanced in the country—gives a recruit only eighteen weeks of training. Berkley feels many American police forces are all for trying these approaches if given funds and public support. If that is so, we may be in for an interesting turnabout in relations between the police and the public. Though it may seem Panglossian to say so while the morning papers describe ugly clashes between the police and disaffected groups, missions like David Durk's and studies like *The Democratic Policeman* point the way to innovative programs that may, some day soon, reconcile our police with *all* the many American publics.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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Letters to the Editor

Cultural Investments

THE REVIEW of the financial problems of cultural organizations in "The Business of Culture" [*SR*, Feb. 28] ran true to form. The articles did not contain a solitary reference to independent or private historical societies. No one seems to give a damn about institutions that have helped to collect and preserve the documents that help explain what American civilization is all about. Collecting and preserving paper resources are nondramatic activities, not as exciting as a symphony presentation or a "Harlem on My Mind" exhibition.

The historical society, apparently, cannot gain entrance into the pantheon of culture. Fortunately, America won't have to destroy them. They are dying a natural death. Who needs such worthless items as the writings of the Adamses, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, et al? After all, these documents bear no relation to culture. Or do they?

LOUIS LEONARD TUCKER,
State Historian of New York,
Albany, N.Y.

I WAS SURPRISED at the omission of the thriving New York scalpers' business in the "Business of Culture" articles. Many people are not aware that scalping is theoretically illegal yet ignored by law enforcers. When one thinks of the astronomical prices paid for tickets to the "big hits," it is evident that going to theater means more than it ever had before. I only wish the money going to ticket agencies at scalpers' rates could be channeled in a worthier direction. If someone can pay $50 to see *Oh! Calcutta!*, it is dubious that he cannot afford to contribute to the erasing of, as they say, cultural deficits.

KENNETH S. GIRARD,
Windsor, Conn.

Feminists and Other Minorities

RE: "The New Feminism" [*SR*, Feb. 21]. I wish to point out a misstatement in Lucy Komisar's article, namely: "The one organization with a constitution, board members, and chapters . . . throughout the country is the National Organization for Women." There is also the Daughters of Bilitis with a constitution, board members, and chapters throughout the country and overseas. Its founding was in 1955, and it has published a magazine for women, by women since 1956.

What women would have the courage to do this fifteen years ago? Lesbians. We have been challenging the "sex role system" for millennia. We are neither man-haters nor man-lovers, which gives us a measure of detachment in the battle for our full human rights as women and as lesbians.

Feminists are labeled not only "aggressive" and "unfeminine," but—and fortunately for us—"lesbians." In their hostile stupidity, men are giving us lesbians a helping hand. They are forcing feminists (at least 80 per cent of whom are *not* lesbians) to recognize, to understand, and to accept the most downtrodden and despised of all minorities.

RITA LAPORTE,
National President,
Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Getting into the Act

WE WERE DELIGHTED to read Robert Lewis Shayon's article "Act with ACT" [TV-RADIO, Mar. 7] on Action for Children's Television, and felt he put our efforts into perspective clearly.

We would, however, like to make one minor correction. Mr. Shayon suggested that concerned parents can file comments on ACT's proposal at the FCC by contacting the Citizens Communications Center, and complying with the technically correct procedure. This would indeed be an excellent thing for people to do. However, for all those concerned mothers with a hungry baby, a crying three-year-old, and two visiting five-year-olds who are emptying the cookie jar, even a letter would help.

Letters should be clearly headed: RM. 1569, and mention Action for Children's Television. They should be sent to: Chairman Dean Burch, FCC, Washington, D.C., and should express any concerns people have about commercialism and the quality of children's programs.

EVELYN SARSON,
President, ACT, Inc.,
Newton Centre, Mass.

Grand Tour Dollars and Sense

JANET MANDELSTAM in "The Grinds on the Grand Tour" [*SR*, Feb. 21] centered mainly on the idea that most young people travel on tours when they go to Europe.

Miss Mandelstam spoke of a twenty-two-year-old young American student who opted for the guided tour and visited nine countries in twenty-one days, and for only $900. I am an eighteen-year-old American college student, who spent twenty-one days in three countries, with an itinerary planned entirely by myself. The total cost of my trip, including a fur coat bought in London and gifts for many relatives, was a mere $500. Incidentally, the summer I left for Europe I had worked and saved enough money to pay for my trip. My sister, who is twenty-one, has just returned from a six-month trip abroad, which cost $1,400.

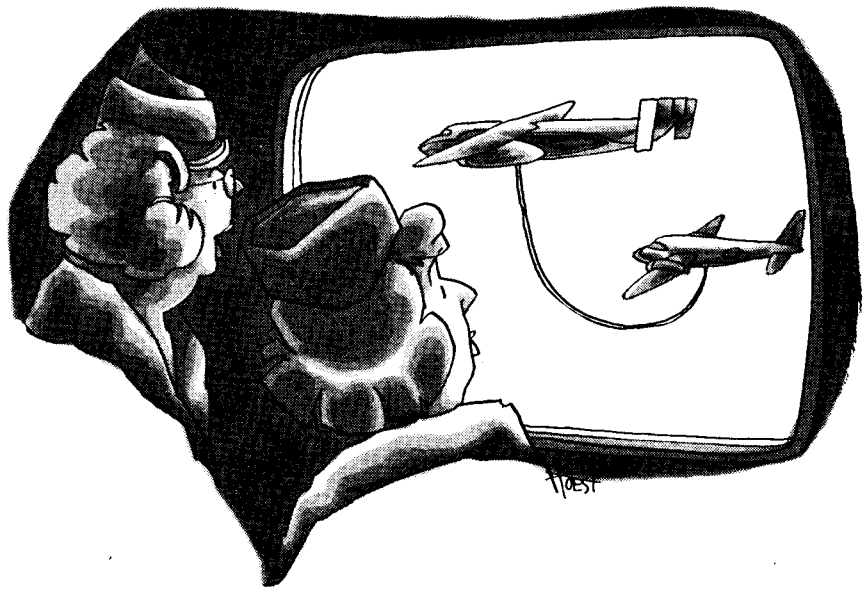
Europe is not only for the young, middle-class traveler with money to spend but also for the young traveler who wants to be with Europeans and see Europ inexpensively.

ALLYSON KLEIMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Simulated Pearls

JOHN LEAR in "Planetary Bargain" [SCIENCE/THE ENDLESS SEARCH, Mar. 7] over simplifies his picture of the planetary positions. He says that, in 1977, "Jupiter Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune will swing out from Earth in a long arc like pearls on a string." He mentions the time it will take for a robot spaceship to reach Neptune as either nine or twelve years. Since those four outer planets take from about twelve years to nearly 165 years, respectively, to revolve around the sun, it would serve no expeditionary purpose for them to be strung out like pearls in any given year, as the string would be broken in several places by the time the spaceship reached any of the pearls. What Mr. Lear means, no doubt, is that at crucial *times* in the ship's trajectory, at intervals of several years, the four planets will be at those locations in their orbits where the ship would pass close to each in its turn. The diagram illustrating the article should have been identified as temporal rather than spatial.

DAVID GLIXON
Ardsley, N.Y.



"Isn't that interesting! I didn't even know they had a mating season!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Of Hippies and Hopis

When Lincoln Center's Drama Repertory Theater set out to offer a season that would examine American life during four eras, it might safely have attempted nothing but revivals. However, its director, Jules Irving, chose instead to include one new play. Called *Operation Sidewinder*, it was written by twenty-six-year-old Café La Mama playwright Sam Shepard and is both fantastic and relevant to today's world.

The action is set in the Arizona desert, near an Air Force base that is working on the UFO problem. There we see a young hippie in the employ of a militant black-power organization deliver a drug to an Indian agent, Mickey Free. Mickey is supposed to drop the drug into the reservoir so that all the pilots will then somehow fly to a black-controlled island in the Caribbean, where their planes will be held for ransom.

En route Mickey stops to rescue a woman from the coils of what he thinks to be a large sidewinder rattlesnake, but which in reality is a special computer designed by the Air Force to communicate with the UFOs. Mickey cuts off the snake's head and takes it to an Indian seer who prophesies that when he joins the head to the rest of the snake's body the good people of the world will be swept from the earth by a star, just before the evil ones destroy "the Fourth World." Soon the young man shows up with the snake's body, and at the end of the play the miracle is spectacularly realized.

This jumpy parable is able to encompass, among other things, the plight of the hippie, the absurdity of our military establishment, the self-defeating materialism of the black-power movement, and the superiority of the Hopi Indian religion. Of course, it takes for granted the supposition that flying saucers do exist, and that they are manned by some supremely intelligent extraterrestrial beings. Furthermore, we are asked to accept the notion that a computer might be constructed to look and act autonomously like a live snake.

But the far-fetchedness of the tale may trouble theatergoers less than our inability to empathize deeply with any of the characters, or to discern much sequential necessity in the various scenes. Often we feel that satire is being attempted, but that it is too sporadic and unstructured.

It is amusing that the desperately frightened woman finds herself enjoying an orgasm because of the snake's rhythmic squeezing. It is neat that a liberal waitress pours out her endorsement of the blacks' cause, while all they care about is getting something to eat. And it is funny when the brilliant German scientist is repeatedly puzzled by an old prospector's use of the word "java" for coffee. Yet these and other dramatic excursions have little significance. On the other hand, the play's most crucial action, Mickey Free's renunciation of the reservoir-drugging project in favor of a reconversion to the Hopi religion, is only a meager footnote, related to the audience secondhand.

Despite these imbalances, the play emerges as a memorable and imaginative scenario. We are charmed from the beginning by the Holy Modal Rounders and the "rockabilly" songs they sing between scenes. We are delighted by the blunt candor of the writing, and the playwright's lack of inhibition in treating charged subjects with an irreverent realism. And not to be overlooked is the happy blasphemy of encountering this kind of material in the marble halls of Lincoln Center.

Michael A. Schultz's staging is precise. Douglas W. Schmidt solves the scene-shifting problem smoothly by adroit use of the theater's sectionalized revolving stage. Willa Kim's costumes have humor and splendor, and yet remain earthily natural. Jean Delasser's glowing, red-eyed snake is marvelous. And John Gleason's astral lighting effects are sensational.

Amid so bizarre a conglomerate of short scenes, the performances emerge as somewhat self-effacing, with the best being Philip Bosco's hilariously frustrated, anti-hippie CIA captain.

All in all, this new production establishes Sam Shepard as an important and frequently compelling new playwright, and *Operation Sidewinder* as a remarkably contemporary work. Like its eponymous snake, the play promises rewards for those who wrestle with it.

Providence.

Of all our resident theaters, the Trinity Square Repertory Company is probably the most distinctive. Using the same performers and the same artistic leadership, it has developed a "total theater" approach that tends to dominate any of the plays it presents. Because its director, Adrian Hall, likes to work with fresh material, three of the five American plays presented here this season have been premieres.

The most recent is James Schevill's *Lovecraft's Follies*, a free-swinging attempt to depict the dilemma of today's scientist in terms of the horror stories written by Providence's own late H. P. Lovecraft. Its central character is Stanley Millsage, a physicist, who must decide to give up a certain amount of personal freedom if he is to go back to working for the government at Huntsville, Alabama. As he considers the prospect, the actors perform his "mad" anxieties. These "follies" include a satirical view of Wernher von Braun transferring easily from Hitler to Huntsville as he sings gleefully about "the ultimate hardware"; the moon landing ingeniously re-created by designer Eugene Lee, who has built space capsules that move overhead and a lunar module that descends from the ceiling to emit a space man who jumps about the moon on a pogo stick; a *Weird Tales* sequence about a green love goddess destroyed by new weapons on behalf of white supremacy; and a parable called "The Shaman and the Hunters" in which the

shaman is J. Robert Oppenheimer and the hunters are the forces of national security.

The latter is the play's most substantial section and uses motion picture film of the radiation-burned Hiroshima and Nagasaki victims along with the statements of other scientists to present a less sympathetic portrait of the late scientist than did last season's *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*.

The performances are very much a company effort, with most of the actors playing many roles. For Trinity Square has developed a new breed of actors who can jump in and out of the "total theater" charades with disciplined effectiveness. The rest of the team, composer Richard Cumming, lighting designer Roger Morgan, and costume designer John Lehmeyer, are also outstanding contributors to the work.

Although the plot of *Lovecraft's Follies* is nominal, and its protagonist's struggle seems obscure, the best of the follies are rich in imagination and theatricality. Indeed, those who have experienced not only this one effort but several of the company's recent productions sense that the Trinity Square Repertory Company may be on the verge of becoming an artistic entity of world-wide importance.

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An essay review of "Deliverance" (Houghton Mifflin, 278 pp., $5.95) and "The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead and Mercy" (Doubleday, 63 pp., $4.95), by James Dickey

The "More Life" School and James Dickey

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

> I may turn out to be more *alive* than you at the end.
> —*Notes from the Underground*, by Feodor Dostoevsky.

For durability and flexibility nothing in Western letters beats the "more life" theme. Its origins are as old as the oldest Faust legends. It surfaces as often in reactionaries as in revolutionaries. A dozen classic writers of the modern period—Gide, Mann, Yeats, Rilke, and Camus among them—added to the encyclopedia of appetition begun by their elders, detailing longings for absolute moral freedom, courage, athletic prowess, penetration of remote social and creaturely life, riches, youth, love, style, knowledge; you name it, they named it, we want it. And objections to these cravings have, in turn, been registered in increasingly pointed ways by men worried about the general culture choking on huge greed (Saul Bellow's new novel, *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, is the latest register of this kind).

Yet despite the objections—and the inevitable loss of freshness of the "more life" idea itself—the theme survives in good health. Year after year brave talents beyond numbering whip themselves on in its service, and regularly one or another of them actually infuses "more life" with more life.

Chief among the American reinvigorators now are Norman Mailer (naturally) in prose, and in poetry James Dickey. The latter's leadership position is owed chiefly to the preoccupations of a half-dozen volumes of poetry brought out in the last decade, but partly as well to *Deliverance*, his just published first novel. For the novel makes explicit a commitment to the theme that hitherto had only been implied. *Deliverance* is an adventure tale about four Southerners whose holiday weekend canoe trip turns into horror when the party is set upon violently by lunatic mountaineers. Three of the canoeists are ordinary suburbanites—"in" mutual funds, soft drinks, advertising—and one, the initiator of the trip (Lewis Medlock is his name), is Appetitive Man. The narrator describes him as:

> . . . the only man I knew who could do with his life exactly what he wanted to . . . . the only man I knew determined to get something out of life who had both the means and the will to do it . . . . the kind of man who tries by any means—weight lifting, diet, exercise, self-help manuals from taxidermy to modern art—to hold on to his body and mind and improve them, to rise above time.

Like many figures resembling him in earlier books, the character in question is presented not only as somebody who "wants to be immortal," and as a cultist of immediate experience and danger, but as an index of uncommon physical skills:

> He was one of the best tournament archers in the state and, even at the age of thirty-eight or -nine, one of the strongest men I had ever shaken hands with. He lifted weights and shot arrows every day in a special kind of alternating rhythm and as a result was so steady that he could easily hold a sixty-pound bow at full draw for twenty seconds. I once saw him kill a quail with an aluminum target arrow at forty yards, the arrow diving into the back feathers at the last possible instant . . .

Medlock is consciously aware, furthermore, of a moral mission—that of in-

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of *Supergrow: Essays and Reports on Imagination in America* and the novel *A Married Man*.

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terrupting the blank lives of his inferiors:

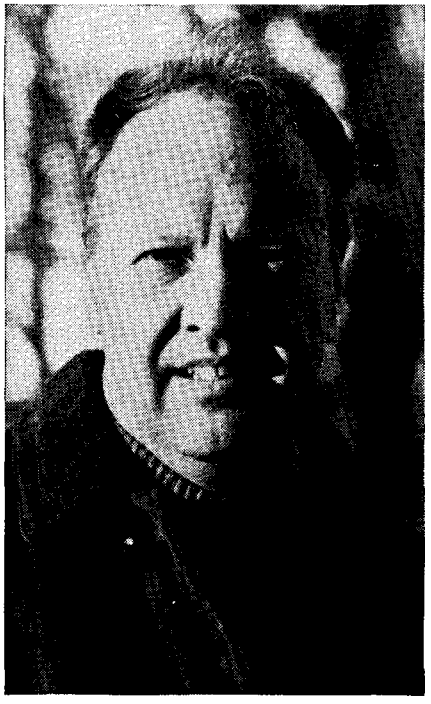
> Lewis looked near me with his longest smile, showing plainly that I was of the chosen, that he was getting me out of the rut for a while or, as he put it, "breaking the pattern." "Here we go," he said, "out of the sleep of mild people, into the wild rippling water."

And at the root of his understanding of his mission lie impatience with the insulating, smothering envelope of human culture, and philosophical belief in "a kind of life that [isn't] out of touch with everything, with the other forms of life." Life on such terms may mean early death and suffering, but at least, Medlock repeats, at least "you'd be in touch." In a word, a classic more-life hero.

To repeat: the explicitness with which this characterization draws on more-life materials and assumptions is new to Mr. Dickey's work, but the theme in the large is not. (Genetical note: a longish poem called "On the Coosawattee" included in *Helmets* links up at several points with the story told in *Deliverance*.) Everywhere in this body of writing in-touchness with "the other forms of life" stands forth as a primary value. The poet explores moments of being as known by horses, dogs, deer, bees, boars, and countless other inhabitants of nonhuman worlds. (Among the best of these poems are "The Heaven of Animals" in *Drowning with Others* and "Winter Trout" in *Helmets*.) He explores the inwardness of human outcasts—the "sex maniac" on his voyeuristic perch ("The Fiend," in *Buckdancer's Choice*), the drunk at dawn ("Bums, on Waking," in *Helmets*). And always his mind races off from normative or patterned rounds of days to accident and physical crisis. *Falling* (1968) ended with an extraordinary evocation of immediacies "known" by an earthward-plummeting stewardess thrown loose through the night from her plane. The title poem of the new collection enters the imagination of blind schoolchildren who beat their eyes raw in frustration, and virtually the entire book—*The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead and Mercy*—is death-obsessed, dense with assault and pain.

The strength of this body of poetry lies in its feeling for the generative power at the core of existence. A first-rate Dickey poem breathes the energy of the world, and testifies to the poet's capacity for rising out of tranced dailiness—habitual, half-lived life—into a more intense physicality, a burly appetitive wanting-ness of being. To read him is, for an instant, to share that capacity. The sense of expended effort, of imagination under pressure, is vivid as the man drives himself to speak from levels of creaturehood wholly different from his own. And the palpableness of this near-physical effort, the necessitous total mobilization of resources, rouses in the reader new alertness to human possibility. In the act of grasping energy or violence from within, mastering it, embodying it in verbal rhythms, the poet presses the neglected natural nerve in humanness. "The Shark's Parlor," for instance, is, on its face, about a shark—a creature torn from its element by a complex combination of intention and happenstance:

> The shark flopped on the porch, grating
> with salt-sand driving back in
> The nails he had pulled out coughing
> chunks of his formless blood.
> The screen door banged and tore off he
> scrambled on his tail slid
> Curved did a thing from another world
> and was out of his element and in
> Our vacation paradise cutting all four
> legs from under the dinner table
> With one deep-water move he unwove
> the rugs in a moment throwing pints
> Of blood over everything we owned
> knocked the buck teeth out of my
> picture
> His odd head full of crushed jelly-glass
> splinters and radio tubes thrashing
> Among the pages of fan magazines all
> the movie stars drenched in sea-blood.
> Each time we thought he was dead he
> struggled back and smashed
> One more thing in all coming back to
> die three or four more times
> after death.
> At last we got him out log-rolling him
> greasing his sandpaper skin
> With lard to slide him pulling on his
> chained lips as the tide came
> Tumbled him down the steps as the first
> night wave went under the floor.



James Dickey—"explores the inwardness of human outcasts."

But in thus entering the whirling fantastic energy, opening natural fury to view, the poet quickens human response anesthetized by the abstractions of "news," public speech, responsible discussion—not to mention contemporary poetic understatement. And, in doing this time and time over, he thickens the texture of perception, draws his reader on into a world of brilliantly heightened physicality.

As for Mr. Dickey's weaknesses—they exist, of course. Quite predictably, the harshest (though not the most accurate) remarks about them thus far have come from English reviewers, especially donnish English reviewers. The latter tease what they take to be masculinity-anxieties, chuckle at the notion of a man "pretending to be a deer," and mock the fatuity of a poet billing himself as sportsman-soldier-pilot, etc. In fairness to such voices it should be admitted that, like other "more life" writers in America, Mr. Dickey does appear less troubled about being peddled as a white-hope poet-jock or faggot-fighter—the Muse's Rosey Grier—than he might be. Jacket copy for his books invariably goes lightly on books, heavy on biceps: "James Dickey has been a star college athlete (football at Clemson and track at Vanderbilt), a night fighter pilot with over 100 missions in World War II and Korea, and a successful advertising executive in New York and Atlanta . . . is an avid woodsman, archer, and guitarist," etc. And it's doubtful that his readiness to swell his own production of sporting poems is a positive influence on his talent: none of these poems is successful, and one about quarterbacking is bush.

But mutterings about jockery, etc., are in truth beside the point. Talents and fantasies are near allied: Mr. Dickey's authority as incarnator of physical energy might well vanish if unsupported by simplistic self-images of personal physical distinction. Critics who savage such images are, as often as not, moved by envy or by some theory that black men alone are entitled to be good at games. And, in any event, physical fitness has appeared so frequently in the redskin-paleface dialectic of American letters that it has attained honorific status as tradition.

What can't attain that status, however, is this poet's inclination to regard a poem as a contrivance for the display of one particular aptitude—that for living into the edge of force present in any given moment of being. For this inclination reduces many Dickey poems to the condition of "vehicles," items in which nothing matters, nothing repays contemplation, except the star part, the crisis, the energy-whirl or KO. The key

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Evidence in Vietnam

MY CONCERN FOR THE SCORES of thousands of South Vietnamese neutralists who have repeatedly put their lives on the line prompts me to send at least a brief rejoinder to Richard Halloran's review of my book, *Saigon, U.S.A.* [*SR*, Mar. 7].

Mr. Halloran's judgment of my description of the "third force" in South Vietnam is that I "assert but do not prove." I do not deny it. On the contrary, I devoted a number of pages to explaining why it is not possible to *prove* the existence of an underground opposition force in the context of the police state the United States maintains there. But if one cannot "prove," one can examine carefully the evidence that exists and draw respectable inferences from it. That is what I have tried to do, and I submit that enormous peace demonstrations in a country in which peace agitation is severely punished, and a continuous stream of student and faculty protesters going to prison to be replaced by new protesters, give some reason to conclude that there is such a "third force" present waiting only the opportunity to replace Thieu and Ky with a "government of national reconciliation."

Mr. Halloran accuses me of a "cop-out" in declining to say exactly how such a new government could emerge, and implies that it is impossible for the anti-Thieu elements to join in such an endeavor. It is not my business to say how a representative government would be formed: my business was to report the conviction of the Vietnamese themselves that what keeps it from being formed is our heavy-handed insistence on keeping Thieu, Ky, and Khiem in power.

The overthrow of Diem in 1963 and of Khanh a few months later, the provincial elections of 1965 captured almost entirely by Buddhist-backed candidates (who were subsequently forcibly removed from office by General Ky), and the near-toppling of Ky himself in 1966 (he was only saved by American intervention) would seem to suggest that the Vietnamese are quite capable of resolving those problems themselves.

ALFRED HASSLER,
Nyack, N.Y.

Microforms

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME of the misstatements and erroneous conclusions in THE PUBLISHING SCENE Feb. 21 that require correction:

David Dempsey is in error in his statement that the *Guide to Microforms in Print* lists approximately 15,000 titles. That publication lists 15,000 titles and *projects*, and many of the projects listed contain from 10,000 to 40,000 titles each. Readex alone among microform publishers has issued more than 1,000,000 titles, and is adding new titles at the rate of 100,000 per year.

Readex Microprint Corp. is not located in Washington. It has been located in New York (with a short interim when we were located in Vermont) since 1940.

Mr. Dempsey is again in error in citing a 537-volume microform project, priced at $15 per volume as representative of microform prices. The Microcard edition of *Jeffersonian Americana* contains 700 volumes in microfiche form which sells at an average price of 90¢ per volume. One Readex Microprint project already published contains 5,000 English plays of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries and sells for $1,250, or 25¢ per title. A second Microprint collection of *Early American Imprints, 1639-1800* contains 39,000 titles. This collection sells for $10,000 or at an average price of 26¢ per title. The U.S. Government Depository and Non-Depository publications in Microprint now total more than 280,000 titles which sell for approximately 25¢ per title.

Mr. Dempsey is again in error in stating that opaque microforms are not capable of enlarged printouts. Readex, in cooperation with Dennison Manufacturing Co., has developed the Dennison-Readex Enlarger-Printer, which has been in use for almost three years.

Most important to Readex is Mr. Dempsey's failure to recognize Microprint as a Readex trademark, in use for more than twenty-five years.

ALBERT BONI, President,
Readex Microprint Corp.,
New York, N.Y.

Dempsey Replies

ALTHOUGH I ERRED in putting Readex in Washington, D.C., Mr. Boni gives the wrong impression when he says that I cited a 537-volume microform project as "representative" of industry prices. I pointed to this $8,000 set as expensive. The real question, in any case, is total price per set, since it is not usual for microform volumes to be sold individually. Finally, although opaque microforms are "capable" of enlarged printouts, they enjoy limited acceptance. A spokesman for the National Microfilm Assn. states that among all of the libraries in metropolitan New York, for example, only one such opaque enlarger-printer is in use.

DAVID DEMPSEY,
Rye, N.Y.

Continual Din

TO BORROW A PHRASE from Melvyn Millman [BOOK FORUM, Mar. 7], "I grow continually impatient with" the "continual din" of the Zionist propaganda line in its efforts to further justify the establishment of the State of Israel and the occupation of Palestine. I should like to pose seven questions for Mr. Millman and others to ponder:

1. Did the Palestinians invite the Zionists to enter and occupy the Palestinian homeland?

2. Were the Palestinians responsible for the hideous atrocities visited on European Jews by the Nazis?

3. Why have the Arabs been made the scapegoats for Europe and America by a psychological transference of guilt?

4. What about Palestinian documentation of their position and perspective, including their claims regarding refugees (*e.g.*, the Deir Yassin Massacre on April 9, 1948)?

5. In any other context, that is to say except Zionist propaganda of further justification, would not the Palestinian guerrillas be considered as "freedom fighters," "liberation front," and "resistance forces"?

6. Are the resolutions of the United Nations from 1948 to date, condemning Israeli acts of aggression, complete hogwash?

7. Finally, and from a philosophical standpoint, is arrogance the primary ingredient of truth?

B. SLOAN,
Dix Hills, N.Y.

Islam and Arabs

HALLOWELL BOWSER in his review of *The Encounter*, by Malachi Martin [*SR*, Feb. 28], quotes without comment two statements that should not go unchallenged. 1. "The Arabs of today sanction slavery." According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica this has not been true in any Arab country since 1962, and besides, to use the generic term Arabs in this connection is wholly unjustified. 2. Islam's "principles of equality . . . have never been harnessed to effect an equal distribution of goods to the poor in Arab lands." For one thing, to identify Islam with Arab lands as though all Arabs, and only Arabs, were adherents of Islam ignores the fact that many Arabs are Christians (half the population of Lebanon, for example) and millions of Muslims are not Arabs. Moreover, equal distribution of goods to the poor is no more uncharacteristic of Arab lands than of non-Arab lands, and in the case of Kuwait less so than most.

T. ROBERT BASSETT,
Bloomfield, N.J.

Older Than the Century

WILLIAM BENTON, WHO WAS BORN on April 1, 1900, is nine months *older* than the twentieth century—not "almost as old as the century," as mistakenly stated in the opening sentence of the review of *The Lives of William Benton* [*SR*, Feb. 28].

WILBUR F. MURRA,
Pueblo, Colo.

Did Wolfe Mean Zurbarán?

A MINOR CORRECTION seems in order. When Harry T. Moore states, "The Spanish painter Zuburán becomes Zurberan . . .," [*SR*, Mar. 7] it seems probable Wolfe was referring to Francisco de Zurbarán.

EDGAR CAHILL,
St. Louis, Mo.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

As a child I could be spoken to, yet not hear; I could be physically moved and not know it. Once my head was in a book, the world was lost and a vicarious life opened for me—wonderful, beautiful, sometimes horrifying, but entirely mine. This habit persisted through adolescence to early manhood. Proust and Dostoevsky were like a drug. Only time spent in their worlds was real; my grinding academic chores were an illusion.

Then, slowly, the magic of books began to fade. Not that I read less, but my reading changed: I sought literature to feed my mind instead of my emotions. Novels and poetry gave way to history, biography, and social criticism, books that often excite the intellect but rarely banish the realities we have to live with. It is probably a decade now since any book has seized me entirely. The two I remember were curiously idiosyncratic: Denton Welch's *Journal* and Raleigh Trevelyan's *A Hermit Disclosed*. These must have struck some strange inner chord. I wonder how many readers' experiences are like mine. Are there some who are luckier, and carry into middle age and beyond that wonderful childhood capacity for total absorption?

Fortunately, time is cunning, and literary pursuits that would have seemed worthless to a young man take on, for one middle-aged, excitement as well as consolation. Book lovers are more often than not book collectors, and, unless they are single-minded bibliophiles, their collections resemble a squirrel's hoard. Few collectors confine themselves to one category, a fact that at least one successful book club has taken advantage of. It has sold to its members reproductions of drawings, posters, paintings, and ancient artifacts. The club's directors sensed that in middle age a preoccupation with objects often replaces the adolescent's fierce preoccupation with emotions. Scratch a mature book lover and you will find a collector of silver, stamps, crewelwork, African masks, and frequently of wines, for what in middle age goes better with a new book than a glass of old wine?

The most delectable consolation of all, however, lies in the fact that whatever one may collect, it will lead one back again to books. This was brought home to me by *The Wines of Bordeaux*, by Edmund Penning-Rowsell (Stein & Day, $10), for as soon as I outgrew stamps, clarets became the object of my collecting obsession—one which, fortunately for Americans and unfortunately for me, has suddenly begun to spread through the United States. Penning-Rowsell's book could not be more opportune. The trend of prices indicates that a lot of American claret lovers are in need of expert and unbiased guidance. Too many slavishly follow the charts of vintage years and the best-known vineyards—Lafite, Latour, Haut Brion, Mouton-Rothschild, and, to a lesser extent, Margaux. In consequence, their prices have risen to astronomical heights—anywhere from $15 to $30 a bottle, sometimes more—creating the fear that the finest wines are available only to the richest Americans.

Not true. Excellent wines abound. In any kind of collecting it is easy to be gulled, and to avoid the traps one needs to do one's homework. Penning-Rowsell's book, one of the best on clarets in many, many years (its only shortcoming is a failure to deal extensively with recent vintages), reminded me of what a magnificent literature on wine there is, from Alan Sichel's superb Penguin *Book of Wines* ($1.45) to the score of volumes produced by that great maestro André Simon. One of the most outstanding is by an American: Alexis Lichine's *Wines of France*, a book no wine lover should be without. Luckily, it has recently been brought up to date in a new edition, appropriately published by Alfred A. Knopf, the *doyen* of American wine lovers and a connoisseur who has kept his eye on California as well as Bordeaux. It is a pity that some of his discoveries were not immortalized by a Lichine; these splendid American wines still lack the literature they deserve.

Since the days of Professor George Saintsbury, who wrote as brilliantly on wine as he did on Pope, literature and wine have been closely linked. This has not been without its dangers: purple prose has often clouded purple wine; what is needed is more of the hard scholarship, the care and precision we find in the literature on collecting in other fields. Also needed is a wine magazine that is not propaganda for wine merchants nor for dining clubs bent on profit, but a journal for dedicated amateurs, such as we find in the fields of ceramics or silver. But even with the literature available the new and large generation of American wine lovers can extend their horizons, thus sparing their pockets.

Certainly other collectors are better served. I was deeply impressed by the subtle scholarship that is now to be found in the study of French china. This is not a fashionable field, possibly because there is such a prodigious quantity of fakes, in museums as well as in private collections. Yet French china has a delicate beauty, a richness of texture and color that is as wonderful as any wine, and is better by far than many drawings and paintings. If you doubt me, turn to Svend Erikson's *Sèvres Porcelain* (Office du Libre, $39.95), a survey of the china in the James de Rothschild collection. Not only has this book great visual appeal, being a perfect marriage of illustration and text; it also possesses outstanding scholarship. Erikson shows subtle differences, obvious once pointed out, that make it far easier to identify the fakes. This is one of the most beautiful and fascinating books I have handled, worthy to stand alongside the magnificent volumes Yvonne Hackenbroch has written about Judge Untermeyer's incredible collection, which hold as many riches for me as the story of Aladdin did when I was a child.

It is this combination of intellectual and visual excitement that gives the zest not only to collecting but to the literature of collecting. With books such as these the hours of middle age can fly almost as quickly as the hours of youth.

But not quite. It would be folly to pretend that any literature can seize the mind and the heart the way novels and poetry did when one was eager for all that the world might hold. It would be equally stupid not to realize that middle age can develop resources which enable one to endure. So my advice is: collect and, if you cannot afford the objects, buy the books about them and collect vicariously—not forgetting, of course, that glass of good wine to go with it.

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Belles-Lettres

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND OCCASIONAL WRITINGS OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Delacorte, 496 pp., $12.50

"WHAT I ALWAYS HOPED for myself was that I might keep a warm heart and cultivate a cool head," wrote Katherine Anne Porter to a friend in 1953, thereby concluding on a high note a verbal skirmish that produced some rather low blows from both parties. Clearly, the life of the mind is not without its gut reactions.

Beginning as a dispute about Gertrude Stein's prose, the quarrel in question strayed into such personal abuse that readers may wonder at the inclusion of these letters in a volume dignified by the title *Collected Essays*. During the volley Miss Porter exposed the folly of so many pious hopes. Not warm heart and cool head, but cool heart and warm head, marked both sides of this particular debate.

Yet the cited line does provide a useful key to Miss Porter's too human aspiration, as well as to the problem that faces all artists. Without cool control, passion produces chaos rather than art. Without warmth, intellect can neither don nor dent flesh. Only when the two elements of creation are somehow balanced can the miracle which we call art result.

Such balance is notably hard to achieve, in life or in books. Long a theme in Western literature, the conflict between instinct and intelligence became a theme of Miss Porter's late-blooming novel, *Ship of Fools*, incarnated in the persons of La Condesa and Mrs. Treadway. The countess, eroded by emotional excesses, had lost everything but craving; while Mrs. Treadway, the embodiment of "silence, seclusion . . . and her own thoughts," exploded at last in violent negation.

Taken together, these women represent *in extremis* the polarities of Miss Porter's own nature as revealed in her "occasional" writing. When extremes like these can be balanced, they produce—as in her best work—the intensity and insight of great literature. When they slip out of balance, they can produce banal enthusiasms on the one hand, defensive bitterness on the other.

More than once in these pages Miss Porter asserts what literature so often represents: "life is one bloody, horrible confusion." The dimension of greatness in art results from the distancing of such strong feelings—what Wordsworth defined as emotion recollected in tranquillity, and Eliot, as finding the objective correlative. When, chiefly in her short stories, Miss Porter achieves this separation from her own suffering, she has fully transacted what she calls in one essay "the business of the artist." That business is to know chaos, "admit it, and manifest his vision of order in the human imagination."

Vision of this order does not, apparently, accompany every act of perception. Consequently, those persons of huge potential for both thought and feeling must suffer even more keenly the tension of warring elements within the self. In everyday affairs, from which no genius is exempt, such capacity for feeling may emerge as a sense of martyrdom. Writing ostensibly of Ezra Pound, for example, Miss Porter does not quite succeed in objectifying her resentment of "a world of the deaf, dumb, and blind, of nitwits, numbskulls, and outright villains."

Those villains assume more definite form in her comment to her nephew soon after the National Book Award of 1963 went to another writer: "Too many people who have resented me for years are getting into the act . . . the kind of people who hate my writing, and my reputation, are joined by the people who hate my having that money —it makes quite a mob."

Such defensive outbursts explain if they do not fully justify the harsh admonition of Donald Sutherland, her adversary in the quarrelsome letters mentioned above. In one of them he charges that "the feminine mind lives and breathes in the personal and the sensory and when you go on the attack . . . you come out with the substance and texture of gossip . . . so that there has never been a woman critic and . . . never will be."

Nothing appears to anger Miss Porter more than pronouncements about what a woman could or should not do. Her severest strictures against D. H. Lawrence, for example, are provoked by his conception of "a female partner who is nothing but one yielding, faceless, voiceless organ of consent." Doubtless, neo-Freudian critics of the future will take due note of this and similar responses. At present, one need but note her tart reply to Sutherland's charge: ". . . opinionated people don't hold much with other people's opinions, and it is a great pleasure to some of them to be able to ascribe incurable defects, such as belonging to a certain sex . . . to anyone whose views they disagree with."

Here Miss Porter must be judged winner of the round. Sutherland's fal-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

A DIRTY DOZEN

With which character in literature, mythology, or real life are these grisly events connected? Edgar A. Shoaff of La Cañada, Calif., who asks the question, provides the solution on page 32.

1. Thyestes ( )
2. Tamora ( )
3. Jason ( )
4. Sue Bridehead ( )
5. Gertrude ( )
6. Rustum ( )
7. Lizzie Borden ( )
8. Jocasta ( )
9. Claude Frollo ( )
10. Electra ( )
11. Frankenstein ( )
12. Hippolytus ( )

A. She allegedly murders her stepmother and father with an axe.
B. The soldier he kills in a combat turns out to be his son.
C. Spurned by a gypsy dancer, he brings about her execution and is killed by an avenging cripple.
D. He involuntarily causes the murder of his young brother, his best friend, his bride, and himself.
E. She unknowingly marries her son, who has unknowingly killed her husband, his father.
F. In a fit of jealous rage, his wife murders their two children.
G. At her instigation, her brother kills their mother and their mother's lover.
H. One of her three sons is killed by her captor, whose daughter is raped by her other sons; they are killed and served to her in a pie.
I. A stepmother's lawless passion and a father's curse cause his death at the hands of a sea monster.
J. At a banquet he dines on a stew of his five sons.
K. Her husband's schemes cause her death and his own, as well as those of her first husband, her son, and the brother of the latter's sweetheart.
L. Her foster son kills her two children and then hangs himself.

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libility is further established by the best of Miss Porter's essays, which, like her finest stories, exhibit a splendid fusion of passion and discipline, blending the lyrical and didactic impulses in a prose fabric of remarkable brilliance.

Her defense of Thomas Hardy against "the military police of orthodoxy" is a fine example of her dazzling rhetoric. Since her antagonist in this instance was T. S. Eliot, Miss Porter's fearlessness must also be noted as she hurls herself ecstatically into the attack on Eliot's dictum that Hardy was not "wholesome or edifying." "With no disrespect . . . to conventional piety," she wrote, "may I venture that in the regions of art, as of religion, edification is not the highest form of intellectual or spiritual experience. It is a happy truth that Hardy's novels are really not edifying. . . . A novel by Thomas Hardy can be a chastening experience, an appalling one . . . but the complacency of edification is absent, as it is apt to be from any true tragedy."

Similar defiance—of fashion or authority—shapes her comment on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and on the "manly solidarity" of critics when defending D. H. Lawrence against censors. "I wish only to say that . . . he was about as wrong as can be on the whole subject of sex, and that he wrote a . . . laboriously bad book to prove it." The sound good sense of such remarks is often outweighed, however, by a note of asperity toward males which, muted though it is, recalls the angry force that led Mrs. Treadwell, in *Ship of Fools*, to beat an insensitive man with the heel of her dancing shoe in a frenzy of "furious pleasure."

There is, in fact, no blinking the undercurrent of violence that pulsates in much of Miss Porter's criticism, vitalizing her vaunted style. When defending Hardy, for example, she is really attacking Eliot; when praising Pound, she is striking out at "fat and smug" people who are "still running things." Like David, she fells Goliaths gladly. Thus, her praise of Willa Cather, although surely sincere, seems ultimately motivated by distaste for "afflicted giants of contemporary literature, and their abject camp followers."

This last pronouncement is ironic, for despite her castigation elsewhere of "thinly disguised autobiographical novels" written by some of those giants, Miss Porter's writing is, even when most analytical, startlingly revealing of the self behind the critic. Indeed, her comment on Katherine Mansfield might well be a look into the mirror: "Mistakenly she fought in herself those very elements that combined to form her main virtue: a certain grim, quiet ruthlessness . . . an unsparing and sometimes cruel eye . . . a burning, indignant heart."

In this parallel the operative word is probably "indignant." The gold in Miss Porter's essays has been produced at white heat; her rage to live and to write, to stoke the fiery furnace of imagination burns with an angry flame that could not be sustained over long sittings without destroying the artificer. This may explain why her novel, by critical consensus, lacked the dynamism of her shorter tales; and why several longer projected works, fragments of which are here reproduced, never have been finally forged.

On the other hand, in the short probes many of her remarks achieve an aphoristic sparkle. With dry humor she points out that "Pound had a fanatical desire to force entire populations to respect art even if they did not understand it." And again, speaking of Rilke's mistresses: "Not one of them had any real right to complain, for he was faithful to them all, and he paid them the highest compliment of never confusing one of them with another."

To each of these finely honed remarks, unfortunately, the present catch-all collection matches one of shrillness or banality. Letters to editors, sometimes arch and sometimes scolding, vie with such questionable snippets of memory as that of Jacqueline Kennedy with "the most generous and innocent smile in the world." As a volume, this assortment is far too heavily burdened with writing that is, indeed, "occasional"—if that is the proper euphemism for fragments of uneven quality and of impermanent interest except to biographers yet unborn.

Surely, Miss Porter deserves better of her editors than the license to publish every ill-considered word, when so many of her passages are among the finest that sensitivity has conceived or art contrived. Like the irresistibly charming countess of her novel, Miss Porter needed to be told by a true friend: "Truth is, you are a more than ordinarily perverse sort of being." Like the candid Condesa, she would in all likelihood respond: "When will you learn not to trust me. . . .?"

Glendy Culligan

Glendy Culligan was for a number of years book review editor of the Washington Post.

Personal History

MAX BRAND: The Big "Westerner"

by Robert Easton

University of Oklahoma Press, 330 pp., $7.95

NEVER WAS A MAN'S NAME MORE appropriate to his personal demons, yet it is doubtful whether any writer ever went to such extremes to hide his identity from his readers. "Max Brand" was born Frederick Schiller Faust, and from this excellent appraisal of the man and his work we learn that he was Faustian in all his drives.

Many credit him with establishing, if not inventing, the mythic Western, but few are aware that he wrote in other forms under twenty different pen names. He created the Dr. Kildare series, was involved in more than seventy motion pictures including the classic *Destry Rides Again*, and produced a number of mysteries. While he was grinding out millions of words of pulp fiction, Faust was convinced that he was only buying time to devote to his real calling. His greatest desire in life was to achieve recognition as a serious poet. He wrote long, long epic poems on classical and mythological themes. None of them was successful, but all his tormented life he thought of himself as a poet and regarded prose fiction as simply something one did to earn a living.

He so despised his published writing that he allowed no interviews or photographs. Once he told his long-suffering wife, "Daily I thank God in three languages that I write under a pen name." But write he must, for his appetites grew faster than his income, and every year there had to be more money. In one thirteen-day sprint he produced two long serials and a novelette—190,000 words, or the equivalent of three books. Often a single issue of a pulp magazine would contain three stories by Faust under three different names.

He was born in Seattle in 1892, and grew up in California's fabled San Joaquin Valley. Orphaned at thirteen, he was forced to accept whatever work he could find in order to survive. At sixteen a distant relative offered to take him in and send him to high school. Faust proved to be a brilliant if somewhat erratic student. He was voracious in his reading, and memorized some 25,000 lines of Shakespeare. He also began to write poems. In the fall of 1911 he entered the University of California at Berkeley, where he became a campus legend for his writing, his drinking, and his offer to stand in for anyone in any final examination for $5,

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passing grade guaranteed. But after four years his own diploma was denied him because he had dropped out of too many courses without completing them.

Faust left Berkeley with bitter feelings toward the administration, though he was guiltily aware that he was to blame. He had absolutely no money or prospects, but his spirits were high because he was in love. The girl was Dorothy Schillig; being three years younger than Faust, she had to stay behind and finish college while he went out into the wide world to seek fame and fortune. One bad break led to another, and eventually he packed 20,000 lines of an unfinished epic on the Tristam-Iseult theme and went off to enlist in the Canadian army and do his bit to beat the Kaiser.

When it became apparent that the first unit he joined was never going to France he left it and joined another. That one bogged down too, so he deserted and made his way to New York, where he was turned down first by the British Consulate when he tried to enlist in the British Army, and then by the American volunteer ambulance corps. Dejectedly Faust turned back to his poems, and soon succeeded in selling one to William Rose Benét at the prestigious *Century Magazine*. Close on the heels of this triumph he gained an introduction to Robert H. Davis, chief executive of the Frank A. Munsey publications, who bought the first story Faust wrote for him and paid the elated young man $78—a penny a word. That was the beginning of a deluge that was to flow furiously for the next twenty years.

By mid-May of 1917 Faust was making enough money writing for Davis to return to California for Dorothy. They were married, and on their honeymoon learned that the motion picture rights to one of Faust's stories had just been sold. The title of the story? *Fate's Honeymoon*. Back in New York the newlyweds settled into the first of many homes, and Faust turned himself into a fiction factory. The faster money came in, the faster he spent it. In September 1918 Faust finally managed to join the U.S. Army, but before he could wangle shipment overseas the war had ended. Again he felt bitter disappointment; he had longed to be tested in battle.

His first novel was published as a serial in a pulp magazine, and then as a book. It was titled *The Untamed*, and it set the pattern for many books to come. Faust never tried to recreate the real West. His locales were always indefinite: a canyon in an unnamed range of mountains, a desert somewhere in the Southwest. The time was never specified. His themes and plots were borrowed from classical mythology, and his characters were larger than life. The fact is that Faust knew little or nothing about real cowboys and had no desire to learn. He created his own West to escape into, and it suited him and his readers.

The work poured out. Faust's income for 1921 almost reached the $40,000 mark. But in November of that year he suffered a violent heart attack, diagnosed as fibrillation, and he was to be subject to similar attacks for the rest of his life. He rested and took care of himself for a short time, but then he began to work again. In June 1922 Putnam published Faust's first volume of poetry. *The Village Street* was politely but unenthusiastically received and went largely unnoticed. That year the poet made more than $60,000 from his prose.

The Fausts moved to a villa outside Florence, where they hired a dozen servants and spent more than $15,000 remodeling the house, which they did not own. Dorothy was aghast, but she could not control her husband. The 1929 crash did not immediately affect the Fausts, but when they returned to America in 1935 they began to feel it. Faust was beginning to sell to the more literary slick magazines by this time, as well as to Hollywood. By 1937 he was back to an income of more than $40,000. He went to Hollywood at a salary of $1,000 a week and amazed everyone with his productivity; on his own time he continued writing poetry.

In February 1944 Faust at last found himself on his way to war as a correspondent. On May 11 he joined an infantry company for a firsthand view of combat. That night he was killed by a German shell fragment that struck him in the chest. In his kit was an unfinished epic poem about Prometheus.

This is a fascinating book about a fascinating man who lived a tormented life. Whatever his final place in American literature may be, there can be no doubt that he left his mark on it, and merits this worthwhile study.

William Decker

William Decker, an editor and critic, is the author of a novel of the West, "To Be a Man."

ODYSSEY OF A LIBERAL: Memoirs

by Freda Utley

Washington National Press, 319 pp., $10

THE FIREWORKS OF CONTROVERSY crackle through the chapters of these reminiscences. The memoirist obviously thrives on it, challenging one and all with her pros and cons on religion, sex, international relations, and—above all—ideologies. A self-designated "participant observer of the history of our times," dynamic, English-born Freda Utley here relives that history as she experienced and shaped it in the Far East, Europe, and America. If, as some readers might wish, she had lowered her voice a bit, the smoke of battle would be missing.

From her happy childhood on, this woman of brilliant mind and incredible stamina has been on the move, from country to country, city to city, house to house. "All my life I had been uprooted," she explains, "or had uprooted myself. . . ." On her odyssey she attracted such diverse friends as the Bertrand Russells, the Webbs, the Huxleys, GBS, Harold Laski, the J. P. Marquands, Dwight Macdonald, Norman Cousins, Sidney Hook, John Dos Passos, Dr. Horsley Gantt, Pearl Buck, the Lindberghs, the Chiang Kai-sheks. Not unexpectedly, her pages are strewn with heated arguments and broken friendships.

In her early twenties Miss Utley became a Socialist leader in London. From this moderate position she moved leftward to membership in the Communist Party. "My own case proves," she tells us, "that it is not necessarily, or even primarily, poverty or lack of opportunity which makes Communists, since it was only after I began to earn a good income that I joined the Communist Party."

In England she met her future husband, Arcadi Jacovlevitch Berdichevsky. A Soviet citizen working for a Russian trade mission in London, he had once belonged to the Jewish Social Democratic Party, but he was not a Communist. Miss Utley never faltered in her love for this gentle, appealing intellectual. During the Stalin purges, when they were living in Moscow, Arcadi was arrested and disappeared. In *The Dream We Lost* (1940) Miss Utley wrote fully of her life in the USSR, and accordingly she devotes little space to it in this volume.

Returning to England with her infant son, the grieving woman began her long, futile campaign to free her husband. Perhaps the most astonishing section of this extraordinary book is the bitter exchange of correspondence between her and the Bertrand Russells on one side and GBS on the other,

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over Arcadi's fate. Bernard Shaw emerges from the letters as a not very admirable human being. He wrote Lady Russell: "I still suspect that Berdichevsky's exile may be less stormy than his home life." Lady Russell charged that Shaw was "frivolous and cruel," and perhaps—this hurt worst—"rather stupid."

In 1938 Miss Utley went to China as a special correspondent for the London *News Chronicle*. Thanks to her successful book *Japan's Feet of Clay*, which had been published in Britain and America, the Chinese welcomed her. In Hankow, near the battle line, the "Last Ditchers," most of them American correspondents, proved friendly and hopeful. Hankow was a bad spot—torrid, bombed frequently, crammed with wounded soldiers, refugees, and the "Chinese *jeunesse dorée* of both sexes, who would dance with the Japanese at the gate and also after they had captured the city." Miss Utley's reporting of the fighting between Japanese and Chinese illuminates a theater of war that was little known or understood by Americans three years before Pearl Harbor.

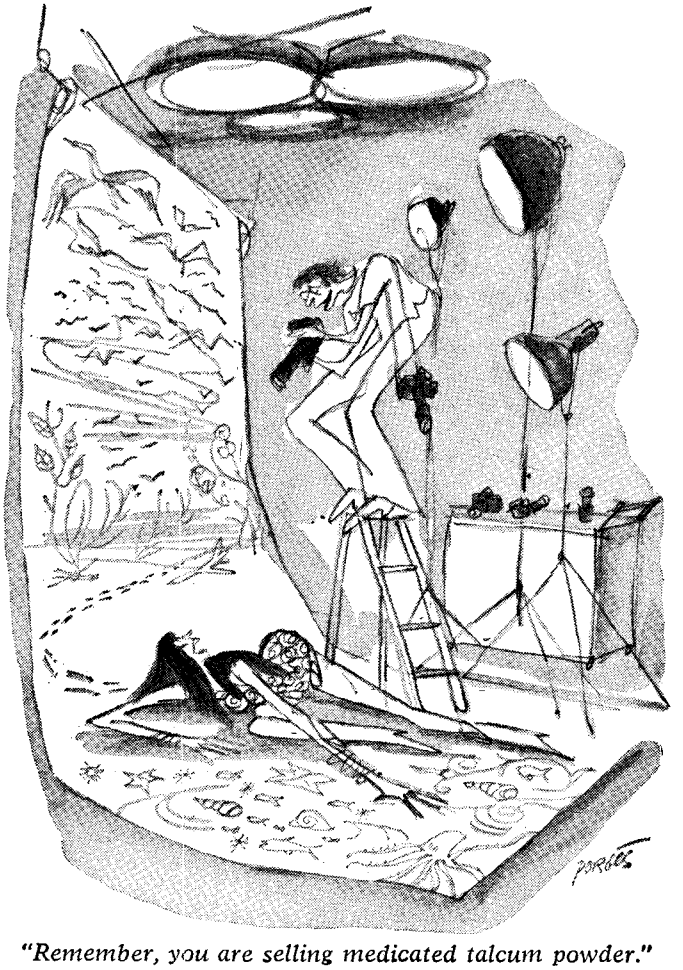
By 1939 Freda Utley "was finding it more and more difficult to hold either my tongue or my pen concerning the Soviet Union and Communism." In the United States her blunt warnings about Japan and the USSR won her friends, but caused her trouble as well. After war broke out, an effort was made to deport her. Only the intervention of Congressman Jerry Voorhis and other influential supporters saved her from deportation and eventually made it possible for her and her son to become American citizens.

In the second volume of these memoirs it is to be hoped that the proofs will be more carefully read. On page 121, for instance, the author says she went to Russia for the first time in 1926. Four pages later the date is 1927. On page 197 she gives the date of a letter from Chiang Kai-shek as 1930, which was eight years before she went to China. There are other errors.

Miss Utley's story testifies that the way of the "anti-Communist ex-Communist" is hard. She "incurred the displeasure of the 'Right' as well as the 'Left'. . . ." Her temperament and ideals continued to keep her from "traveling in the middle of the road... I do not know whether in the parlance of our time I am now a liberal or a conservative, a progressive or a reactionary."

Henry C. Wolfe

Henry C. Wolfe is the author of "The German Octopus" and "The Imperial Soviets," among other books.



"Remember, you are selling medicated talcum powder."

USA

THEIR TATTERED FLAGS: The Epic of the Confederacy

by Frank E. Vandiver

Harper's Magazine Press, 362 pp., $10

"HISTORY," SAYS FRANK VANDIVER, "went against them almost from the start." *Their Tattered Flags*, which is intended to redress the slight, tries to atone for the literary syrup as well as the pedantry that have smothered the Confederates. It attempts to compensate for the ahistorical ax-grinding that too often has glorified the inglorious, castigated the noble, and ignored the human qualities of the Confederate experience. And it succeeds. Vandiver has written balanced, brilliant, literate history that Confederates themselves might recognize as their own.

True to its subtitle, the book is an epic, history as an art form. Vandiver's scope takes in the entire spectrum of life in the Confederacy. He deals with politics and poetry, diplomacy and folk humor. And ever in the background, often in the foreground, are the war and the dream of independence. The epic is heroic because Vandiver accepts independence as the ultimate Confederate aim. The nation once founded and the war once begun were caught up in a dynamic of their own, and the Confederates rose above their Old South origins. The epic is tragic because of these origins, and because the tide of human development doomed the resisting Confederacy almost at birth.

Vandiver's prose, too, is equal to the epic, being as lyrical as it is precise. The author weaves description and analysis together with a narrative that flows. Not only does Vandiver sketch his myriad characters masterfully, he allows them to develop with the course of events. When Robert E. Lee first appears he is the "King of Spades," an engineer officer with a passion for having his troops dig holes. The apotheosis comes later. Conversely, in 1861 Braxton Bragg is a good administrator in an army that needs administering. Only in 1864 does "Bragg's growing talent" become "mischief," and his appointment as Chief of Staff defy "even the bounds of nonsense." Vandiver's action is swift. The feeling and spirit

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 J (house of Atreus), 2H (*Titus Andronicus*), 3F (*Medea*), 4L (*Jude the Obscure*), 5K (*Hamlet*), 6B (*Sohrab and Rustum*), 7A (Fall River murders), 8E (*Oedipus Rex*), 9C (*Notre-Dame de Paris*), 10 G (*Oresteia*), 11 D, 12 I (*Phaedra*).

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of his battle accounts should rank them with Tolstoy's Borodino.

Their Tattered Flags also has an epic hero—not Lee or Stonewall Jackson, but Jefferson Davis. The Confederate president accepts his leadership role stiffly, and grows in office to the point where he personifies the "cause." It is Davis, more than anyone else, who perceives the reality of the Southern nation fighting for its life. For its president the Confederacy is a fact; independence is the *summum bonum*. To achieve it the pragmatic Davis is willing to trample over states' rights and finally abolish slavery.

Davis's zeal and position place him naturally in the center of Vandiver's Southern saga. The Confederate president struggles mightily against great odds. He is often brilliant, sometimes foolish. And Davis has his fatal flaw: he cannot inspire in others a devotion equal to his own. He is too often cold, reserved, and unbending. He makes and keeps more bitter enemies than close friends. At the last, history runs Davis to ground. His doomed Confederacy, like his leadership, is exhausted. So Davis "would suffer two prison years, win a mite of martyrdom, and last out his life as the symbol of the defeated South." The Confederates, at the hand of history, "would suffer the wound of losing, and would nurse the wound in anger until anger became pride." Then "at last a legend would arise." Vandiver finally allows his hero a rightful place in legend as well as in losing.

Vandiver's epic is art, but not merely for art's sake. *Their Tattered Flags* is art for history's sake. The author's thoughtful research shows both in the breadth of his scope and in the depth of his analysis. He incorporates the best of recent historical scholarship as well as ground-breaking discoveries of his own.

Although *Their Tattered Flags* is not a biography, it ranks as the best biographical treatment of Jefferson Davis to date. Vandiver offers a balanced, human portrait to offset the extremes of invective and eulogy that mar other works about Davis. He gives new and deserved emphasis to the Confederate West, especially the Trans-Mississippi province. He makes intelligible the tangles of Confederate military supply, ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster. The book provides a fresh analysis of Confederate diplomacy with its little successes and larger failure. On these and other topics *Their Tattered Flags* offers new insight.

Vandiver's prime historical contribution, however, is portraying the Confederacy as a nation. He calls the Confederates "rebels," but his emphasis

is ever on the unity and nationalism that characterized the fledgling Southern state. Once the "fire-eaters" had done their work, Vandiver contends, cooler heads took charge and made a nation. Some of the results of Davis and his colleagues' nationalist policy are the first military conscription in North America, suspension of *habeas corpus*, and the arbitrary impressment of crops and slaves. The author explains Confederate military strategy as part of the larger nationalism. Davis adopted the "offensive-defensive." He would stand on the defense and suffer invasion. Then, when time and circumstances permitted, the Southern armies would strike and destroy their enemies. In this way the Confederacy could make the most of its meager resources and pose at home and before the world as a peaceful nation threatened by its neighbor's aggression. The Confederacy, Vandiver observes, could win the war by not losing, by staving off defeat until the Union tired or Europe intervened. In keeping with his theme of nationalism, Vandiver treats the Confederate South as more than a mere mutation of the ante-bellum South. He depicts everything from culture to economy as being more Confederate than Southern. This thesis is intriguing and ingenious.

Their Tattered Flags is a monumental achievement. The book is great history, and Vandiver is the Confederate Clio.

Emory M. Thomas

Emory M. Thomas, assistant professor of history at the University of Georgia, has just completed two books on the Confederate South.

TURBULENT YEARS: A History of the American Worker 1933-1941

by Irving Bernstein

Houghton Mifflin, 873 pp., $12.95

TEN YEARS AGO Professor Irving Bernstein published *The Lean Years: A History of the American Worker 1920-1933*. It is still, I believe, the best history of the Great Depression and the decade immediately preceding it. In that book Professor Bernstein, now associate director of the Institute of Industrial Relations at UCLA, broke with the dominant tradition in the writing of American labor history, which had concentrated on the trade union and its role in the labor market —a tradition established by John R. Commons and his Wisconsin disciples. Bernstein, while by no means overlooking the union, focused on the worker, organized or unorganized, his legal status, his politics, his social and cultural interests, and the way he was treated by the state and by his employer.

The second volume of Bernstein's *History of the American Worker* takes us through the first two terms of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Presidency. Unlike *The Lean Years*, the new book devotes more attention to the union than to the worker. (The latter will be dealt with in a third volume covering the same eight-year period.) The approach is understandable, since until

(*Continued on page* 36)

The critic, Milton R. Konvitz, is professor of industrial and labor relations and of law at Cornell University.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the darling of the anti-establishment Now Generation. Along with J. R. R. Tolkien, Hermann Hesse, and William Golding, he is talked about on college campuses. Adults read him, too, and his newest novel, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, about the fire-bombing of Dresden during World War II (an event which Vonnegut witnessed as a prisoner of war in Germany), was nominated for the National Book Award in fiction earlier this month. It didn't win. "I was pleased that it was nominated, but it doesn't mean anything," the forty-six-year-old Vonnegut said afterwards on a visit to New York. "It's supposed to get people excited about books the way the Academy Awards get people stirred up about movies. It's just playfulness, but it helps sell books."

What interests Vonnegut somewhat more is the absurdity of life in a technological society. He's an intellectual Charlie Chaplin in an updated *Modern Times*. Vonnegut creates his own universe in such novels as *Cat's Cradle, The Sirens of Titan* and *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* (Dell, 95¢ each). His capital is often Ilium (Schenectady, New York, where he once worked as a flak for General Electric). The prevailing religion is Bokonism, based on the idea that nobody knows what's in God's mind. Religion itself is "foma," a Vonnegut word for harmless lies. He approves of foma, and in fact probably thinks of his books as such.

Actually, to him foma is part of a larger morality, which deplores the rich exploiting the poor, declares that war is a meaningless and ultimately boring activity and that if you are going to do anything you might as well be kind—but concludes that none of this matters because all life is absurd anyway. It makes a sort of neat circle, and brought us to the question of black humor, a quality most critics have seen in Vonnegut's works.

"Bruce Friedman did that," said the six-foot-four, heavily mustached author. "He put the label on me. I don't know what he means. It's just a convenient tag for reviewers. Out I go into the ashcan with Terry Southern and John Barth. But those people hated their parents. I liked mine." Vonnegut grew up in Indianapolis, and studied chemistry at Cornell and Carnegie Tech, which gave him a scientific foundation for his later writing. "Critics all come out of the English departments. They believe that in order for a person to be sensitive and creative he can't understand how a refrigerator works. I know how my refrigerator works. Mark Twain knew how to pilot a boat up the Mississippi. Joseph Conrad could fix an engine. H. G. Wells, who should have gotten the Nobel Prize, was considered a lowbrow."

For a long time Vonnegut was regarded as strictly a science fiction writer. He seems reasonably pleased to be getting more into the mainstream. "It's higher class. It pays more. After all, I'm supporting a family." His family consists of six children, three of them adopted; a large sheepdog, and Jane, his wife of twenty-five years, whom he maintains he first met in kindergarten. They live in a fourteen-room captain's house in Barnstable, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, where his daily chores include picking up the mail, getting the milk, and writing in his two-room wing of the rambling house.

Vonnegut firmly rejects the adoration of the younger generation and denies any knowledge of what aspects of his writing appeal to them. "In a country of more than 200 million people I wouldn't generalize about any of them. If you want a newsy, trendy person to tell you about youth, go talk to the youth editor at *Time* magazine.

"Look at me," he said, pointing to his neat dark suit and buttoned-down collar. "I doubt if I'm anti-establishment. I certainly don't know why I'm popular with young people. I never went after the youth market. I have kids, a car, and I pay my bills on time."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

James Hogg, a Scotsman who lived early in the nineteenth century, is best known as a poet, a balladeer, and a friend of Sir Walter Scott and Byron. But André Gide discovered his 1824 novel, *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (Norton, $1.85), called it "an extraordinary achievement," wrote an afterword (included in this edition), and brought the book to the attention of the critics. It's an odd, intense story, with elements of demonic possession that lend it an almost surrealistic quality.

Two of Hermann Hesse's novels until last year unpublished in America are available in paperback. *Peter Camenzind*, Hesse's first novel, written in 1904 and recently translated by Michael Roloff, follows a young Swiss's journey from Italy to France and from innocence to degradation to a final serene resolution. "Almost all the prose works I have written are biographies of the soul," declared Hesse. His third novel, *Gertrude* (1910), translated by Hilda Rosner, uses the story of an opera singer and his charming young wife to depict the artist's inner struggle to become master of his own creative energies. Noonday publishes both novels at $1.95 each.

Among several new collections is a three-volume edition of Katherine Anne Porter's stories: *The Leaning Tower, Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, and *Flowering Judas* (Signet, 95¢ each). Most often about the South, they frequently explore the subtleties of black-white relationships. Norman Mailer's *Cannibals and Christians* (Delta, $2.45) offers a typical bag of odds and ends. The *Paris Review* interviews are here, some funny, nasty letters to the *New York Review of Books*, a couple of short stories (including an attempt at science fiction), a lot of honest, intensive literary thinking about William Styron, James Jones, James Baldwin, and others, and even some poetry: "Dr Hu/ speaks/ twenty-three/ languages./ What loneliness."

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More people probably know who Isaac Babel is than have read his works. A protégé of Maxim Gorky, he became a literary lion in Russia during the 1920s. Babel fell into disfavor in the Stalinist Thirties, was arrested in 1939, and disappeared. Years later it was revealed that he had died in a political concentration camp in 1941. He is now considered acceptable in the USSR, and his works have been republished. Among them are *Benya Krik, The Gangster and Other Stories* (Schocken, $1.75), wryly humorous tales that depict, with the author's typical economy, "the collision of the Jewish spirit with the muscle of the Revolution." Avrahm Yarmolinsky is the editor.

Also noted: Edith Wharton's marvelously restrained love story *The Age of Innocence* (Scribners, $2.65) looks back upon the cultivated and inbred world of New York and Newport in the 1870s. James Gould Cozzens's *Morning Noon and Night* (Signet, $1.25) moralizes about Henry Worthington, sixty-ish and sorrowful. Essayistic, ruminative, it's a novel about what was but mostly what might have been.

Two best-sellers whose paperback publication has been eagerly awaited are Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* (Bantam, $1.25) and Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* (Fawcett Crest, $1.50). The publishers have exceeded their wildest previous optimism with first printings of more than three million copies. Both books are about family life, but they have nothing else in common except their prodigious sales.

Literary Lives

When Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs of Youth and Middle Age* (Compass, $2.75) was published back in 1924, a lot of writers, including Sinclair Lewis, praised it. But as Anderson's literary reputation declined so did the reception of his recollections, which were criticized for being factually inaccurate. Now the pendulum appears to have swung back again, and Anderson's romanticizing of his life seems less important than his revelations about a writer's search for his own direction.

Anderson exerted considerable influence on American fiction. Richard Ellmann has a good deal to say about the influence of writers upon one another in *Eminent Domain* (Oxford/Galaxy, $1.75). He asserts: "Writers move upon other writers not as genial successors but as violent expropriators, knocking down established boundaries to seize by force of youth, or age, what they require. They do not borrow, they override." That kind of borrowing is the subject of Ellmann's perceptive study, which begins with Oscar Wilde and reaches out to encompass W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and W. H. Auden. A particularly illuminating study of the last-named is a recent addition to Noonday's prestigious Reader's Guide Series: Oxford Fellow John Fuller's *W. H. Auden* ($2.25).

The Columbia Essays on Modern Writers series has been revamped with stylish jackets. Latest titles, bringing the series up to Number 46, are LeRoy C. Breunig's *Guillaume Apollinaire*, John F. Matthews's *George Bernard Shaw*, Demetrios Basdekis's *Miguel de Unamuno*, and Edward Martin Potoker's foray into the life and works of a baffling and daffy Britisher, *Ronald Firbank* ($1 each).

Alan Friedman's *The Turn of the Novel* (Oxford/Galaxy, $1.95) goes through a few fancy convolutions itself in its exploration of the fiction of the early years of this century. Friedman argues convincingly that contemporary novels differ from their nineteenth-century ancestors not only in matters of technique but, more importantly, in their open-ended view of the universe.

The Movies

"The director is always a superstar," said director-superstar Roman Polanski. Joseph Gelmis liked that statement well enough to use it as the title of his collection of interviews emphasizing the emergence of the new cinema artist. For *The Director as Superstar* (Doubleday, $3.50) Gelmis questioned, among others, Mike Nichols, John Cassavetes, Lindsay Anderson, Andy Warhol and Norman Mailer.

Back in Hollywood's halcyon days the studio was king and directors were hired and fired as capriciously as starlets. In *Hollywood: The Haunted House* (Ballantine, 95¢) screenwriter Paul Mayersberg reminisces about big stars, big producers, big films, and those golden years that were doomed to fade. Another look at the past is Bob Thomas's *Thalberg: Life and Legend* (Bantam, $1.25), which examines both the myth (Thalberg inspired Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*) and the man. At twenty-two Thalberg became the creative genius behind MGM. A sensitive, intelligent, highly intuitive man, he ruled like a boy prince, married the screen princess Norma Shearer, fought a good fight against the powers of Louis B. Mayer, and died in 1936 at the age of thirty-seven, leaving behind him an illustrious legacy of first-rate films. The book's appendix reads like a roll call of movie greats: *Camille, Romeo and Juliet, A Night at the Opera, Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Samuel Beckett's *Film* (Evergreen, $1.95) is a cinematic curiosity. Written in 1963, this screenplay represents Beckett's first and only involvement with movies. It was filmed the following year with Buster Keaton, under the direction of Alan Schneider. Though it won some European awards, *Film* has not been generally shown in this country. In this edition the scenario is illustrated with film clips, and an explanatory essay by Schneider is included.

Three Films by Ingmar Bergman (Evergreen, $2.45), translated by Paul Britten Austin, contains photographic stills together with the texts of *Through a Glass Darkly, Winter Light*, and *The Silence*.

Some forty years ago Pál Kelemen grieved that while Americans busily restored Versailles and other European splendors, the glories of art and architecture in this hemisphere were largely ignored. As art historian, archeologist, and the author of several distinguished books, among them the recent *Art of the Americas* (Apollo, $4.95), Kelemen has generated great enthusiasm for the richness and variety of Indian, Spanish, and Colonial art. The text and 338 photographs survey a grand spectrum, from the simplicity of a Mexican pottery mask to the baroque wedding-cake intricacies of an Ecuadorian church façade.

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Turbulent Years

Continued from page 33

the New Deal the unions were hardly a prominent feature of American life, and collective bargaining was more a goal than a fact. But during the Roosevelt administration the unions grew in membership and strength. To tell the story of trade union development during the years preceding Pearl Harbor takes hundreds of solid pages, for there were many dramatic, significant, and even momentous events.

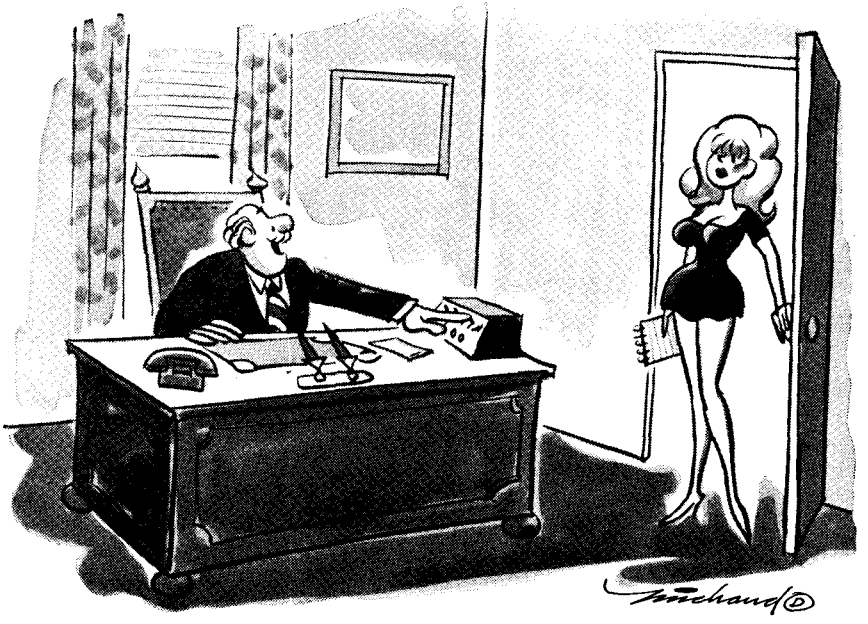
Professor Bernstein has carried over to his new volume the scholarship that was manifested in the first, and he still writes with the verve and sense of drama that we usually associate with the amateur rather than the professional historian. The readable, popular historical works have been written by the amateurs—Gibbon, Hume, Carlyle, Macaulay, Prescott, Parkman, and Motley. But Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Oscar Handlin have followed the path marked out by Carl Becker—they have shown that the professional research historian can write as if he were a literary man who has turned to history for his subject. Irving Bernstein belongs to this small, select society. His two books can be read not only by fellow historians but by anyone who enjoys history.

Among the most interesting pages in *Turbulent Years* are the pen portraits of some of the leading figures who moved through the era: Frances Perkins, Sidney Hillman, David Dubinsky, Donald Richberg, John L. Lewis, and many others. They come to life, and one sees them with warts and all.

Having mentioned warts, I would note Bernstein's occasional failure to be rigorously self-critical in his historical analyses. For example, he notes that in his 1932 campaign Roosevelt neglected to say anything about the government's role in protecting the workers' right to organize and to bargain collectively. This, says the author, was because the unions, ravaged by the Depression, could not offer much help to a candidate, nor could they bring pressure on him to commit himself to their interests. Yet soon after he took office Roosevelt became convinced, according to Bernstein, that his recovery bill must include a guarantee of collective bargaining as well as a guarantee of self-regulation by business, for this combination would win support for the bill from both labor and industry. Roosevelt felt that their joint support "was vital to the success of the program." But a few paragraphs later Bernstein notes that at the outset only the Mine Workers had urged inclusion of collective bargaining; "in the end equity demanded the inclusion of 7(a)"—the section in the Recovery Act that provided for the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively. There is no explanation of how it happened that labor was too weak to be taken into consideration before the election in 1932 but was strong enough to be considered some six months later. And what does it mean to say that "in the end equity demanded the inclusion of 7(a)"? Who felt this "equity," how was it felt, why was it felt just then but not before? It may be that the state of historical knowledge at the present time makes answers to such questions impossible but, if so, the historian could still ask them and say that he has no answers.

This example points up the fact that Bernstein sticks to history. He makes no pretense at a philosophical point of view. In this respect he is much closer to the majority of professional historians than to Carl Becker, who had his feet always on the ground yet refused to be earthbound. Perhaps in his third volume, in which he will deal with men rather than with organizations, Bernstein will permit himself more liberty of thought than he has claimed thus far.

Milton R. Konvitz



"I didn't want anything, Miss Ripple. I just wanted to see you!"

CORPORATIONS AND THE COLD WAR

edited by David Horowitz

Monthly Review Press, 249 pp., $6

THE PASSING OF BERTRAND RUSSELL turned attention, finally and kindly, to his undisputed position as a philosopher of brilliance and originality. To be reminded once more of his monumental works, his powerful insights into the field of epistemology, and his revealing analyses of reality and objective phenomena was especially gratifying after the sad and dismaying display of senility and bad temper that had dimmed his luster in recent years.

From the point of view of one who has always admired Russell's genius, this book, published under the auspices of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, could hardly appear at a worse time. In six essays by six different authors, the book attempts to demonstrate the validity of what must surely be one of the most foolish notions ever held by a great man: that American foreign policy is made (not just influenced, but *made*) by this country's big corporations. Despite the pretentious tone of scholarship and dispassion, the supporting evidence adduced is little short of preposterous. What can one make of Joseph D. Phillips's analysis of the 1966 *Fortune Plant and Product Directory*, in which he finds that of the 500 largest corporations listed at least 205 were "significantly involved in military production"? Yet that statement is as convincing as any other made in these essays.

Material of this kind is cited to hold up no less an assertion than that "American foreign policy during the postwar era was initiated, planned, and carried out by the richest, most powerful, and most international-minded owners . . . of major corporations and financial institutions."

Further, there is the even more astounding declaration—one that would surely have stunned Presidents late

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departed (Eisenhower and Kennedy) and would shock those still present (Truman, Johnson, Nixon)—that the powers of President, Congress, Secretary of State, and Secretary of Defense are as nothing compared to those of the corporations. "None of the factors that are often of importance on domestic issues—Congress, labor, public opinion—had anything but an occasional and minor effect on foreign policy," William Domhoff assures us. "If there is one 'issue-area' that is truly and solely the domain of a power élite grounded in an American upper class of corporate rich, it is foreign policy."

So large a dose of pap hardly merits rebuttal. But it helps, perhaps, to be told in the notes on contributors that William Domhoff has also published "research articles on dreams." This is, indeed, the stuff that dreams are made on.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr., is the author of "The Young Executives."

Elegy for Bella, Sarah, Rosie and All the Others

by Sonya Dorman

They're dying off, the kerchiefed
women from central Europe
who followed their men, jammed
between rotting staves of freighters.

Stones placed on their headstones
show our esteem, not for their blind
cotton courage, tied under their chins,
hiding the half-choked throat;

not to keep off marauders,
as we did once in the desert;
but stones to show we honor their
histories
which we cried out against
when they still trafficked in strudels.

They're burying you one by one,
my mothers from Roumania, Poland,
and the Carpathians. We swarm
over the gravegrass with memories of
you
melting in our mouths like good pastry.

Oh my pearls beyond price, goodbye
from your liberated American
daughter,
whose tears, the color of martinis,
drop by drop grow cold
on the invisible thread.

TRY SOMETHING BETTER.

There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

J&B Rare Scotch
From the house of Justerini & Brooks, founded 1749.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

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"More Life" School

Continued from page 26

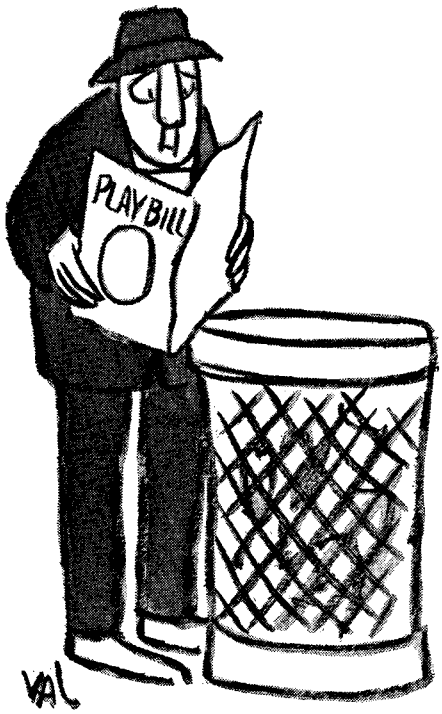
symptom of the trouble is formlessness and seeming lack of direction. The poet runs on unrestrainedly, confident that sooner or later in his poem a fit challenge to his true gifts will fly up in his face—a target, a prey, an opening. As just indicated, often it does, and the result is high excitement—or explosion. But even in these instances there's seldom more than the explosion for reward—no shapely object to delight in, little refinement of feeling or subtlety of judgment, no intellectual distinction, no hint of wisdom. On the altar of projective power, in the name of Big Scenes, everything is sacrificed: Vibrancy is all.

And it's precisely this sacrifice that scales down Mr. Dickey's first novel to entertaining, shoot-'em-up mindlessness. The early chapters prepare the reader for nothing of the sort; in fact, they promise him a genuine novelistic experience. For the "more life" nonsuburbanite hero, Lewis Medlock, isn't at the beginning exempted from critical scrutiny. He's contrasted with the narrator—an ad man, a character who claims to have no fantasies (" . . . Lewis and I were different . . . I had nothing like his drive, or his obsessions"), and only very modest physical skills. And the narrator, while capable of admiring his friend's gifts and ambitions and will to press life to its extremities (see above), nevertheless has significant reservations about him. He observes that "Lewis . . . had everything that life could give, and he couldn't make it work." He confronts Medlock's romanticisms with his own downrightness:

> I am a get-through-the-day man. I don't think I was ever anything else. I am not a great art director. I am not a great archer. I am mainly interested in sliding. Do you know what sliding is? . . . . It is finding a modest thing you can do, and then greasing that thing . . . It is grooving with comfort. . . .
>
> "We'll see," Lewis said, glancing at me as though he had me. "We'll see. You've had all that office furniture in front of you, desks and bookcases and filing cabinets and the rest. You've been sitting in a chair that won't move. You've been steady. But when that river is under you, all that is going to change . . . "

The promise, in short, is that intensity and relaxation, romantic projection and commonplace self-effacement, will cross each other, challenge each other's adequacy and validity. Bringing off such a confrontation in a novel requires patience, humor, a speculative cast of mind, and (most obviously) an interest in both normative and extreme experience. Mr. Dickey doesn't bring his confrontation off. After devoting fifty pages of narration to setting up the contrast just described, he throws the thing away in a single impulsive gesture. His "more life" hero is incapacitated by a broken hip when canoes overturn in the rapids, whereupon the fellow is abruptly replaced by the figure of downrightness, the hitherto cool narrator, who emerges suddenly and incredibly as a new Mr. Vibrancy, a hunter, stalker, killer, someone who can fly with the arrow deep into the gut of the enemy, a second Robin Hood, a king of energy. The result is that in place of a novel, where qualities of character and understanding are set in full view, compared and assessed, the reader is offered an emptily rhetorical horse-opera played in canoes. The projective power remains, to be sure: an owl on a tent top terrifying a camper, a broadblade arrow slicing flesh from a man's side—these are touched from within. But the experience as a whole is weightless, silly, soft.

The failure can be variously explained. Perhaps the novelist, trapped Bottom-like by his own relish of the Exciting Role, the chance to be the I of the storm, couldn't bear to parcel it out to a third-person hero. Perhaps the very act of self-indulgently cutting himself into the action should be seen as a bit of evidence confirming the charge of mad appetition leveled against the present culture. And perhaps the seriousness of this charge stems from harm done not alone to novels but to thinking, assessing, balancing, everywhere in the world of mind.



These are tangential matters, however. What counts is the writer's total performance. It's true that his poems seldom clarify experience substantially: even "Cherrylog Road" ends thinly. It's also true that they don't often establish emotional richness, pliancy, wit, or fineness of response as permanent human possibilities; little in these pages matches the middle level of, say, Jarrell or Frost. (The closest approach in *The Eye-Beaters* is a poem called "Looking for the Buckhead Boys," a search for lost adolescence, which is funny, touching, long on details of feeling, short on big scenes, yet again heavy with appetite—the longing for time to have either a meaning or a stop.) But neither are these poems "mere" excitation or sensation. To be seized by sudden knowledge of the fierce life-power still resident in the tamest hand turning the tamest page is also to be propelled into possession of a solid truth: living *is*, as the sage said, wanting more life. And if that truth is less than a priceless gift, it is nevertheless a gift—nothing you can think your way to abstractly, nothing that any writer, even one as generous in his bestowals as James Dickey, can possibly have picked up cheap.

CHILDREN ARE CIVILIANS TOO

by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz
McGraw-Hill, 190 pp., $5.95

HEINRICH BÖLL HAS WRITTEN short stories, *Novellen*, novels, radio plays and drama, but his true talent lies in telling stories. His first "novel," *Adam, Where Art Thou*, is really a series of terse short stories, held together by a theme—the little man in war—rather than by central characters. In Böll's radio plays several stories are usually told by a commentator to amplify the dialogue. His *Irish Journal* likewise consists of a sequence of stories about life in Ireland.

Much less convincing than these early works are Böll's ambitious novels, *Acquainted with the Night, Billiards at Half-Past Nine*, and *The Clown*. Here Böll revels in contrived symbolism and in monotonous attacks on German nationalism and chauvinism. These are the works, of course, for which he won the widest acclaim behind the Iron Curtain, where he is celebrated as the foremost West German representative of the so-called

---

The reviewer, William J. Schwarz, a literary critic and professor of German at Université Laval, has written several books on modern German literature, including one on Böll.

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Critical Realism; by 1962 more than 800,000 copies of his books had been sold in Communist countries. Unfortunately, the literary appeal of his writing is all too often diminished by the uncompromising hatred of the capitalist society in the Federal Republic that Heinrich Böll reiterates in his novels. The author here plays the fatal role of the *Praeceptor Germaniae,* the moralist and prophet of his nation, the Nestor of our century. Böll's last two major publications, *Absent Without Leave* and *End of a Mission,* are tendentious in an obtrusive manner, leaving little to the imagination in their overzealous criticism of West German militarism.

None of this is detectable in *Children Are Civilians Too.* Here speaks a true teller of tales, Böll at his best. These short sketches appeared between 1947 and 1951, when the author was trying to come to terms with the experiences of the Second World War. Böll is a devout Catholic—not an orthodox adherent of the official church doctrine, but an unwavering disciple of Christ. The six long years he was forced to fight in Hitler's war were against his inner convictions, certainly, yet he never openly took issue with Nazi despotism and crime. This contradiction, a prevalent one among the rank-and-file soldiers of the former German *Wehrmacht,* is reflected in most of Böll's early stories.

Twenty-six of them have been selected and well translated by Leila Vennewitz; together they present a valid testimony of the situation of those who do not really act in wartime, but are acted upon. Two of the

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1390

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1390 will be found in the next issue.

RPZ BDX GMWW D VDJJR EDX

TR D OPYG PH NEEPTNWNGR

NX VNO ONGZDGNPX.

—HPXGMXMWWM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1389

It is almost impossible to remember how tragic a place the world is when one is playing golf.
—ROBERT LYND.

Your $10 gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

These kids subsist on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more or different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see children with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan makes it possible for needy families to convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has organized a nationwide drive to supply the food stamps. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

To contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. *Thank you.*

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund, Dept. B40, Box 121, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019

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stories do not actually belong to the collection. One of them, "My Sad Face," is a somewhat lame farce about modern totalitarianism, written in the parable form of the Kafka tradition. The second, "Black Sheep," is a humorous exploration of the artist's existence. For "Black Sheep," incidentally, Böll received, in 1951, the Gruppe 47 prize, which established his reputation as a writer in Germany and abroad. All twenty-six stories, originally conceived in the laconic, careless speech of the ordinary German, are impressive for their precise settings, firm structure, and forceful, pregnant dialogue.

In his presentation of war Heinreich Böll never depicts the real fighting; he never confronts the reader with gruesome pictures of human suffering as did Theodor Plievier and others. It goes without saying that any glorification of war in the fashion of Ernst Jünger is excluded from his writings. Böll prefers to show the monotony of war, the waste of time and effort—he talks of dirt and lice and boredom and of the little yet utterly frustrating privations. He describes the war from the perspective of the plain soldier who worries about finding a slice of bread or a cigarette. Böll places his antiheroic heroes into sick bays, crowded trains, drafty railway stations, and destroyed cities. His characters are rootless, homeless figures that fight a day-to-day battle for survival. They are preoccupied with their petty problems to such a degree that they find no time to reflect on the larger issues of the war.

Böll's stories give a gray, grim picture of wartime and postwar Germany, but few of them are completely without light and hope. "My Pal with the Long Hair" ends with the significant phrase: "We have been together ever since—in these hard times." In the title story, "Children Are Civilians Too," Böll writes: "The snow fell on her fine blonde hair, powdering her with fleeting silver dust; her smile was utterly bewitching." A glance, a smile that two people exchange breaks the isolation and solitude in a strange, hostile world. It is in the encounter of two human beings that the miseries of war and after-war are overcome. And if there is no soul to communicate with, man still is not left in the cold because there is always God. In "Candles for the Madonna" a man reflects after a visit to the church: " . . . my heart was lighter than it had been for a long time." Böll's figures are weak—every one a sinner in his own way—but they are, at the same time, believers who know where they can find an answer to their anguish.

William J. Schwarz

Criminal Record

Fact

Where Did the Justice Go? The Story of the Giles-Johnson Case. *By Frances Strauss. Gambit.* $6.95. On a sultry evening in July 1961 the Giles brothers, John and Jim, along with their friend Joe Johnson, exchanged insults with a white youth sitting in a car with a white girl. The youth fled, leaving his date behind him, whereupon she offered her favors to the blacks. The three were convicted of rape and sentenced to die in Maryland's gas chamber at Baltimore. By the time the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the decision the trio had spent six years behind bars. Believers in justice were largely instrumental in bringing the facts of the case to public notice, and Mrs. Strauss's book is designed to serve a similar purpose.

It is not her first book. She has written, among other titles, *So You're Going to Get Married, Cookbook of Leftovers,* and *New Ways to Better Meetings.* The present work is a valid contribution to the history of the democratic process.

Fiction

Code of Conduct. *By Elliott Arnold. Scribners.* $5.95. Mr. Arnold has neatly blended fact and fiction and come up with a novel of international intrigue which is a far cry from the routine never-never-land escapades that glut the market. The setting is Switzerland, but what happens to an American Intelligence officer and his wife is tied up with the capture of the *Pueblo* in Korean waters.

What Did Hattie See? *By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Hattie saw a stolen Velázquez on her boss's mantel (a museum guard had been killed during the theft). Truth to tell, Hattie was too nearsighted to recognize the canvas, but the killers who are closing in on her don't know that, and Hattie doesn't know why they are closing in. It's cleverly plotted suspense, pulled off with a light touch by the team of Audrey Kelley and William Roos.

Fengriffen. *By David Case. Hill & Wang.* $5. An ancestral home on the moor, a curse, and a beautiful woman in peril—in short, here are the near-classic elements of the supernatural horror story. The author's style ("He began to see the terrible fear that gripped his wife's sanity in the fetid talons of dread") hits just the right dusty note. If the tale is not as "chilling" as promised, it will do until Mr. Case's next book.

The Blessing Way. *By Tony Hillerman. Harper & Row.* $4.95. A corpse is found with sand in its mouth, and a mysterious figure wearing a wolf skin stalks the Navajo reservation. Obviously, here's suspense enough for anyone, but what makes this first mystery by Tony Hillerman outstanding is the wealth of detail about the Navajo Indian—customs, rites, way of life—with which he has crammed his pages.

An Affair of the Heart. *By Jean Potts. Scribners.* $3.95. Muddying the facts about the death, apparently from a heart attack, of a married man in the wrong bedroom plants the seeds of a follow-up murder. Short, neat, competently done; but there's nothing special here other than the length, which makes it suitable for planes and trains.

Nightmare at Dawn. *By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. How much excitement can you handle? In Connecticut Peter Styles's new bride disappears, a dog is killed, a boys' school's records are vandalized, and a major figure in the South African black nationalist movement is murdered. Add two British diplomats gunned down in New York, and you've got complications of the sort that only a top pro could handle with clarity and at a brisk pace. Judson Philips (sometimes known as Hugh Pentecost) is as pro as they come.

The Pushbutton Butterfly. *By Kin Platt. Random House.* $4.95. Private eye Max Roper is hired to find a missing girl; the search takes him to Haight-Ashbury, Berkeley, a hippie commune, etc. The characters are the expected weirdos. Also expected are the occasional druggings and sluggings of the hero, with a sprinkling of corpses along the way. All these, however, run a poor second to the cliché out-of-the-corner-of-the-mouth narration. This is Max Roper's début, but surely we've met him under other names a thousand times before.

A Good Place to Work and Die. *By Winfred Van Atta. Doubleday.* $4.50. This tale of stock manipulation by party or parties unknown—with attendant murders—is a bit too complicated to appeal to the garden-variety escapist reader, but if Wall Street is your duck soup, this well-plotted novel is your meat (and let the metaphors mix where they may). **Sergeant Cuff**

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Good Cause

The Responsibility Party asked to meet at
our house.
I was glad to oblige: our furniture's
nothing to stifle impulse for. Let cause
break sticks. If what we do well endures—
as it never has entirely but, maybe, some—
we'll yet grow trees enough to chair a
kingdom.

My wife agreed that the host to good
cause
must not stint. We scraped to the bone
of our own diet (which was, in any case,
too American for historical comparison)
and received them to the plenty of the
house gladly.
The good it does to do good must not be
done badly.

Each spieling his own agenda, which
included no thanks,
they came and were angry: sniffed at,
tasted, spilt;
then uncorked hip flasks
and began belting shots of Old Guilt
straight to the tear glands and the
confessional
without walls. For some reason they hated
a wall:

they didn't leave us one. By four
we swept the last one out and paid for
his cab.
There's no way to shut a house without
a door,
but we tidied what we could, washed off
the gab
that clung like spit, then sat to the quiet,
breathing it in,
waiting to find the rest of ourselves
to begin.

A Fool Too Fast

A fool too fast, his tail lights dwindling
into the heavy-footed dream he goes great
leaves red fur on the lawn—dog-kindling
from the stumps of an easy love, and Kate
in a rag statuary of pathos kneeling
to tears she does not know are ordinary.
"Dodo! Oh, Dodo!" She might be Job
keening,
"What is my guilt?"—as if this earth, this
bestiary
of reasonably simple motives were at its
first,
and every emotion notable. Ah, but she
feels
what we only know: the shock and thrust
of what might as easily not have
happened, of wheels
so fast they blurstill but leavedead
what Kate can't learn to ask, nor father,
nor school
answer of how tears are shed,
and then grief, but not the unstoppable
fool.

A Nice Place for the Kids

Home in this unknown town
where my boys have memories
and I change suitcases, I
have one gin and tonic
by the pool, dry, dress,
and am out of cigarettes.

"Want to walk down to Main?"
I ask on impulse.
"Walk!"
(In this society?)
"Hey, let's!"

That's two impulses in one day.
A dare. And they take it.

Cars huff and whoosh at us.
Fools afoot and fair game.

We turn left at the one-armed
child. "Hi, Stump," they say.

"Hi."

We walk on.

"Is that his name?" I ask.

" 'Swhat everyone calls him."

At Hill and Highburn
a mastiff scares me, lunging.

"He's gentle," they tell me,
getting their hands licked.
"His name's Shy."

Shy does
bite me for doubting but
only in play. I can still
walk. We move on
to a hanged man in an oak.
"That's Mr. Fundooley," they say,
"this must be Thursday."

I get my cigarettes
and we cab back.

At my desk, I look at the calendar.
They're right. It *is* Thursday.

A Hereafter

A sellspiel spitspray wordwind of a man
selfsold to every slogan on the board
loves me as God cannot, unless he can
sell me more safety than I can afford
and still eat daybread. Francis, to be sure,
put everything in insurance. I could sign,
eke out two selfless years among God's
poor,
then blow my brains out on the dotted
line
and be a saint in Probate. Or pass
unchecked
by putting my body down in my wife's
name.
Not even Francis, though he nearly
wrecked
his father's business playing that saint's
game
of give-away, so gave skin, blood, and
bone
into the balance sheet of his Estate.
I could die rich so selflessly that none
could tax my memory.

This sputter-spate
jargoning anagogue who speaks in
tongues
that break before the Mystery, this oracle
of Tables from which Laws are struck
like gongs
on great graphed peaks, this metaphorical
Father of Accountants leads me high
and spreads the world at my feet, all gold
and awe
floating like heralds to my eye. And I
need only sign to be a saint at Law.

Kranzfeldt

Kranzfeldt, the housepainter,
fell off more wagons in his time
than Texas has horses for.

His time up, he proceeded
to fall off the staging
at the Westmore, or fell off

without procedure, fracturing
more than would mend. Still
purposeful, he sent for whiskey

in the hope of dying closer
to the good of wanting. Fechner,
the imbecile, left wet promises

but came back with Father Zingler
of the Society of Dry Reasons,
who offered a handful of dust.

I doubt I'll need all of God
for what happens next, but bring me
what's drinkable: I promise it thirst.

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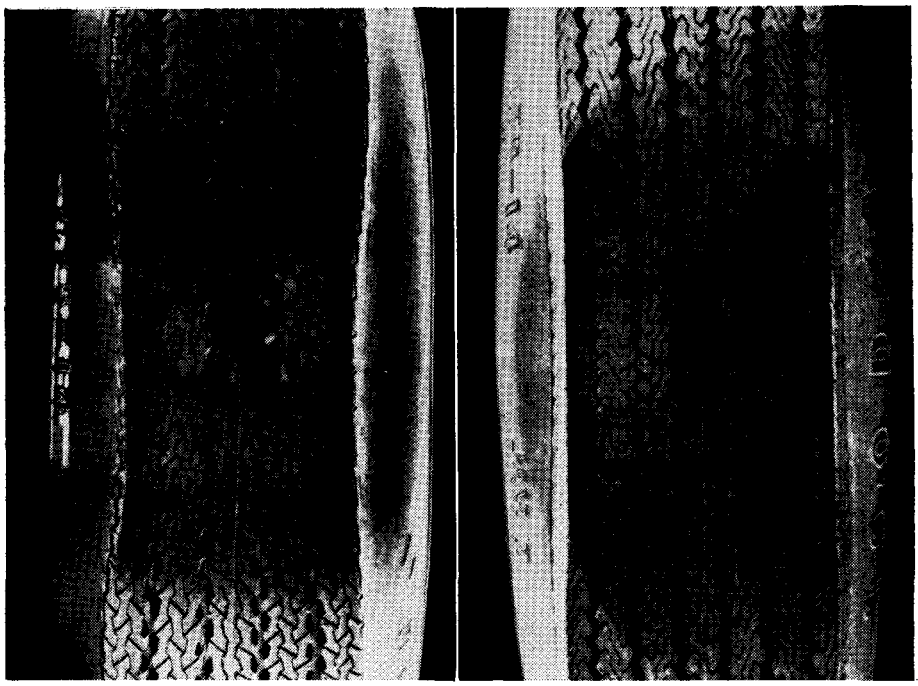
A conventional bias-ply tire has no way to resist that squirming, but a Goodyear Polyglas tire has two tough fiberglass belts underneath the tread to reinforce it. These belts act like hoops around the tire and hold the tread firm to help fight squirm.

That's why they give you better tread mileage.



CONVENTIONAL 2-PLY TIRE

This is a photograph of a conventional bias-ply tire rolling over a sheet of glass. Look at the squirm. The tread grooves close up and the shoulders curve inwards. There is more tread wear and less traction.

POLYGLAS TIRE

This Polyglas tire is rolling over the same sheet of glass as the bias-ply tire on the left. As you can see, the tread grooves stay open and the shoulders are straighter. So there is less tread wear and more traction.

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Better grip, too.
When tread grooves stay open, the tread grips better. Especially in the wet. So you'll feel the difference when you brake and when you corner.

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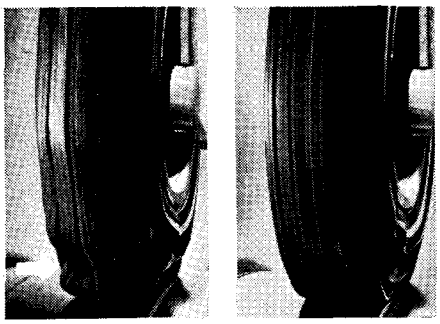

We've run these tires in our laboratories at exaggerated speeds (under rated conditions) so you can see how bad tread squirm can get. The bias-ply tire (on the left) is badly distorted. The Polyglas tire is doing fine. That's how much difference the fiberglass belts on the Polyglas tires can make.

51 million test miles.
The things we do on our Texas Proving Grounds just shouldn't happen to a tire. Polyglas tires have run 40 million test miles there—and another 11 million on laboratory test wheels.

Since 1967, when we started selling Polyglas tires, they've run *billions* of miles on automobiles all over America. You never saw so many satisfied customers.

If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.
If you want to get the benefit of all this testing and experience, make sure you get Polyglas tires and nothing else. Look for the name on the sidewall. Polyglas is a registered Goodyear trademark.

What do they cost?
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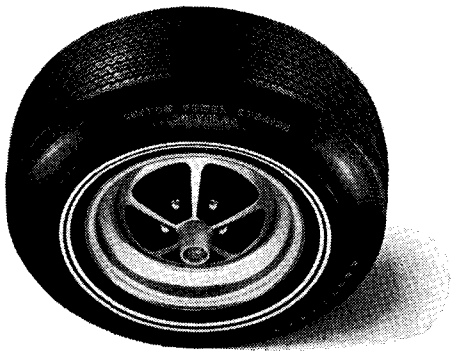
Which Polyglas tire you choose depends on your needs. (For example, the Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire can give you up to 40,000 miles of wear, depending on your driving habits and the condition of your car.)

Like more facts?
A fact booklet about the testing behind the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire is available. Just write to Goodyear, Dept. 805R, Akron, Ohio 44316.



GOODYEAR

Polyglas, Custom Power Cushion, Custom Wide Tread —T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Predicting the Consequences of Technology

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WITHIN A WEEK OR TWO of the appearance of these words in print, the Congress of the United States will be asked to enact into law the following findings and declarations:

1) That "emergent national problems, physical and social, are of such a nature and are developing at such an unprecedented rate as to constitute a major threat to the security and general welfare of the United States."

2) That these problems "are largely the result of and are allied to" the rising pressure of expanding population, the rapid consumption of natural resources, and the erosion of the natural and social environment of the human species.

3) That "widespread application of modern technology, existing and evolving," is a "crucial element" in the situation and "either is or can be a pivotal influence" in causing and solving the problems enumerated.

4) That the Congress is not now equipped to obtain "adequate independent and timely information concerning the potential application or impact" of technology.

5) That "it is therefore imperative" for the Congress to equip itself to assess technological developments, predict the probable consequences, and act to protect the American people against adverse results while assuring the nation of all possible benefits.

A bill embodying this philosophy has been drafted by Congressional staff specialists at the request of Connecticut Congressman Emilio Q. Daddario, chairman of the Subcommittee on Science, Research, and Development of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. Mr. Daddario will introduce the legislation. He has told me that, although a few minor details remain to be settled, the bill will provide for creation of an Office of Technology Assessment under the Comptroller General of the United States, who is historically the most trusted agent of the Congress and cannot legally be gagged by the executive privilege of the President.

Under provisions of the bill as it is now worded, the proposed OTA will have a director (to be appointed for a six-year term) and a corps of public servants. The director will hold bureaucratic rank just below Cabinet level, on equal footing with the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and with the director of the National Science Foundation.

The OTA staff will not itself decide what is to be done to encourage or discourage technological developments, or even to recommend particular courses of action. Instead, the staff's function will be to draw together ad hoc assessment panels, and then to present the findings of these panels to the Congress in the form of sets of alternative consequences, to be chosen among and dealt with according to national goals determined by the Congress. The ad hoc proviso, Mr. Daddario believes, will prevent the cumulative buildup of biases and leanings such as sometimes mar the work of continuing advisory panels of scientists who now serve the executive branch of the government.

To assure adequate consideration of moral and ethical aspects of technology's effects, the OTA panels will include representatives not only of the physical and life sciences but of the social sciences. Help will be sought as well from concerned individuals outside science: industrial executives, lawyers, clergymen, and journalists.

The assessment technique, Congressman Daddario wishes it to be understood, is not intended to supersede the normal Congressional airing of public issues provided in public hearings. The assessment panel reports can be flexible in timing, and can supplement hearing testimony either before, during, or after hearings. The whole and sole purpose of the new predictive agency is to assure Congress the best overall judgment of the best-informed men and women in the country.

Although the OTA operation will be an administrative responsibility of the Comptroller General, it will not be part of his present principal jurisdiction: the General Accounting Office (GAO). Mr. Daddario did not tell me so, but I have other indications that this may be a political finesse designed to avoid possible opposition from the scientific community. Many scientists have been unwilling to accept the obligation of accounting for expenditure of publicly funded grants as a concomitant to the privilege of receiving such grants. To make scientists further responsible to the General Accounting Office than they are now would almost certainly evoke howls of complaint.

The scientific fraternity can find no justification for distress in Mr. Daddario's formula for governing OTA. His bill provides that policies will be determined by a Board of Technology Assessment consisting of thirteen members: two Senators named by the President of the Senate, two Congressmen named by the Speaker of the House, the Comptroller General, the Director of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, and seven prominent public figures outside the federal bureaucracy—these last to be appointed by the President of the United States with the approval of the Senate.

Historically, the Daddario bill is of major significance. Except for an abortive information-coordinating office that was set up as part of a larger government reorganization scheme in 1947, the Congress has not acted to strengthen its data-collecting and selection facilities since 1921, when the GAO was established. Aside from the GAO, the Government Printing Office, the Botanic Garden, and the Architect of the Capitol, Congress has in fact only one independent source of information. This is the Library of Congress, the occupants of which have been notoriously backward in seeking the wherewithal to keep their institution abreast of modern communication methods.

Congressman Daddario has been urgently concerned about Congressional dependence upon executive sources of data ever since he took his Congressional seat in 1959. He had learned the importance of precise information as a law student at Wesleyan University, where he mixed all-America football with courses in physics, biology, and astronomy—and, in the process, suffered a broken nose. The importance of getting information from unprejudiced sources was impressed on him in World War II, when he served in the Office of Strategic Services under the late "Wild Bill" Donovan. Later, as a neophyte in Congress, he was further inspired by the performance of the late Connecticut Senator Brien McMahon, a leader in the postwar fight to take the military wraps off nuclear science data.

By entering Congress in the year it chose to create its first new standing committee since 1922, Daddario was able to get a firm footing on that committee: the Committee on Science and Astronautics. Only a half-dozen of the twenty-five committeemen had any experience in the House, so he could speak as confidently as almost all his colleagues. Indeed, his voice carried some authority, despite his status as a legislative freshman, because of what he had learned in OSS about the stra-

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tegic ways in which science controls a nation's destiny.

From the beginning, he was restless over the committee's one-sided interest in exploration of extraterrestrial space. When the committee chairmanship shifted from Overton Brooks of Louisiana to George P. Miller of California, Daddario encouraged Miller to appoint a subcommittee that would look into broader questions of science's effect on American domestic and foreign policies. The subcommittee was promptly named, with Daddario as chairman from the very start. The year was 1963.

At first, the questions examined were relatively simple. Should government subsidy of scientific laboratories include overhead costs? Should indirect costs be covered? Should a deliberate effort be made to distribute government subsidy throughout the country instead of allowing the money to go to institutions with resources already adequate to recruit the finest brains? Should new centers of excellence be established in regions barren of intellectual status?

It was some time in 1964 that Daddario came across what is recognized today as *the* public issue. A fellow citizen of Connecticut was an agent of the discovery. Charles A. Lindbergh, the *Spirit of St. Louis* pilot who flew the Atlantic solo for the first time, published an article titled "Is Civilization Progress?" in *Reader's Digest*. In it, "Lindy" wrote about ecology when few readers knew what ecology meant.

Living the life of a recluse on a small island off the Connecticut coast, he maintained the privacy of his home so strictly that it took him eight months to learn that Daddario wanted his advice. When a meeting finally was arranged, Lindy specified that it had to take place in seclusion. It did, in Daddario's office in the House Office Building in Washington.

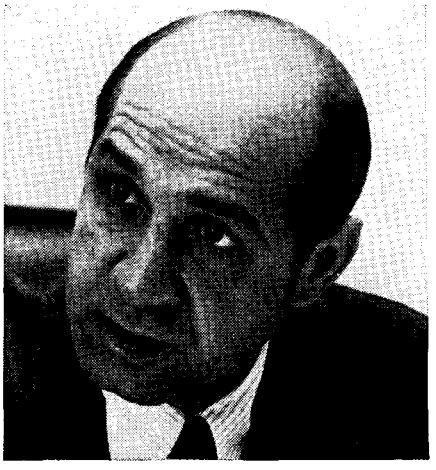
Only two other persons were present —Edward Wenk, then science policy research chief in the Library of Congress (now professor of engineering and public affairs at the University of Washington in Seattle) and Philip Yeager, chief of staff of the Daddario subcommittee. After two hours of intensive talk, Daddario's mind was made up. Lindy's ideas about technology's secondary effects on man—through its primary effects on other life forms—were too convincing to be dismissed.

Daddario's determination to keep himself and the Congress informed had already laid the groundwork for the next step. One of his information-gathering devices was a research advisory group on which, among others, sat Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor of electrical engineering and top scientific adviser to the late President John F. Kennedy. Wiesner, an expert on long-distance communication by electronic means, enjoyed drawing analogies between physical science and society. At a meeting of Daddario's advisory group early in 1965, he flipped a remark to the effect that what America needed was an early warning system to protect man against his own inventions.

The early warning quip stuck not only in Daddario's mind but also in the minds of three other men he regularly breakfasted with in the House dining room: staff chief Yeager, advisory research group secretary Michael Michaelis (on the Washington staff of Arthur D. Little, Inc.), and Richard Carpenter, a Library of Congress research expert who is now director of the environmental division of the Library's Legislative Reference Service. Over the breakfast table one morning, a general strategy was agreed on, and in the Daddario subcommittee's progress report for 1966 the words "technology assessment" appeared for the first time in a public document.

Early in 1967, Daddario made his first stab at legislation by proposing creation of a Technology Assessment Board. This effort was misunderstood as an attempt to hobble science. So, in the autumn of that year, Daddario summoned all the "blue sky" thinkers he could enlist to a two-day seminar. Those discussions showed that convincing documentation for the assessment thesis was needed, and Daddario moved to obtain it through three research contracts: one to the Library of Congress, one to the National Academy of Sciences, and one to the National Academy of Engineering. The results came back in 1969.

The Library of Congress report, prepared in the science policy research division of the library, was titled *Technical Information for Congress*. Washington sophisticates consider this document one of the most underrated studies of the decade—a landmark reference work that will be useful to students of government for years to come. The study inquired into the manner in which Congress had been handling technological matters since World War II. Fifteen individual case histories were recited. They led to one indisputable conclusion, which was that Congress might have come up with some right answers to scientific and technological problems but seldom knew why.



Congressman Emilio Daddario.

The second report was completed in June by a panel on technology assessment appointed by the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on Science and Public Policy (COSPUP). This report proposed that separate technology assessment agencies be set up in the executive and legislative branches of the government. The executive agency should be somehow related to the White House Office of Science and Technology. The legislative agency should be either a new component of the Congress responsible to the whole Congress or a new joint committee of the Congress.

Not too explicitly stated but clearly intended as an overriding consideration was the COSPUP panel's belief that much more than Congressional access to information was involved; perhaps more important than anything else was the need to assuage the common citizen's feeling of alienation from and lack of participation in the democratic process. The traditional device of Congressional hearings had lost its credibility in the mind of the citizen. Hearings were often so structured as to be biased in one direction or another in response to the political leaning of the hearing committee chairmen. Whatever technology assessment method was ultimately chosen should, the COSPUP panel clearly felt, be open to all shades and varieties of opinion.

The third report contracted for by the Daddario subcommittee came in during the month of August from the National Academy of Engineering. This was really a demonstration of the way in which technology assessments could be done. It consisted of three trial runs made by special technology assessment groups set up by NAE. The problems studied were the technology of teaching aids, of multiphasic health screening, and of subsonic aircraft noise. No attempt was made in any of the three cases to solve the problem. In all three instances, alternative consequences of different technological approaches were laid out for Congress to choose from.

The total effect of the three reports was to dispose of doubt that some system of technology assessment should

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be adopted. The sole remaining question was what the system should be. Hearings on this point were held last November and December. At their termination a decision was made to act first on the legislative need. Within that context, Daddario and his subcommittee staff sifted from the testimony arguments for and against these alternatives: 1) a new joint committee of the Congress; 2) a new independent office of the legislative branch; 3) a new function added to the Library of Congress; and 4) a new function for the Comptroller General.

The joint committee proposal went out the window first. It was loaded with too many varieties of political explosive. The suggestion for a new independent office went next. It was too expensive. The Librarian of Congress, Lewis Mumford, demonstrated no special enthusiasm for a new responsibility within the library. So, the choice fell on the Comptroller General.

How soon the Congress will act on the bill Daddario is about to introduce will depend in part on an issue of jurisdiction. The legislation conceivably could be referred to any one of several committees. Because the Daddario bill is directly concerned with research, Daddario's hope is that it will be referred to his own subcommittee.

Whatever the jurisdictional decision may be, hearings on the bill will be necessary. Daddario hopes these may be completed before the impending elections in Connecticut. Daddario is a candidate for the Democratic Party nomination as Governor. If he is successful in that race his effectiveness in influencing Congressional legislation could thereafter be only indirect.

The Connecticut election results are not expected to lower the chances of passage of the Daddario bill, however. The technology assessment concept is now firmly rooted in the culture of the country. The first 10,000-copy printing of the COSPUP panel report from NAS has already been exhausted, and a second printing of somewhere between 5,000 and 8,000 copies is now under way. Technology assessment is being taught as a subject in more than fifty colleges and universities across the United States. The technology-assessment idea is also being pursued on the international front: in UNESCO, in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), in the Council of Europe, and in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). Because of the NATO interest, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Minister for Technology in Great Britain, is planning to visit the United States in April largely for the purpose of learning more about technology assessment and proposed American ways of doing it.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Joffrey: Pro and Con

IT WAS as bad as I had remembered it. I am referring to *Pineapple Poll*, which the City Center Joffrey Ballet presented in a new production on the occasion of the opening night of its spring season at the New York City Center. I had first seen *Pineapple Poll* in 1952 (it was created the preceding year in England) when the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (not to be confused with the Sadler's Wells Ballet) showed it in America for the first time. It was choreographed by the very young John Cranko (he was barely twenty-three), and it was imitative of those early (1930s) Massine and even Ashton ballets (which those two veterans could carry off) in which maidens swoon, heroes either butch-it-up or camp-it-up, old aunts mug madly and shake their miniature bumber-shoots at everyone, and which leans on the type of dumb-show acting which preceded dramatic dance as evolved by de Mille, Tudor, Robbins, and, subsequently, by Cranko himself.

I bow to no one in my admiration for *today's* Cranko as a truly great choreographer whose balletic creativity and direction have made the Stuttgart Ballet one of the world's great companies. But with *Pineapple Poll* he was just an apprentice choreographer and not yet a very good one.

The Joffrey production, staged by David Blair, who was the original male lead, is paced in lively fashion as it pursues, to Sullivan airs and a Gilbert theme, the tale of a townful of wenches, and one in particular, who are so enamored of a ship's officer that they disguise themselves as sailors and try to land the chief male. Everyone tries hard, but the result is not only puerile, it is dismal. "A" for effort goes to Burton Taylor as the Captain. As an actor, he sissified the role too much, but he executed his steps dazzlingly. As Poll, the bumboat woman, Rebecca Wright was unbearably coy, but she was hardly to blame for a role so choreographed. Gary Chryst was touching as Jasper, the pot boy who loves Poll. (Edward Verso and Charthel Arthur headed the cast at other performances, poor dears.)

(The second major revival of the six-week engagement was the Fokine-Stravinsky-Benois *Petrouchka*, in a brand new production. It will be reviewed in a subsequent issue.)

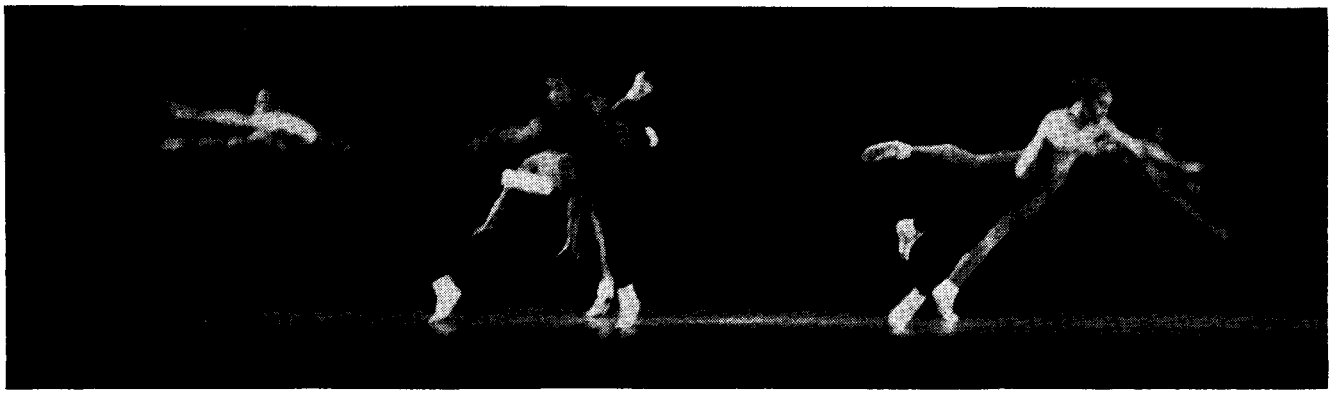
The two new works of the season, *Confetti* and *Solarwind*, both by the company's principal choreographer, Gerald Arpino, are in sharp contrast to each other. The former is comfortably classical; the latter harshly avant-garde.

Confetti is exactly what its says it is —a momentary splash of colored paper—little images of gaiety. Musically, it would find its equivalent in such coloratura soprano encores as "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark" or "La Capinera." The trills may be in the feet in this instance, rather than in the voice, but the ballet is as engaging as these bird exercises for the throat. Arpino's

—Photos: Ron Protas.

Cranko's "Pineapple Poll," with Burton Taylor as the Captain—"he executed his steps dazzlingly."

Arpino's "Solarwind"—"way-out modern."



Jerome Robbins's "Moves"—"a superb creation by a master choreographer."

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choreography is unpretentious, and the result is a danced arietta that is fun to see. The musical base is the overture to Rossini's *Semiramide*, and the form of the ballet is a *pas de six*, three ladies and three gentlemen.

Solarwind, on the other hand, *is* pretentious. It has a score *(Animus III* for tape and clarinet) by Jacob Druckman that is in itself a considerable burden for all concerned. The choreography has neither depth nor drive, for it gives one the uneasy feeling that Arpino boasted to himself, "See? I did a lovely new ballet in classical style, and now I'll show them I'm just as good in way-out modern." As a matter of fact, Arpino has turned out some splendid avant-garde ballets, but this is not one of them. It is nothing more than an ill-digested sampling of Alwin Nikolais, Jerome Robbins, George Balanchine, and maybe even Eliot Feld.

At its premiere, *Solarwind* was juxtaposed to Joffrey's ever entrancing tribute to the Romantic Age of Ballet, *Pas de Déesses*, which is set to music of John Field (including the first nocturne ever composed), and, if you want a flight into starlit space, I promise you that Field will get you there faster and better than Druckman. The lightness of the dancing, with its many aerial sorties, also provided a much more fascinating journey-with-the-wind than did *Solarwind*. Furthermore, it was beautifully danced on this occasion by Charthel Arthur (as Grahn), Susan Magno (Cerrito), and Barbara Remington (Taglioni), evoking lovely images of three ballerina-goddesses of 1846. Burton Taylor, freed of the shackles of *Pineapple Poll*, was brilliant as St. Leon, the only male in this *pas de quatre*. He is an exceptionally fine dancer who deserves to be rated high in the very select company of the best *danseurs* of our day.

Another repertory high point to be found again this season is Jerome Robbins's *Moves*, a ballet in modern movement idiom and done in silence. It is a superb creation by a master choreographer, and I urge you not to miss it.

Rebecca Wright, Francesca Corkle in Arpino's "Confetti"—"little images of gaiety."

SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Black and White Simplicities

IN THE OPENING scene of William Wyler's new film, *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, a young Negro jumps from the door of a train shortly before it pulls to a stop at a Southern depot. As he tumbles to the ground, a police car comes charging up to investigate. The scene makes precious little sense. This man is not a fugitive from justice nor is he trying to avoid anyone in town. He has bought his ticket like any other passenger and logically should have gotten off at the station. The business of having him hurtle from a moving train under the watchful eye of the police is simply put there to create tension, and it sets the tone for a picture that fairly pullulates with cheap melodrama and sickening violence. This is by no means the first movie to rely on such time-tested ingredients. Here, however, we are dealing not with high-voltage spies or turn-of-the-century outlaws but with the relationship of blacks and whites in the South today. To approach that relationship in simplistic and sensational terms is at best dishonest and at worst irresponsible. *The Liberation of L. B. Jones* is not likely to win awards for promoting interracial harmony.

The opening sequence turns out to be subsidiary to a story that hinges on the attempt of a successful Negro undertaker—L. B. (for Lord Byron) Jones—to divorce his unfaithful wife. Since the other man in the affair is both white and a cop, Jones's Establishment lawyer, Hedgepath, is in something of a dilemma. Hedgepath is a onetime crusader for justice who sympathizes with his client's predicament, but he's also a pillar of white society who'd like nothing better than to keep the whole matter under wraps for the sake of his town's peace and quiet. While he tries to smooth things over, the undertaker and cop embark on a bloody collision course.

This confrontation of an intelligent, civilized, affluent Negro with an ignorant, brutish, impecunious policeman is more than a little reminiscent of *In the Heat of the Night* (both scripts were written by Stirling Silliphant). But unlike that movie, this one is peopled with cardboard figures who do precisely what is expected of them. Willie Joe and his partner are stock cornfritter cops—humorlessly stupid, oafishly prejudiced. Lord Byron is the very model of a righteous Negro gentleman—beloved by the community, ready to forgive his errant wife, yet prepared to sacrifice his life for principle. Hedgepath is the typical well-bred squire, aware that racism is an ugly thing but knowing better than to rock the boat. And his nephew-partner is the quintessential Ivy League idealist who refuses to go along with his uncle's temporizing (and whose response to bigotry is simply to get out of town). Given these stereotypes, it's not surprising that the plot quickly dwindles into unbelievable and inflammatory hyperbole.

Lee J. Cobb does little except chomp away with his jaw and look vaguely uncomfortable as Hedgepath, but it's admittedly a problematic part. Roscoe Lee Browne is his usual elegant self as the injured undertaker; Lola Falana makes a suitably sexy and sassy wife; and Yaphet Kotto plays the happy-go-lucky bodyguard with steely authority. There are also delightful vignettes by Larry D. Mann as a know-nothing grocer who keeps prattling about doing his "dereliction of duty" and by Sonora McKeller as a bony, weatherbeaten crone who comes to the undertaker's once a week to pay $2 toward her funeral and inspect her comfortable foam-lined coffin. But these interpretative nuggets do not cancel out the bad taste of a film that reduces the chiaroscuro of racial conflict to the black-and-white simplicities of sadistic melodrama. It's a shame that a director of Wyler's stature has seen fit to perpetuate these outdated images of the South.

Two current films from abroad deserve mention. *The Walking Stick* begins as a love story between two London misfits—crippled Samantha Eggar, insecure David Hemmings—and ends up as an engrossing thriller. Director Eric Till could have moved things along somewhat faster in places, but his languid pacing does allow the principal players to give some cracklingly good performances.

Love Is a Funny Thing is recommended only to those for whom Claude Lelouch *(A Man and a Woman)* can do no wrong. As usual, it's a lovingly photographed bittersweet romance—this time between Annie Girardot and Jean-Paul Belmondo, an actress and composer from France who find themselves temporarily stranded in the wilds of Hollywood and Las Vegas. Because of the locale, much of the dialogue is in English. It might seem better with French subtitles.

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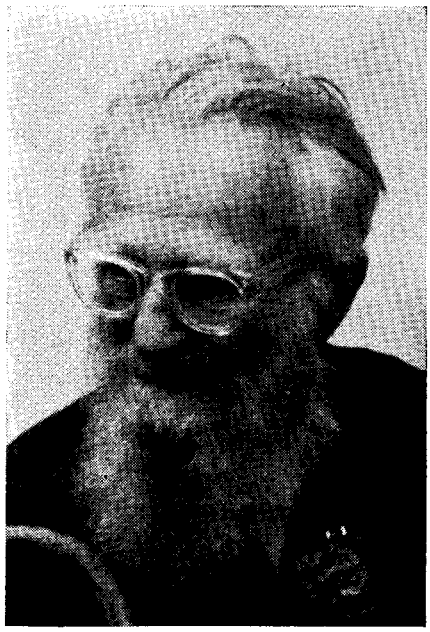
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MR. STEICHEN

An Interview with Margaret R. Weiss

Wise in the ways of prophecy was the turn-of-the-century critic who singled out three photographs on exhibit at the Third Philadelphia Salon. He predicted that the twenty-one-year-old who took those pictures was "destined to rank among the greatest pictorial photographers in the world."

In the years that followed, the youth was to fulfill that promise—and more—for he was Edward Steichen. Today at ninety-one (his birthday is March 27), undisputed dean of his art, he is recognized the world over for contributions that charted the directions and set the standards for modern photography. The President of the United States, the U.S. Navy, foreign governments, international societies, institutes, universities, associations of art directors, architects, botanists, newspapermen—all have honored him with their most coveted awards. Of these, there are two in particular that he finds gratifying: the Presidential Medal of Freedom presented in 1963, followed three years later by the Order of Merit awarded by the country of his birth, Luxembourg. Perhaps the greatest satisfaction of all, however, has come from the establishment of the Edward Steichen Photography Center at The Museum of Modern Art, where he still holds the title of director emeritus of the Photography Department.



—*Peter Fink.*

Edward Steichen

As his brother-in-law Carl Sandburg described him, Steichen is "a measurably silent man"—one who has rarely exposed himself to the rigors of long interviews. But recently he consented to share several taped sessions excerpts of which appear below.

On Faces

Q: *What did you look for when you photographed a face?*

A: I had to get beyond the surface mask. . . . For me, beauty is much more than "skin deep." It's the inner being of the person revealing itself—coming through in fleeting moments of expression and movement. That's the real person and the essence of beauty.

Q: *Then you prefer thinking always in terms of the beautiful person rather than the beautiful face or the beautiful figure?*

A: Certainly—and in this sense every good portrait is really an "interior" shot, and not just an exterior view of facial structure.

Q: *Do you feel that as a photographer you see things in a face and in the person that might elude most of us?*

A: I don't know. . . . But whatever is seen must be seen and grasped more quickly—must be intuitively perceived. Most people just look *at* a face; the photographer must look *into* it and see *into* the person. You know, a photographer is forced by the very nature of his medium to concentrate on the subject being photographed. Unlike the artist working in any other medium, who can gradually bring his conception into being, the photographer is the only image-maker who begins with the picture completed. He must react with everything he is, feels, knows, and sees—at once and all at once—and that "instant vision" is fixed forever the instant the shutter of his camera is closed. Of course, this kind of seeing is the photographer's art. The technical process involved is merely a vehicle of transcription that allows him to share his particular insight or intuitive perception of the moment.

Q: *You stressed "of the moment," didn't you?*

A: Yes—because each picture can be only an image of what that person reveals to the photographer at that given instant. To be sure, the photographic process is so simple and so swift that he can make a whole series of pictures reflecting a sequence of moments and moods. How extensive a series depends only on time and circumstance. Stieglitz, for instance, made a "living" portrait series of his wife Georgia O'Keeffe—and it took him *twenty-seven* years, hundreds of pictures every year—to do it! But we're not talking here of anything like that . . . ; we're talking about the one telling picture that a photographer has to catch in a single sitting.

Q: *Most of the portraits you made during your "Vanity Fair" years were those of stage and screen personalities—people whose faces were already quite familiar to you?*

A: Many of them were, but there were also distinguished people in other fields, and most of these I had never seen until they walked into the studio. Of course, over the years some of them became "repeaters." Among these, Eugene O'Neill is a memorable one. His arrival at the studio invariably made the day for me, not only because his was such an electric presence but because I so greatly admired his work. The name O'Neill had been long and vividly associated in my mind with the theater, for his father's *Monte Cristo*

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was one of the first plays I had seen as a boy. O'Neill was always O'Neill—a unique and wonderful subject who never reflected any consciousness of the camera.

Q: *Would you say that the camera is a more facile medium for portraiture than the palette and paint brush?*

A: Not more facile, but more convincing—although you can make photographs tell the damnedest lies imaginable! Many of the people that I've photographed have been actresses or models. Their livelihood was largely dependent on looks—and I always tried to make them look as attractive as possible. I often used to be asked whether I preferred photographing Greta Garbo, and I always answered, "I'd just as soon photograph a can of beans as photograph Greta Garbo—I put all I've got into both."

On Communication

Q: *Because means of communication today have become more rapid and efficient, aren't more people than ever before aware of what is happening in the world?*

A: But awareness is not enough. People must become more actively and humanly concerned as individuals. And this kind of personal "involvement," or whatever we choose to call it, is something that photography can facilitate. More people would probably be moved to act on some of the world's problems —prejudice and privation in particular —if they were able to identify with them. And photographs may well provide the best means of "instant identification," short of direct firsthand experience. The camera may lie, but it can also tell a lot of truth. What's more, it tells it in the most universal language of all—in terms of birth, death, love, children, work, play, pleasure and pain, fears and hopes, tears and laughter. And that was the purpose behind "The Family of Man" show—to demonstrate amid all possible diversity and variables those universal constants of being that all humanity shares.

Q: *If it's true that people can learn to "read" pictures as they read words, do you envision the day when schools will have to teach four Rs instead of three—to include "reading pictures"?*

A: "Reading pictures"—that sounds like a system, and if it is I hope it isn't put into effect while I'm still around! Pedagogy and teaching systems are necessary evils as far as I am concerned. The world of pictures and the world of reality should be one in the child's way of experiencing. He should have the pleasurable adventure of playing "seek and find" in his own way, at his own speed, and at his own bidding.

On Favorite Photographs

Q: *Among all those 30,000 prints and negatives you have stored in your "lab" (a separate little house adjacent to the gardener's cottage), is it possible for you to name some of those that are your favorites?*

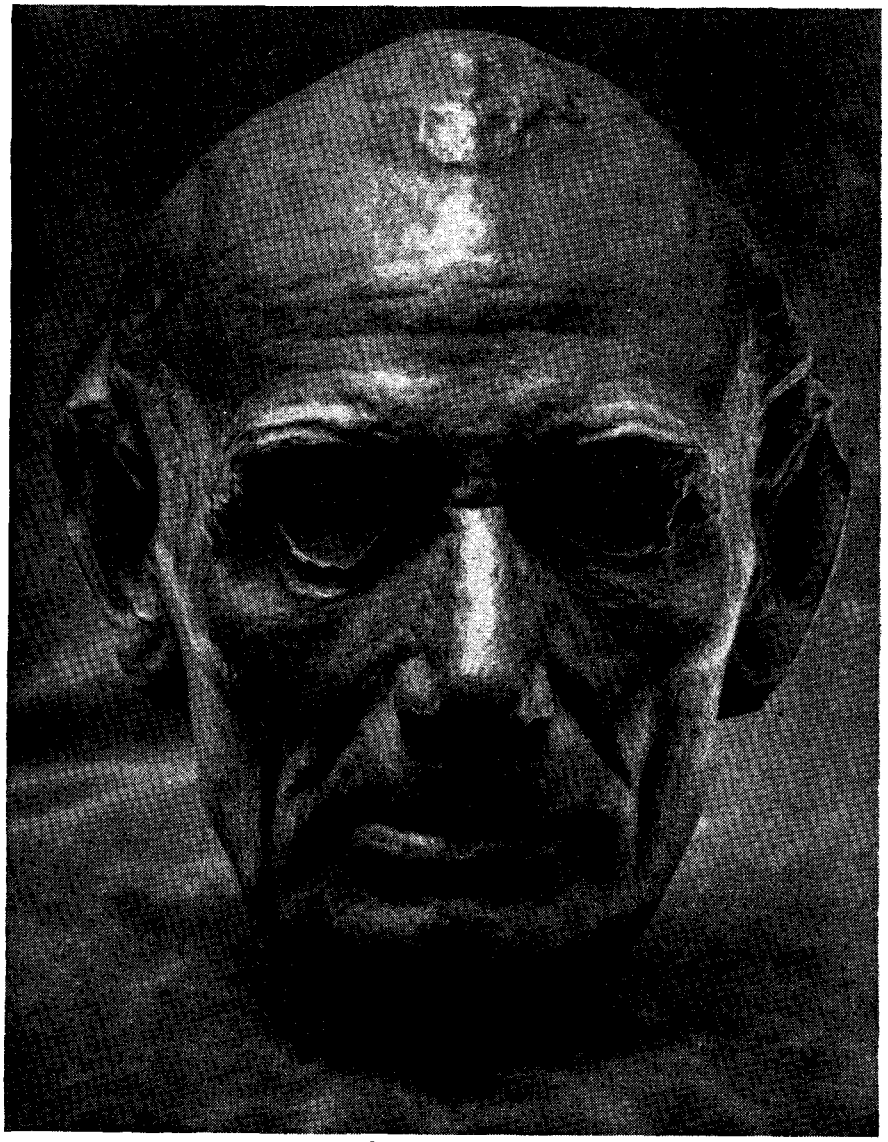
A: That's difficult—but let's see. I've always liked *Rodin—le Penseur* and my *Balzac* series. And the one I called *The Maypole*—that's one I took of the Empire State Building in 1932. The building remained a challenge until I conceived of it as a Maypole and made a double exposure to suggest the swirl of a Maypole dance. *Three Pears and an Apple* is another photograph that has stood the test of time for me. It's one of a series I made in France in 1921 when I was experimenting with ways to represent volume and weight. As you know, we have a large print of that picture hanging at the foot of the stairs leading down from the entrance floor of our house. Of all my photographs, probably the most interesting I ever did was one of a life mask of Lincoln—a fine first-cast in bronze that I studied for several months under all kinds of light.

On Longevity

Q: *As a man who is celebrating his four-score-and-eleventh birthday, do you have any prescription for a long, productive life?*

A: Why does everyone ask that of anybody over sixty? If you don't mind, I'd like to take the Fifth Amendment and refuse to answer on the grounds of self-incrimination! . . .

I guess I'm not the "retiring" type. Of



—Photographs by Edward Steichen (Museum of Modern Art).

"Life Mask of Lincoln, 1935"—"probably the most interesting I ever did."

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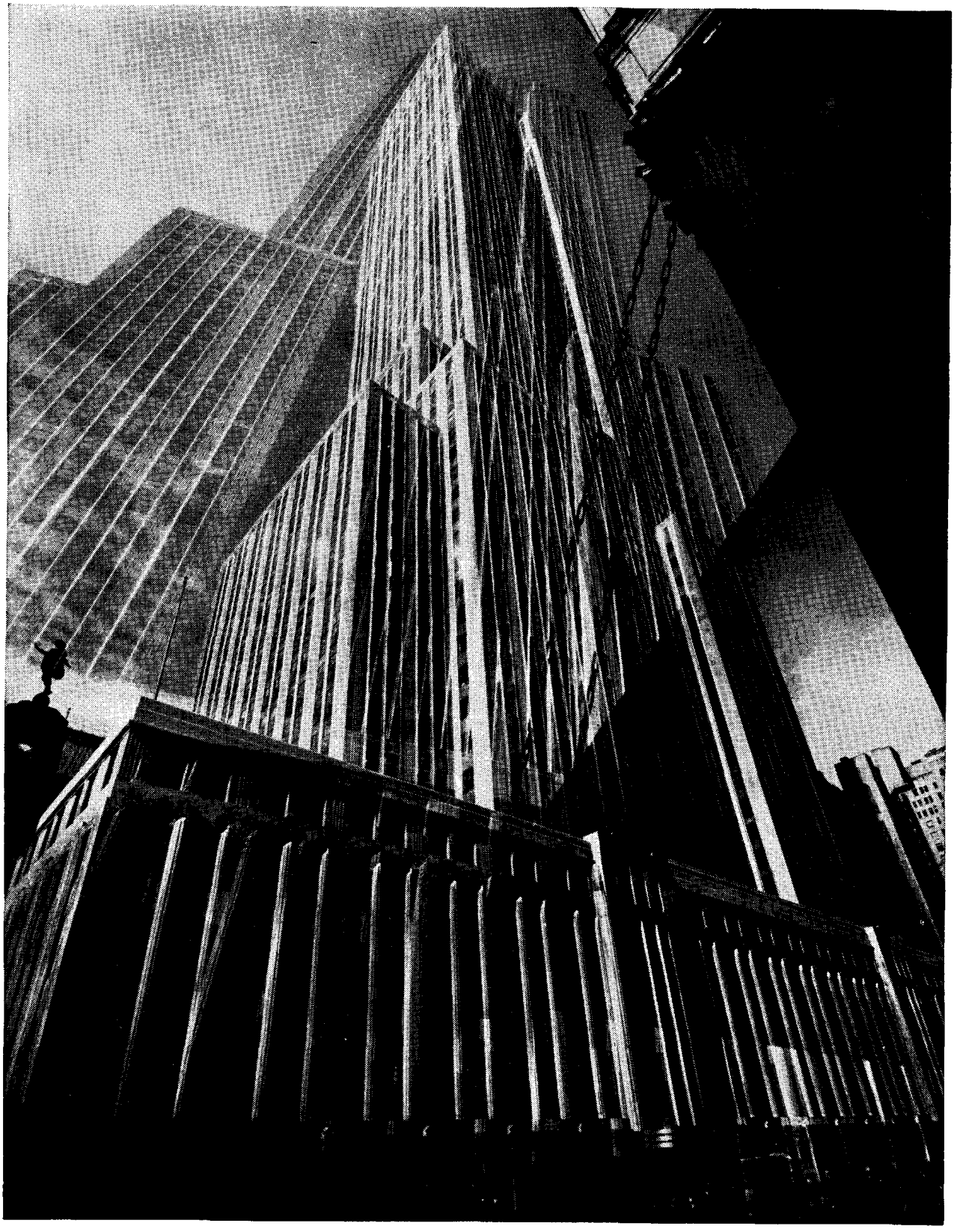
course, I've had to cut down on many extracurricular activities and now come into town only one day a week or so. But I can never "retire" from an active interest in what young photographers are doing and in the new accomplishments the camera is chalking up for itself almost daily.... Boredom and disinterest and lack of awareness are what characterize a superannuated mind, no matter what the chronological age may be. Happily, growth is not something for children only! Whether we're talking about an individual, his mind, or the medium of his expression, growth continues as long as a man seeks and probes. There are always new relationships to be revealed, dormant potentialities and resources to be discovered. And these in turn open new doors toward wider and wider horizons. The photographer's search is Everyman's search—the unending quest for truth.



"The Maypole," New York, 1932—"The Empire State Building . . . a challenge."

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

The Open Eye

FACES—frontal, inescapable, and repetitive—mesmerize us, especially in art where the idea of repetition is not new. It has been with us for centuries under auspices as diverse as Byzantine mosaics, Toltec sculpture, surrealist paintings, and Pop art. And, to be sure, repetition per se is hypnotic. The fact that we see an object repeated irrationally gives it a kind of supernatural importance. Yet all the Campbell Soup cans in the world can scarcely compete with a proliferation of human faces, faces that might seem of little more interest than tin cans were it not for their eyes. Over the years and regardless of period, these eyes gape out at us; sometimes impervious, sometimes incriminating, they assume mythic proportions. As all-seeing archetypes, they become at once our alter egos and our superegos. Even blind eyes conjure up occult powers.

Engraved on stone, etched on metal, painted on canvas, carved from wood, woven in wool, drawn on paper, they gaze at us and we, in turn, at them. It is the unconscionable repetition that rivets us and produces an indefinable sense of guilt. The eyes become a human compendium, meting out final judgments so impartial as to disquiet even the blameless. Take, for example, the fanatic bulging ones in Ethiopian manuscript illuminations that transform otherwise decorative compositions into psychological assaults. I particularly recall an early illumination celebrating the Council of Nicaea that included 318 faces with 636 indomitable eyes. The onslaught was relentless.

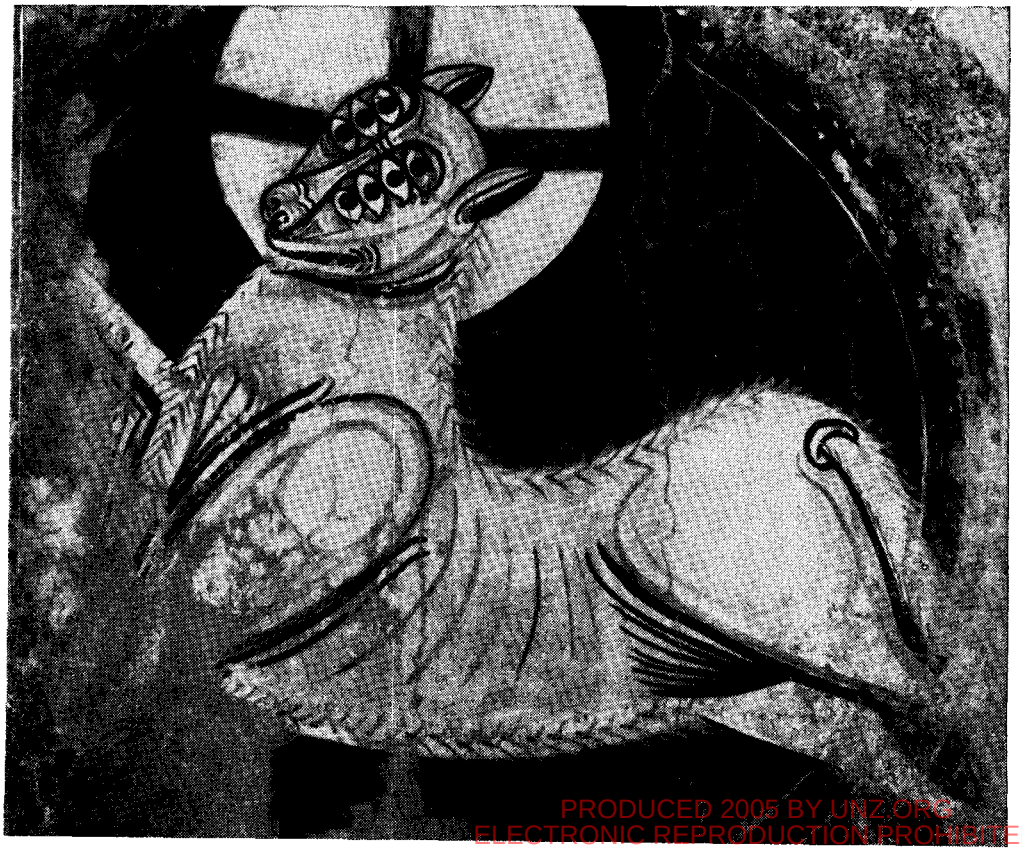
When members of a group are highly individualized, they become too specific to function obsessively, but when only mildly varied, they can assume a taut hieratic pitch. Then multiplicity itself takes over, and myriad staring eyes produce a form of incantation. These organs of untold diversity are transparent; we, who look into them and out of them, are also reflected on them. They can be veiled, hidden, or open, but it is the open eye that finally determines the course of art, the eye that is open physically and figuratively. With it we see what exists, what might exist, and what has existed. As a universal iconographic symbol, the eye turns into both the observer and the observed. We see it not only in works of art; we see works of art with it. This duality makes for a provocative interchange, a constant dialogue.

Writers have long treated the eye as a prerogative of romance, and artists, especially primitive ones, have honored it as a separate phenomenon. In compactly designed blankets woven by the Chilkat Indians anatomical details are detached and dispersed at will. Large, half-human, half-animal orbs appear in profusion. Indeed, among many aboriginal tribes the eye often substitutes for the total man. Modern artists, notably Miró and Klee, continued the practice of isolating this organ and allowing it to function symbolically. During the last year of his life, Klee painted a prophetic composition called *Drummer*. Two arms and an open eye, each roughly executed in heavy black pigment, are omens of doom. The beating arms have an implacable rhythm; the eye, a stabbing vision. No need for us to hear the drums; to see them is to understand.

Grinning Maya-Toltec skulls carved on the temple walls at Chichén Itzá are doubly horrifying because of numberless empty sockets. These blank holes have prodigious impact, their very vacuity producing a perverse new way of seeing. Like Klee's *Drummer*, the skulls stare at us with the clarity of death. Far less alive are the six living but sightless creatures in Bruegel's famous *Parable of the Blind*. Lost, stumbling souls, they seem incapable of looking in or out. Their eyes exist—yet are impotent, for the empty sockets of death see more, and they see more clearly.

"Apocalyptic Lamb"—"seven eyes, each open and alert."

—Museum of Catalonian Art, Barcelona.



In Barcelona, a Romanesque fresco entitled *Apocalyptic Lamb* depicts a reasonably normal animal except for its seven eyes, each open and alert. Why seven, I do not know, although throughout history this number has been accredited with magic power. It is possible the artist hoped to endow the creature with extra vision and wisdom; usually the lamb symbolizes Christ, the multiple eyes here becoming a transcendental extension of his supremacy. Even today Mexican Indians from Nayarit celebrate a certain festival with objects called "God's eyes," which in reality are woven reed wands decorated geometrically with brightly colored abstract eyes. According to legend, these wands encourage one of their local gods to see more clearly and to understand more fully the mysteries of life.

The most poignant eyes of all were those I encountered in Poland some years ago when visiting Auschwitz. There in endless concentration camp

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barracks, interior walls are lined with photographs of the Nazis' victims, taken for identification purposes by the Germans themselves, and now installed as a reminder that actual people and not just nameless digits perished here. The photos are invariably the same size; the faces, always frontal, differ but not enough to break the spell. Young and old, men, women, and children look straight ahead, without hope. Ill, gaunt, and exhausted, these haunted apparitions are curiously alike, each touched by the same deprivations and fears. Only their eyes remain alive. Repetition adds up to an unbearable indictment. The implied accusations are grimmer precisely because thousands of disoriented eyes fasten on us with no sign of emotion.

A group of recent works by the American artist Hedda Sterne recalls Auschwitz. Her studio is plastered from floor to ceiling with disembodied faces that directly confront the viewer. They are never identical, yet they share an unyielding objectivity. Not intended as specific portraits, the heads represent memories distilled from the artist's past. They are executed in somber tones on unstretched, unsized, unframed canvases, and are conceived more as free wall hangings than as orthodox easel paintings. Like the concentration camp photos, they have no backgrounds, no additional or softening details; they are compulsive images that nail us with their concentrated intensity. And yet these anonymous personages seem utterly defenseless, almost as if their candor and numbers imperil them with overexposure. A single face or two stand out, but it is the mass that matters.

The whole experience is predicated on exaggeration, on the idea of more and more and more. The individual, who here is deliberately overshadowed by the group, seems appropriately adapted to a sea of proliferation. Though many of these images can be traced to the artist's early years in Rumania, her polyglot ensembles are less related to the repetitions of European surrealism than to American excess. Floating limpidly in crowded quarters, these eyes, always focused on the viewer, are not abstractions. The painter calls them *Everyone*. She could as well have labeled them *J'Accuse*.

Today we are apt to find a parade of human faces more upsetting than our ancestors did, if only because personal involvement always transmutes the familiar. For us, throngs are a commonplace but rarely a reassuring one. I keep wondering, would I see Hedda Sterne's work differently if I had never visited Auschwitz? Her innumerable heads, emerging from bare outlines accented only occasionally by shading, exist less as individuals than as cogs in a mad redundancy. Had they been apples or nuts and bolts instead of faces, would they generate the same tensions, the same anxieties? I think not, for no matter how much we pride ourselves on our objectivity, we still identify more closely with ourselves than with any other image.

In Oriental art, the hand frequently assumes a major role; in the West, it is the eye. Indian and Nepalese ceremonial sculpture stresses multiple arms culminating in ritualistic hands. The hand speaks with the utmost authority. Each slight variation in position and gesture carries a message. The open eye of the West is lost in the circuitous innuendoes that make Eastern art one of the most refined experiences in history. Here lids are lowered partially or completely, and the eye looks inward, for in the Orient salvation results from noninvolvement with the outside world. Men meditate; they shroud their eyes in silent secrecy, or lift them toward superhuman heights. The Pantocrator of the West looks out on us with wide eyes, but Buddha closes his and directs them toward interior contemplation. Wise men of the Orient have long doubted the value of a visible corporeal world, but for us in the Occident the open eye is central to our very being. They look for universal truths, we for immediate ones.

Hedda Sterne's studio—"compulsive images that nail us with their concentrated intensity."

—Duane Michals.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Oistrakh in Los Angeles; "Ariadne" at the Met

LOS ANGELES.

FOR STUDENTS of ecology, Los Angeles presents a laboratory unlike any other, as befits a place where new need for the science all but originated. This applies not only to the preservation of plant and animal as well as human life, but also to the protection of its institutions. It is among the reasons why a visitor with limited time and a crowded schedule could hear a concert by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta's direction and with David Oistrakh as soloist on a Friday evening, a time not in the greatest favor elsewhere.

This is part of a plan to eliminate entirely, by the 1971 season, the long-established ritual of the Friday matinee. Such events are presently in a recessive relationship to evening concerts, will dwindle further next season and disappear entirely thereafter. For Ernest Fleischmann, now in his second year as manager of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, to root up this long-established encumbrance to the orchestra's future growth marks him as a man to be watched in his pursuit of the impossible dream of resolving the financial problems of this orchestra.

As for the artistic ones, they are showing steady progress under the supervision of Mehta, whose own growth parallels that of the ensemble now under his direction since 1962. A program that begins with the *Prague* Symphony (No. 38 in D) and progresses to the First Violin Concerto of Prokofiev and the Brahms has much to be said for it. When the soloist is David Oistrakh, the potency is doubly distilled, possessed of intoxicating possibilities beyond the ordinary.

This, it turned out, was especially evident in the Prokofiev. As time passes and values settle, it is becoming the first in quality as well as in chronology among the two he wrote for the instrument. Perhaps if Oistrakh had been the soloist in No. 2, that would have earned a similar accolade. But one doubts it, considering the tailored fit of the work and its interpreter.

This relates especially to the essential Russianness of its violinistic manner as well as its musical matter, its bittersweet kind of songfulness as well as the tartness of its humorous seasoning. This may strike some as untenable for a work that had its first performance in Paris in 1923, half a dozen years after Prokofiev left Russia and spent much of the intervening time in the United States. It was, however, completed before he left his homeland in 1917.

To the fantasy it related Oistrakh brought a command not only of its prose (technique) but also of its poetry (expressive content). One rarely hears so specialized a sense of its requirements in combination with so studied a concern for its best interest. This transcended merely facile execution to penetrate the higher realms of bowsmanship in pursuit of accentuation and bite as well as suavity and sweep. At the beginning the amount of sound Oistrakh produced almost fell below audibility, but it became apparent, as he progressed, that he was reserving his full surge of tone to the place where it would do the most good, at the movement's climax. Like a master of foils, Oistrakh had every inch of the bow under total control, using as much or as little as needed for thrust and parry with the score. Doubtless there was equal adjustment in the Brahms, which he played recently in New York. For my taste, one such exhibition as the Prokofiev offered sufficient mastery for one evening's thought-taking.

Mehta and his orchestra served both Prokofiev and Oistrakh well. Contrary to common practice, Oistrakh does not take a position front and center on stage, but stays within the line of vision of concertmaster to conductor, thus presenting himself as, in fact, one voice among many. He had an uncommon amount of applause from the orchestra as well as the amount that is common for him from the audience.

For his venture with the *Prague*, Mehta observed the present convention of reduced strings and original pairs of wind instruments. Here the crux of the matter, however, is not quantity but quality. The robust sound to which he was partial served the first movement and finale better in summation and climax than it did in exposition and development, which rather unbalanced Mozart's symphonic argument.

—I.K.

"Ariadne" Anew: The long-delayed Metropolitan Opera season has brought with it numerous cancellations in repertory and casting. But plans to include both *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Ariadne auf Naxos* have proceeded on course, to the delight of Richard Strauss devotees. The musical riches of *Ariadne* remain unfamiliar in New York, for the opera was last heard during the 1963-64 season, the more reason for welcoming their return with a cast of generally high accomplishment.

However, the stage production has undergone considerable change in the less than magical hands of Nikolaus Lehnhoff. The Prologue in the original German is well played, but the opera itself is another matter: Where the original director, Carl Ebert, confined the exalted *opera seria* sentiments of Ariadne and Bacchus to one (elevated) stage area and the more earthly *commedia dell'arte* figures of Zerbinetta et al. to a lower plane, Lehnhoff has intermingled the two spiritual worlds. He has also gone against the librettist's wishes in bringing back all the comic figures for a final tableau. Oliver Messel's opulent Baroque costumes for Ariadne, Zerbinetta, and Bacchus have been replaced with infinitely less attractive and appropriate garb.

What has endured in its six-year absence is the Straussian expertise of soprano Leonie Rysanek and conductor Karl Böhm. Miss Rysanek's inborn affinity for this music is now being complemented by a reclaimed vocal radiance and resilience, and with these she combines a matchless personal magnetism and musicianship. Böhm's authority was ever-present, but on this occasion he eschewed the chamber music quality of the score, demanding volume instead of suavity and exquisite sounds from his smallish orchestra. Tempos, too, tended to the erratic.

Of prime interest was the first New York Zerbinetta of Reri Grist, and it is to be counted as her finest local performance to date. Her voice, though of little natural color and variety, rides high and glides easily through the labyrinth of "Grossmächtige Prinzessin." She is a captivating figure on stage, able to dance and cavort with charm and style, if often with too much gloss.

The first Metropolitan Composer of Evelyn Lear was noted for a sincere portrayal of the idealistic, impetuous young man, but she needlessly pushed her voice and therefore incurred strain in the big top tones. As Bacchus, James King offered little majesty or mystery, his voice sounding dull and constricted in the final duet. The *commedia dell' arte* companions were well served by Theodor Uppman, Andrea Velis, Paul Plishka, and Charles Anthony — the same cannot be said of Mary Ellen Pracht, Shirley Love, and Joy Clements as Najade, Dryade, and Echo. First-class contributions from Walter Berry and Morley Meredith as the Music-Master and Major-Domo added immeasurably to the Prologue.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Current and Choice

WHEN THE RATTLE of dice and the crash of falling coins reach a deafening pitch, the thing to do is get the first plane out of Freeport for the Bahamian island of Eleuthera. There you are assaulted by the sounds of silence. Take your pick.

Eleuthera and all the other Bahama islands have been a bit too quiet this season for the Ministry of Tourism's liking. A tourist slump has been felt throughout the Caribbean for the last eight or ten months; only recently has it shown up in the Bahamas, which are the closest islands to the United States, and thus the least drain on tourist pocketbooks. There are two reasons for the decline, or so a Ministry of Tourism operative informed me: "One is the cumulative effect of America's declining economy over the last year and a half. The other is the diversion of tourism to Europe. You can go from New York to Spain on a ten-day package now for less than it costs to get to Nassau."

One didn't need a slide rule to decide how severely the slump had hit Eleuthera. Checking in at the Current Club on the northern tip of the 100-mile-long, sickle-shaped island, I got the impression from the proprietress who met me at the front door that tourist faces had become a rare sight. She said there was one other guest staying at the cluster of cottages along the shoreline. He turned out to be an English banker and yacht builder named Horace Hyams, who was into his sixties but full of puck and willing to cruise the island by car the following day.

One of the charms of the Current Club is that, once you've finished eating and taken a stroll along the shore, there is really nothing else to do but turn in with a good book. Most of the action on Eleuthera, what there is of it in this slacking season, takes place at the other end near the town of Rock Sound, where Juan Trippe, the founder of Pan American Airways, has developed a 26,000-acre resort complex. It is a full day's drive, one that many of the residents of the town of Current, hard by the Current Club, have never made. Arthur Elden, who operates Arthur's Variety Store on the main road through Current, and who has lived on Eleuthera for fifty-two years, told Hyams and me when we dropped in that evening that he had seen the other end of the island only once—"and that was enough of that."

Every other person in Current, it seems, has the surname of Elden. It is the result of centuries of inbreeding. No one seems too clear on where the villagers came from, one story tracing them to a tribe of North American Indians who sailed down after a massacre of settlers on Cape Cod, another linking them to Loyalists who fled the States at the time of the Revolution, still another claiming their descendancy from slaveholders who left the South when the Civil War broke out. They speak with a curious sing-song accent, and many of them, no doubt owing to the steady inbreeding, have slightly daft expressions. "You know," Hyams told me, "they remind me somewhat of your—what do you call them—hillybillies?" Arthur Elden also runs a tiny travel agency from behind the counter of his variety store, and when planes are due at the North Eleuthera airstrip—one of three commercial fields on Eleuthera—he drives the nine miles over the flatlands of palmettos and pines to open his souvenir stand. Another Elden, known as Dubbie, whose kinship to Arthur I never quite managed to nail down, has a rental car service he operates from his house just back of the Current Club. Getting a car from Dubbie Elden depends on whether he's home at the time, or whether he decides to hop a plane for Nassau, which he did the next morning, leaving Hyams and me with no choice but to accept the kind offer of Mrs. Irving Southworth, the club's proprietress, to use her car for the day.

The odd thing about driving on Eleuthera is that, despite the narrowness of the island and the few turns one can take off the main road, it is easy to get lost. Horace, who assumed navigational duty, put us on the wrong track twice, once leading to the North Eleuthera airport where we met up with Arthur Elden, sitting there alone by his souvenir stand waiting for the next flight two hours hence. After we were straightened out, though, it was a fine, rollicking journey down the spine of the island, Horace regaling me with war stories—he commanded a ship in the D-Day operation—interrupting his tales now and then to coax my speed down a few miles an hour. The most bizarre sight along the way is the point where the island narrows to the width of a two-lane road. It's called the Glass Window. On one side you see the deep blue of the Atlantic Ocean, while on the other, the pale green shoal waters of the sound.

Farther along, we pulled onto a dirt road and followed the signs to the Arawak Club, Eleuthera's newest hostelry, which was opened just recently under the always offbeat guidance of one Peter Lloyd. Lloyd, an English wayfarer in his early forties, is better known in the Bahamas for the resort he and his wife ran for ten years on Spanish Wells, a tiny island off the coast of Eleuthera. Mischief dancing in his eyes, Lloyd told us how he had developed the first resort into the "water sports mecca of the Bahamas," while fighting—sometimes literally—the highly insular residents of Spanish Wells, who found it hard to accept his swinging twentieth-century life-style on

—*Susan Perl.*

Eleuthera—"On one side you see the deep blue of the Atlantic Ocean, while on the other, the pale green shoal waters of the sound."

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an island still living in the past. Lloyd and his wife, an American, were divorced recently, and she took the rights to the resort. He staked out a lovely corner of Eleuthera to build the Arawak Club, named for the Indian tribe that peopled the island before the first Spaniards arrived.

Lloyd's new resort obviously wasn't faring much better than the Current Club, but one got the feeling the place will be chockablock, as he might have put it, when it catches on. The Arawak has loads of diving gear, two tennis courts, a one-fifth-mile go-cart track, a fine surfing area, nine sailboats, and, until that morning, "the fastest ski boat in the island." It had sunk during a sudden pre-dawn storm. Lloyd shrugged off the loss, smiling, as though he welcomes a certain measure of adversity.

"Everyone on our staff is young, crazy, and swinging," said Lloyd, and from the looks of his healthy, hirsute assistants gliding in and out of the office, he was right. All but one or two are under twenty-five, and only Philip Biedermann, the Swiss accountant, and Carol, the assistant manager and housekeeper, do not have SCUBA certification. She's a skydiver instead. Lloyd's lovely blonde teen-age daughter wandered into his office, said something about school having been closed for the day due to a power failure caused by the morning storm, and went off to play. "God, you should have been here last night," Lloyd said. "I was chasing my daughter around, and the guys on the staff caught me and threw me in the pool. Then everyone started plinking at each other with BB guns. Cocktail hour's wild here."

Later, I should add parenthetically, when I mentioned Lloyd and his new layout to a man well-acquainted with the Bahamian tourist scene, he said: "I wonder if he'll make it at the Arawak. He's not the best businessman you'll meet. What they ought to do is lock him in a cage until cocktail hour. Then he's unbeatable."

The only business Lloyd conducted in our presence was a rapid-fire discussion with Horace about a barge he hopes to buy to use for a diving platform. My companion, who also deals in such hardware, said he knew of just the thing, a vessel he'd seen for sale in Portsmouth, and before long Lloyd was trying to calculate the time of day in England so he could place a call to the ship broker.

We had miles to go, Horace and I, so we set out down the island as the sun began to pierce the overcast. We drove to the town of Governor's Harbour and called at French Leave, the oldest and best-known resort on the island. The word in the Bahamas is that French Leave has suffered of late from a revolving-door management.

When the weather is right, the north end of Eleuthera where the Current Club is situated comes to life with enough variety to keep the footloose visitor occupied. I think, too, by the end of the second day one learns to adjust to the splendid torpor. When the wind is down and the clouds are gone, the twilight takes on an incredible softness. Water birds stroll in the shallows, roosters crow from the village, and, on Monday night, voices drift down the shore from the main landing where the boat *Ego* is being loaded with bananas, tomatoes, and other sundry cargo it will carry on its weekly run to Nassau at dawn the next day.

Horace and I kept to our end of Eleuthera the following day, exploring one of the lushest and most productive regions of the 700-island Bahama chain, a tangle of orange trees, pineapple patches, banana groves, all thriving in disorder. We made the short crossing to Spanish Wells by a private outboard run by an old-timer whose weathered face I had seen on a dozen different men in Current. Spanish Wells is even more ingrown than Current, and until a few years ago a black Bahamian was not permitted to stay overnight on the island; that is, until Peter Lloyd hired several to work at his resort.

There is a dollhouse quality about Spanish Wells, the peeling but well-kept clapboard houses pushed up against the narrow streets so a passer-by is tempted to peer indoors. Looking into a large glassless window, we saw three women seated around a wood frame stitching a huge colorful quilt, one of the island's chief products.

We stopped in at the Lloyd's Hotel and met the former Mrs. Lloyd, an attractive blonde who looked more manicured than one would expect for the boss of a water-sport haven. She was lamenting the same lack of business her ex-husband had encountered in his little nook on Eleuthera, but otherwise she seemed proud of the place, particularly of the diving conditions. "Twenty-four miles of living reef," she said, pointing across the green waters, slightly stirred up by the changing weather.

Before we flew back to Nassau late that afternoon—Horace had to catch a connecting flight for London—there was time to do something that had been on my mind ever since setting foot on Eleuthera. I got a fishing pole and a chunk of conch meat for bait, and walked through the village and down a dirt road to the Cut, the very tip of the island where villagers fish from the edge of a landing. Horace begged off. He said the generation gap had caught up with him, and he wanted to pass the last hours relaxing in the sun. Who could blame him?

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WIT TWISTER #157

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When an unwelcome __ __ __ __
__ __ __ comes to call,
The __ __ __ __ __ __ __ of great
houses counteract
His __ __ __ __ __ __ __ and his
overweening gall
With __ __ __ __ __ __ __ force,
which masquerades as tact.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 72)

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—R.J.

Rosina Lhevinne — "One of the school's most illustrious teachers, and surely the most venerated."

Landmark for Rosina Lhevinne

by ROBERT JACOBSON

The small but majestic woman swathed in a long mink coat and muff, looking as if she had just stepped from the pages of a wondrous Russian fairy tale, slowly alighted from her car before the glass doors of the new Juilliard School building. Seemingly from out of nowhere materialized the entourage of students, graduates, assistants, and friends who were to accompany this lady of old-world grandeur down the long sleek corridors to Studio 575. At once she was busily asking questions, tossing back answers, inquiring after this one and that one. At the main desk the guard's eyes twinkled, "Where's your ID?" There was laughter as the party continued down the hall to the elevator. Rosina Lhevinne needs no ID to pass by Juilliard security control. One of the school's most illustrious teachers, and surely the most venerated, she has been associated with Juilliard since its inception nearly fifty years ago—and on March 31 the school is paying its respects with a celebration of her ninetieth birthday, just two days following her actual birth date.

From all over the world applications come to The Juilliard School, requesting an opportunity to work with Rosina Lhevinne. This has been especially true since 1958, when Van Cliburn won the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow and returned an American national hero. When Cliburn first came to The Juilliard for an audition, he announced to all the other prospective candidates that he was going to study with Madame Lhevinne, such being the plan of his mother, who had been a great admirer of Josef Lhevinne. Madame heard about this and replied she knew nothing about it, thinking him presumptuous indeed. "But, you know," she is quoted as saying, "after I heard him play, he came over and shook my hand. It was the biggest hand I ever felt since my husband's"—and that, apparently, settled the issue. Since then, the emergence of John Browning, Misha Dichter, Daniel Pollack, and Jeffrey Siegel has added further luster to her reputation. For the current generation of pianists, she is the last of the elder statesmen of the piano, representing perhaps the only remaining link with the late Romantic school and its composers (as Clara Schumann did to the earlier one). Both she and her legendary husband Josef knew these men and their descendants. They were steeped in the Russia and the Continent of the late nineteenth century, and it is a sense of that unique musical atmosphere and its history that Rosina Lhevinne is still sharing daily with her students.

"Americans think the Russian style is all technique," she says critically. "But the Greek word '*technike*' means art and craft. We were taught from childhood to think of the art. We are the middleman between the music and the listener, and we must reproduce the wishes of the composer. To do this we must completely possess the piano. And to do this we must acquire technique early in school. It is mistaken to think that technique is the goal of Russian pianists—it is not so. It is never a goal, but a means to interpret."

But what of the Lhevinne tradition? Both Josef and Rosina Lhevinne were pupils of Vassily Safonoff, who was a pupil of Leschetizky, who was a pupil of Liszt, and so on back to Bach. Today, Madame is especially proud of what has been called the "Lhevinne impact," the fact that their students are now teaching and carrying on their heritage in countless American universities. Currently she has twenty-two pupils, with two assistants, and she still gives three lessons a day at her home near

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the old Juilliard building on Claremont Avenue. "I am my boss, and I am grateful Juilliard leaves it to me." One assistant, Martin Canin, who was her student for six years at Juilliard and has served as her assistant for twelve years, calls their relationship an informal arrangement: Certain students see him most of the time and then play for Madame when the pieces are sufficiently worked up. "I give more of the detail, and she the overall suggestions." Others see her more frequently, depending on their talent and progress. In selecting her students, she looks for "musicality and sensitivity, not the amount of technical equipment they have. You can always teach technique, but you cannot inject or instill the other. Oh, yes, up to a point he may be able to imitate what you do, but it can never be truly his."

Canin observes that she pays "great attention to sound, making one aware of tone and the quality of sound. She is conscious of the piano as a singing instrument, with tone to be drawn *from* the piano with an economy of motion, not put *into* it. Tone production reveals the personality of the artist, and she believes that the sign of a good teacher is that none of his pupils sounds alike.

John Browning comments that "her personal handling of each student is flexible and based almost totally on the individual student's particular needs and personality. There's none of that Prussian 'this is the way it is done' attitude." One of the reasons her students have been so remarkably successful as concert pianists is that, with this kind of approach, they retain their individuality of style and approach to music. She is primarily a taste-setter and controller. She wants the student to have his own ideas, "but she wants those ideas to have logic, purpose, warmth, and good taste."

Misha Dichter, who has been with Mme. Lhevinne since 1964 and was a winner in the 1966 Tchaikovsky Competition, also speaks of her broad approach to music. "With Josef Lhevinne she led a fruitful and happy musical life, and today she still radiates a healthy outlook to music and the career. She will let me do what I feel, but will let me know if I am on the wrong track. She lets you work things out for yourself, and then discusses their validity. She knows we all have our own thoughts and so suggests that 'maybe' we should look at it this way or that way, rather than issuing a categorical yes or no." The young Chicago-born Sheldon Shkolnik is awed by her "absolutely marvelous ears—the best in the world. On some occasions she has the capacity to make you play really better than you could. She can whip up a storm, yelling 'more, more,' and pounding you on the back—she becomes at one with what you are doing. Even though she allows a certain leeway, she does force things into focus, compelling you to take a point of view. If that point of view is not convincing, however, then she urges you to her own way." When he first went to work with her at the Aspen School, after studies with Rudolf Ganz, she told him it was important to work with many people, and "then sift out what is closest to your heart."

Rosina Lhevinne's "Master Class" at Juilliard in 575, overlooking Broadway traffic and Philharmonic Hall, provides a stimulating performing arena for her students. As she says, "It gives the students a chance to play pieces fresh from the oven. I am the master of ceremonies and introduce them. They play from A to Z, and they even learn to bow. When they finish, I make remarks—I do not offend or intimidate. Then at the next lesson I tell them in detail what they did or did not do." On a wintry day in late January she was sitting in a large green chair, not far from a portrait of Anton Rubinstein, the score in her lap and red pencil in hand. The program was formidable: Beethoven Sonata Opus 109, Brahms F-minor Sonata, Chopin Fantaisie, three Etudes of Debussy, and the Liszt E-flat-major Piano Concerto.

"With Josef Lhevinne she led a fruitful and happy musical life. . . ."

Madame announced the program and then introduced her students one by one as they came to play, often whispering to assistant Howard Aibel at her left, making notes in the scores, and offering audible suggestions from the sidelines. To Gary Ohlsson it was to steady the rhythm of the slow movement in the Beethoven, to John Owings it was "more left hand" in the Brahms. As Sheryl Wint Canellakis and her partner raced to the finale of the Liszt concerto, Madame's rhythmic clapping became more insistent, but to little avail. The young Korean Kun Woo Paik was reprimanded in the Chopin: "It needs more work—you didn't have the courage to hold the D flat and C. Please try it again." Shkolnik recalls that once she marked in his score of the Chopin Barcarolle "Not to . . . " and he asked her later what she meant. She paused for a moment and replied, "I don't know, but whatever you were doing, don't."

Madame's relationship with her students does not end in the studio. Canin remembers that when he was a student she was on the phone constantly, concerned with the *total* picture of her people. "She has an unusual degree of personal involvement. You may not always appreciate or agree with her advice, but you cannot ignore it." Browning calls her "a remarkable human being as well as teacher and musician. She is free-thinking in her attitudes toward a student's personal life. She is by no means a watchdog over morality or thought." But there are things she dislikes intensely: jealousy among the students, lack of discipline toward the work, and bigotry. She champions liberal political ideas and has little use for narrow-mindedness. "She is careful that the students dress properly for their lessons," he notes, "not because she would be offended by levis and sweatshirts per se, but because she feels that this is good training for the young artist's future relations with the public—and also it is a form of respect to her." Shkolnik knows her as a great bridge player as well as teacher. "It is no ha-ha game with her. It begins promptly at 8. She plays like an eagle and trumps with glee. Once when we played together I had a fantastic hand, but made a bad lead. She looked across the table with icy eyes and in a low voice of rage said, 'Certainly, you play Rachmaninoff better than bridge . . . thank God!' "

Dichter sees her strongest points as her modern thinking and belief that change is necessary. "That is why she feels closer to us than she does to her more contemporary friends." Madame Lhevinne admits that "all my friends are young people. I love young people. I love to live with them. I find myself having more in common with young people than those my age or those sixty or seventy. Students at twenty are older than I am in mind. When they play a middle movement of a Schubert sonata, I choke, I am so moved by it. They say, 'Really? Oh, yes, it is beautiful,' but they don't feel it inside. Van [Cliburn] was responsive. I would tell him and he would see that it is very beautiful. He'd get up and walk around and around, saying, 'I can't stand it, I can't stand it.' His music was all

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emotion before. Now it is combined with the head."

Other students come to her with a more analytical mind at first. This, too, she believes important, in order to analyze and consider the length and climax of a phrase, as well as to gain an awareness and approach to tonalities in a work. As she once told Shkolnik in trying to illustrate how to reach the peak of a phrase: "I don't know what you mean in that line. You must decide to make the high point here or here or here. Now you are like a torso with two arms, two legs, and two heads." She asks her students how they memorize. Most of them say they play something until they know it, and this she holds to be a very insecure way. "You must live with it so that you feel the richness of certain colors. John Browning really disliked me when I told him to memorize *away* from the piano, merely holding the score in front of him. I told him he must play his whole program through in his mind in bed before he could permit himself to get up for breakfast. I never play a piece without playing it *away* from the piano."

Rosina Lhevinne began playing the piano at the age of nine when she entered the Moscow Conservatory. "I was very sickly and a very small child. My colleagues said afterwards that the door would open and something huge would come into the room, and my mother would take all my coats and shoes and sweaters off, and underneath it was a bean. In three months my teacher became sick, and Safonoff said to my mother that she should take his star pupil, Josef Lhevinne, to help me until my teacher would be well. So he presented himself to the house—he was fourteen but looked like seventeen, and I was nine and looked like six." He taught her for several months, until her teacher was well, and afterward he became a friend of the family. "He would come many times to the house, but he would not look at me at all, because he was a grown man and I was a child."

The young girl was tutored at home, and at fifteen she was asked to be the hostess for a little bridge party one of her conservatory teachers was giving. "I was very honored, and after dinner I thought it was my duty to wash the marvelous crystal glasses they had. So I was in the kitchen, and, lo and behold, who came in but Mr. Lhevinne [as she always refers to her late husband]. Evidently, I was quite a rascal. Every time he came to my house he had always raved about Katinka, Patinka, Sashinka—you know, all kinds of girls. So I said, 'It is quite a long time I haven't seen you—with whom are you in love now?' He said she has dark eyes and dark hair and she is a pianist, and I could see my portrait absolutely. But I didn't say 'boo' and that's all. Then he started to come quite often to the house and took me to his friends."

One was a professor of history who held a salon every Friday with such luminaries as Chekhov, Gorki, and the head of the Moscow Art Theater. Musicians were invited to play, and Josef Lhevinne always responded. One day he asked young Rosina to play. "And you know, I looked at him always that he was up there and I was down here. So I didn't feel that I ought to. But he said it would be nice because they invited me and that is the custom here, that people offer their services. So I played a Chopin nocturne, and, you know, I think that one woman that night made me decide what my attitude in life would be, should we be married. When we went to the cloakroom to dress, she came to me, and she thought to give me the greatest pleasure in the world by saying, 'You know, I like your playing even better than Mr. Lhevinne's.' And I thought: So that is how it is. It is so silly of people who would hear one piece that maybe I played well. But certainly I couldn't compare to the pianist he was at that time, because he was five years older and already a mature artist. So I think it was then I made my decision not to play. This woman never disappeared from my mind. I always thought that in playing there would be a certain rivalry, which was absurd—because I didn't put myself on the same plane."

Today, she still expresses pride that at eighteen she promised herself not to play alone in public, despite the fact that she had finished at the conservatory with the same coveted gold medal as Josef had. During their first year of marriage, composer César Cui came to visit and told them he was looking for something unusual to offer at a benefit concert. He asked them to play Arensky's First Suite, a novelty at a time when few played on two pianos. Gradually, after they had come to this country after 1906, they played concerts together often, always referring to them as "concerts for one and two pianos," in which Josef Lhevinne was soloist and his wife joined him in duos. That was the extent of Madame Lhevinne's professional work for over fifty years, with a single exception. "Every one of our friends had said that in a year we will be divorced, because this young girl will think of her career and she will never leave it. And that's one thing in life I remember with great pleasure, because I gave myself a solemn promise that I would never play alone. I kept it until it was our fortieth anniversary, and to celebrate the occasion Juilliard gave a party and

–R.J.

Mme. Lhevinne with Maria Safonoff, daughter of the Lhevinnes' teacher in Moscow.

a big concert in Carnegie Hall—and Mr. Lhevinne, lo and behold, said he would play this concert only if I played alone. He insisted, and our dean and my colleagues—nobody helped me. So I was really brave when I started this concert." She played the Chopin First and he the Tchaikovsky First, and then they did the Mozart E-flat together with Hutcheson, the president, conducting. That was 1938, six years before Josef Lhevinne's death.

She never played alone again, but, when she was seventy-five in 1955, the Aspen Festival engaged her to teach. Mack Harrell, who was president of the faculty, told her he liked the faculty members to play with the orchestra. She thought it would be great fun and agreed—but only if she could play a Mozart concerto she had not taught and had never played herself. She learned K. 467 in C major, played it and later recorded it with the Juilliard orchestra. Every year she proceeded to learn a new Mozart concerto, and, when it was known about her new "career," John Barnett and the National Orchestral Association asked her to record, and many orchestras eagerly engaged her.

She considers the zenith of her performing career to be the day Leonard

(*Continued on page 72*)

–R.J.

After a "Master Class" performance, Gary Ohlsson confers with Mme. Lhevinne and assistant Howard Aibel.

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Berlioz from the Tabernacle

Name brands and expensive labels do not always carry the day. On occasion, through sheer force of commitment and sincerity, a less glamorously packaged product comes out ahead. And that is what has happened with Berlioz's formidably difficult *Grande Messe des Morts* in its latest recorded version. Vanguard has released the work simultaneously on discs (stereo VCS 10070/1) and on a tape requiring four playback channels (geared, of course, to the famous "Tuba Mirum" and its four brass bands resounding in combination with one another and the mighty center orchestra). The performing group is the Utah Symphony Orchestra, directed by Maurice Abravanel, together with tenor Charles Bressler, and the University of Utah Civic Chorale and A Capella Choir, all gathered into the Mormon Tabernacle.

More prestigious forces have labored in the same field: Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Hermann Scherchen with recruits from the Paris Opéra and Radiodiffusion Française. The first two recordings are superb orchestrally, but suffer from choral singing below the standards set by the instruments. The third loses out through eccentric, churlish conducting, which leaves us with the finest performance of all—pressed over twenty-five years ago—by the Emil Passani Choir, an unspecified orchestra, and the Paris Opéra tenor Georges Jouatte, under the direction of Jean Fournet. The substance of that first recorded Requiem remains incomparable; but the sound, on 78s, is outdated. And so we must turn to the Philadelphia or Boston versions, both of excellent quality, but unequal in their choral-orchestral relationships. Happily, since the Utah Symphony is less of a virtuoso ensemble than the other two, no such imbalance results from fusing it with a student chorus, rather than a first-rate professional one. The combined groups are well-knit and homogeneous. And while the orchestral sound does not approach that of Boston or Philadelphia in richness, there are compensations in the perceptive conducting of Maurice Abravanel, the fervor of the choristers, the clean and effective playing by the Utah musicians.

What Abravanel has conveyed above all is the sense of directness and simplicity essential to the work's best effect. The word simplicity may be questioned in view of the number of performers needed to launch the Requiem, but I believe it is accurate, for even the "Tuba Mirum" boasts complexity of means rather than of thought. In any event, the auxiliary brasses are heard in only three of the ten sections making up the score. Elsewhere the instrumentation, though on a large scale, is amazingly unadorned; the ideas emerge broadly and in full profile. For those listeners who think of Berlioz as master composer rather than orchestral wizard, it is the expressivity of the Requiem that counts: the memorable rise of strings and voices on the "*Luceat*" of the opening pages, the sublime tenor melody of the "Sanctus," the affecting theme that ends the "Rex Tremendae" to the words "*fons pietatis*" and then, still more compassionately, returns as "*quia pius es*" before the Amen. These are pages that bring to the Requiem an emotional urge stronger than that engendered by the sounding of trumpets in the "Dies Irae." This, the quieter element, is true Berlioz country; and Abravanel is a knowing guide.

—*Vanguard Records.*

Maurice Abravanel—"perceptive conducting."

Technically, the performing forces are adequate and, in the case of the Utah Symphony, something more than that. Drawbacks: The strings lack presence on this new recording; *pizzicati*, especially, are poorly articulated. Yet I suspect that part of this lack might arise from the sonics of production rather than insufficient playing. Emphasis in this recording would seem to have lain on brasses and winds—an approach that, at many moments, bears remarkable fruit. Thus, no other recording of the Requiem offers so ideal a balance in the celebrated chords for three flutes and eight trombones. The clarity here is breath-taking. And the precision of the massed entrances in the "Tuba Mirum," brasses piling one on another from every point of the compass, may be described as thrilling, particularly on Vanguard's four-channel "surround stereo" tape. Yet two reservations—one esthetic, the other mechanical—lead to some restraint on this last point. The Requiem, for all its basic expressivity, requires sight as well as sound in the more flamboyant sections. The four bands, representing the summons to the Judgment, are almost as important to the eye as to the ear. This is total drama involving all the senses, in which replacement—no matter how ingenious—of even one remains a compromise. And then, as on previous American recordings of the Requiem, I find our domestic brasses ill-adapted to the music. A replay of either French version (Columbia or Véga) will communicate the lightness of Gallic trumpets and trombones with their small bore, their slender, chiming tone—like Gothic tracery—as opposed to the heavy pomposity of our own.

Unless my ears deceive me, there has been some slight economizing on certain of the instruments specified. I do not hear the total sonority of eight bassoons. And that terrible crack of doom in the "Dies Irae," scored for ten pairs of cymbals and four tam-tams, comes off with considerably less impact than Berlioz has asked. On the other hand, the faint whirring of those same cymbals (three pairs, this time) beneath the tenor solo in the "Sanctus," suggestive of angelic wings, is faithfully conveyed.

The chorus is a good one, weakest perhaps in its tenor section, where an excessive use of *voix mixte* tends to produce the effect of altos, but generally of solid ability. And Charles Bressler's singing of the "Sanctus" comes off (with the possible exception of the old performance by Jouatte) as the best on records. His tones are beautifully molded and styled, the voice appropriately celestial. This new release of the Requiem is, in general, a striking one.

—Robert Lawrence.

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Joan Baez: "One Day at a Time"

by ELLEN SANDER

The poet Richard Fariña died in the spring of 1966 at a tender age, leaving this world his earthly remains: songs, poems, a book, and a widow, Mimi, Joan Baez's younger sister. While he was alive, Joan was fond of referring to Fariña, affectionately, as "my sister's crazy man." Crazy (in the way it has come to mean human) he might have been; Fariña was a rover and a lover, ever the rambler and gambler a long way from home, and who is there to say that, wherever he may be, that is not still what he is? He was an observer with an eye for the absurd, a writer so possessed with the quixotic that each time he touched his world to his pen it emerged more uproarious and more ironically real. Fariña's sphere of influence might have been select and esoteric for the times, but his persona was such that he moved every soul he touched. In those inevitable "if-only" reminiscences of the folk movement that was in bloom during the early Sixties, eyes go misty at the mention of his name. The poet Richard Fariña died in the hell-bent-for-leather manner of his writings, in a motorcycle accident, on his way to a party celebrating the publication of his first novel, *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*. Nobody thought it was to have ended quite that way.

Mimi Fariña remarried some few years later, to producer Melvin Milan, the subject of the first song on Joan Baez's new album *One Day at a Time* (Vanguard, VSD 79310). "Sweet Sir Galahad" is the song, a rare and beautiful Baez original with a melody so supple, lyrics so feeling, and a vocal treatment so silken it heralds the most beautiful Baez album since *Farewell, Angelina*.

"Sweet Sir Galahad" must have been hard to sing with Baez's own sweet Galahad, her husband David Harris, now imprisoned in the federal penal camp at Safford, Arizona. His crime against society was draft resistance, and his sentence three years. This album was recorded just before Baez's first visit to her husband in prison. That was in September; their child, Gabriel, was yet to be born. A month earlier, at Woodstock, one of the most moving moments was Joan Baez standing in front of the hundreds of thousands gathered there, her guitar balanced on a belly full of child, singing "Joe Hill," a song done with touching brilliance on this album.

With the patience and persistence, the courage and love that are present in various forms throughout, this album was recorded in only two days, Baez on guitar and a slew of Nashville's finest supporting her. Of all the albums she has recorded lately, this one stands out as the finest marriage of singer, songs, and accompanists; of a woman, her music, her convictions, and her man.

If the new music has a singular heroine, it is Joan Baez, although she, in characteristic modesty, would decline any such label. She was the voice that set the folk movement ablaze, a leading lady who more than anyone brought Bob Dylan to the forefront of contemporary music by singing his songs, praising his talent, and introducing him in person to share many stages on which she was the star, before Dylan had a personal following outside the folk clique.

The folk movement in those days was inseparably involved with the civil rights movement. For some reason, I've been thinking back lately to them, that lifetime ago when we all thought peaceful demonstrations were the real answer to social injustice. Baez then, and still, personified the spirit of Gandhi with a strong commitment to non-violence. Dylan bawled "The Times They Are A-changing," and by now they sure have a-changed. Most of the people I still know from that time have a-changed in terms of their reactions to what's happening now politically. Demonstration is not quite the word for what goes on when idealism and brutality clash with a force so disillusioning you cannot tell one from another inside. Baez led, participated in, and performed at so many of those early peaceful marches and demonstrations, always encouraging nonviolence as the order of the day. Times were a-changing, but Baez remained firm in that respect, although at a later mobilization in Washington, D.C., she was reported to have quipped: "Behave nonviolently or I'll kill you!"

Although she let the mantle of superstardom fall from her slight shoulders, her devotion to the belief in the better side of humanity was evident in all phases of her life. She met and married David Harris, practically on his way to jail at the time.

There is a strange, sad rendition of the Rolling Stones' "No Expectations," complemented by a traditional treatment of Bonnie and Delaney's "Ghetto," both interpretations of contemporary compositions in a folk style. She sings "Carry It On," the song for all movements, reworks a standard of hers, "Long Black Veil," and jives along with a happy-go-lucky arrangement of the homesick blues of "Take Me Back to the Sweet Sunny South."

"Jolie Blonde" is listed as being traditional, but I've never heard anything quite like it before, a country fiddle slithering into a bayou snake dance, while the incandescent Baez vocal instrument whoops and wails wordlessly at intervals behind it.

The high point of the record is "A Song for David," where she sings:

> In my heart I will wait by the stony gate,
> And the little one in my arms will sleep. . . .
> The stars in your sky are the same stars in mine,
> And both prisoners of this life are we.
> Through the same troubled waters we carry our time—
> You and the convicts and me.
>
> ("Song for David," words and music by Joan Baez. ©1969, 1970 Robbins Music Corp. and Chandos Music Co. Rights controlled by Robbins Music Corp., New York, N.Y. Used by permission.)

It is an album that stands unique among many released this month, an album of a wife, a mother, a lover who sings of liberties and lies, of ghettos and prisons, of bodies and souls. There is the voice of the sorrows of her sisters and her self, each in its place, one at a time, carrying on.

And that is the heroism of this small woman and her music, a strength that is comprehending and still soft, a vision prey to the violence poured forth daily, the militance that has come to define this spasm of America's labor pains, a vision still strong, firmly rooted in the insistence of inner and outer peace as a way of life. The album is a voice in her virtual absence from the performing scene, closing with the title song, a final statement that is a lovely voice amidst the incredulity of her situation, sharing her philosophy and offering it to the spiritually needy:

> I live one day at a time;
> I dream one dream at a time.
> Yesterday's dead and tomorrow is blind.
> I live one day at a time.
>
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Recordings in Review

Thompson's Best

THOMPSON: *Symphony No. 2.* SCHUMAN: *"To Thee Old Cause," Evocation for oboe, brass, timpani, piano, and strings. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia stereo, MS 7392, $5.98.

THOSE WHO might have been stimulated by a concert hall experience with Randall Thompson's fine work and chafed at their inability to find a recorded performance of it satisfactory on all counts need chafe no longer. This is such a performance, not only exuberantly devoted to the composer's interest (which also could be said of a prior LP directed by Dean Dixon) but also arousing in its likeness of the composer's sonorities (which could not be said of the Dixon, now on the Desto label but in circulation, as ARS 4, since the mid-Fifties).

The Thompson score speaks its sentiments, straightforwardly and directly to anyone who exposes himself to it, but it speaks them with special pertinence to those who can relive the circumstances in which it was created in 1931 and first performed in 1932. It was a time, musically, in which the then "young" generation of American composers were disowning identification with the native academicians, striving to identify themselves, rather, with newer European trends. Gershwin, if praised, was also patronized as being not really a "serious" composer.

Thompson, who was, unquestionably, an academician as well as "serious" (though he had the wit to set for chorus some of the more boisterous inclusions in the Mencken-Nathan "Americana" section of the *American Mercury* and reaped a great success thereby), startled all those who were undertaking to startle the American public through complexity by his amazing espousal of simplicity. The nature of that simplicity stands forth clearly and triumphantly in this recording. He even dared to write a songful slow movement that has, after nearly forty years, lost nothing of its songfulness and only gained in esteem for the perfect setting in which Thompson has placed this melodic gem.

What kind of a symphony is this, anyway, which warms the heart in 1970 as it did when it was introduced to New York in 1933 by no less a conductor than Bruno Walter? It is a most regular kind of a symphony, with first-and-second theme first movement, A-B-A (it sounds like) slow movement, scherzo and trio, finale with a chorale that evolves from a jaunty theme in the first movement. One suspects Thompson (now retired from his long-time professorship at the Harvard School of Music) of a healthy esteem for the symphonies of Dvořák, whose techniques he sometimes recalls, but always in a way characteristically his own.

For Bernstein, this is a kind of "return of the native" on his own; the cover comments inform us that the Second Symphony of Thompson was the very first symphonic work he conducted in public, as a student at Tanglewood in 1940. The increment in technic since is very much to the benefit not only of the older score, but also of Schuman's recent evocation of Whitman's lines from *Leaves of Grass* in the context of the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. It is a work whose repetitions breed regard not only for the substance it embodies but for the manner in which it has been formed to artistic ends. Together, the two works put brackets around a remarkable period of development in the still-evolving history of American music.

In Praise of Steinberg's Schubert

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9 in C. William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* RCA stereo, LSC 3115, $5.98.

IT IS only weeks ago that a new version of this work by Yehudi Menuhin and the Menuhin Festival Orchestra on Angel was being extolled for qualities above and beyond the ordinary. Such is the magnitude of the work, and the opportunities for exposition it contains, that this one, too, can be extolled for qualities equally striking and as personal to Steinberg as Menuhin's were to him. That it also happens to be the first Steinberg recording with the Boston Symphony and finds the orchestra more relaxed and robust-sounding than it has for many months past is a further contribution to its distinction.

In the aggregate of recorded versions of this work, Steinberg's is outstanding for the largeness of the symphonic scale on which the treatment is conceived while comprehending much of the sentiment and spirit in its inner being. There have been some with greater tenderness and warmth—the music lends itself naturally to expansiveness in these respects—as well as a few with vaster propulsion (Toscanini's with the NBC, for example). But there have been very few of recent years in which the dramatically opposed content of the work has been so sensitively balanced, the two sides of its greatness reconciled as comprehendingly as they have by Steinberg.

Randall Thompson—"amazing espousal of simplicity"

At bottom this is a triumph of experience, of scholarship and mature judgment, in which almost all the temptations to overstatement *and* understatement have been reckoned with and rejected. The one exception I have noted comes at the end of the first movement (measures 672-685), in which Steinberg broadens the tempo more than slightly though there is no justifying instruction in the score. However, conductors without number have been doing the same thing for decades, and it may be justified as inherent in the musical sense of this long movement. The counter-contention has to be that in a score so replete with markings it would have been simple for Schubert to write the six letters r-i-t-a-r-d had he wanted one there.

On the other hand, Steinberg is noticeably meticulous in respecting the *con moto* portion of Schubert's direction for the performance of the slow movement (*andante con moto*), rejecting the temptation to sentimentalize it. The procedure also sustains an underlying pulse from the first movement to the scherzo and through the finale—which begins with a dynamic charge

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that is sustained through. In the purely sonorous aspect, it is noteworthy that Steinberg's strings sing as Boston Symphony strings should, and the trombones have the mellow, unbrassy sound appropriate to Schubert's specialized usage of them in this work. All the signs are auspicious for a long, productive collaboration between men and maestro whether in the near future for RCA or, in the longer term, with DGG (whose acquisition of the Boston Symphony at the end of its present RCA contract was announced months ago).

Sayão's Manon, and More

MASSENET: *"Je suis encore," "Voyons, Manon,"* "Adieu, notre petite table," and "Obéissons quand leur voix"** (Manon). Bidú Sayão, soprano; with orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva, Pietro Cimara,* and Erich Leinsdorf.*** MOZART: *"Porgi amor" and "Deh vieni, non tardar"*** (Le Nozze di Figaro); "Batti, batti"** (Don Giovanni).* BELLINI: *"Ah, non credea mirarti" (La Sonnambula).* VERDI: *"Ah, fors' è lui—Sempre libera"** (La Traviata). Sayão; with orchestra conducted by Cleva, Leinsdorf,** and Paul Breisach.**** VILLA-LOBOS: *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5. Sayão; with the composer conducting.* Odyssey 32 16 0377, $2.98.

FOR THOSE whose ideal of Massenet's Manon was personified, musically, by Lucrezia Bori in one period and Bidú Sayão after her, this compilation will serve as an object lesson where words may have a hollow, futile ring. Bori's Manon is, alas, gone beyond recall, but Sayão's personal imprint on this most personal of roles is here in all its musicality and artistry. And, if the warmly phrased, exquisitely articulated definition of Massenet's line is listened to attentively, it also may be heard in all its femininity and refinement—which is far from saying fragility or shyness.

If the reappearance of these long unheard excerpts from *Manon* provides one insight into the kind of operatic artist Sayão was, the Mozart, Bellini, and Verdi add detail, light, and shade. At the Metropolitan, Sayão's fame in *Nozze di Figaro* was related to her charm and vivacity as Susanna, but these finely spun, warmly phrased, and beautifully controlled versions of "Porgi amor" and "Deh vieni, non tardar" show that she also understood the character of the Countess perfectly, even though she was excluded from performing the part in a large theater. Similarly, though *La Sonnambula* was not in the Metropolitan repertory during her career, the simplicity and directness of her Bellini qualified her for a high place in this repertory, too. On the other hand, though the *Traviata* excerpts are beautifully sung, one could spare the indulgence in a top C (at the end of "Ah, fors' è lui," where it has no place, either textually or emotionally).

For some, Mme. Sayão's fame will always be associated with the first recording of the *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5, here reproduced in an even more persuasive sound than it had in 1945. It is, indeed, a prime accomplishment, from the first sinuous *legato* to the last *pianissimo* octave leap, but it is a measure of the artistry contained on this disc that it could be excluded completely and still leave enough to make a performer capable of such immaculate vocalization and truly believable characterization one of the greatest of her time.

At Home with Los Angeles

TOLDRA: *"Cançò de grumet," "Cançò incerta," "Maig," "Anacreóntica."* FOLKSONGS: *"La Dama d'Arago," "El cant dels ocells." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; with the Orquesta Ciudad de Barcelona, Antonio Ros-Marbá, conductor.* MOMPOU: *El Combat del Somni.* RODRIGO: *Triptic de Mosén Cinto.* FOLKSONG: *"Cançò de sega." Los Angeles; with Ros-Marbá conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra.* Angel S 36682, $5.98.

THOUGH PERSONAL appearances of Victoria de los Angeles are increasingly rare, and she has not sung opera at the Metropolitan for a full ten years, she is, thanks to such recordings as this one, increasingly a presence on the musical scene. For, paradoxically, as she has left the competitive areas, where her status was a comparative one, she has moved into realms of specialization where her status is unique.

In that context, this issue is of special interest among others she has created in recent years. For it brings her art to ever greater fulfillment in a repertory otherwise inaccessible to the non-Spanish Spanish enthusiast. Toldrá's is not a wholly unknown name, but it has not previously been associated with anything of the beauty or refinement of these songs. They beam something of the same bright light that emerged from a first exposure to the works of Tomás Breton and Chapí when their works began to circulate here, and the one titled "Maig" would glorify any name.

Like Toldrá, Mompou is a Catalan, rather more sophisticated in his choice of texts and their elaboration. Perhaps the occasional suggestions of Frenchness in his style relate to an inheritance on his mother's side. The outcome of influences, as evident in the settings of texts by José Janés, is an expression that Los Angeles, with her own French experience, is especially equipped to fulfill. Finally, there is the rare opportunity to hear the muse of Joaquín Rodrigo in another guise than the one in which she is, familiarly, playing the guitar rather than the lute. Peter Gammond, in his helpful notes, observes that, though not Catalan, Rodrigo earns admission to this all-Catalan disc through the circumstance that the full title of this triptych is *Triptic de Mosén Cinto y Canciónes Catalanas.*

Perhaps the subtlest compliment to Los Angeles's artistry here is that one thinks of it as an instrument to an enlightening experience rather than a thing in itself. Ros-Marbá is full partner in the outcome, and the sound, whether originating in the Palacio de la Música, in Barcelona, or the Salle Wagram, in Paris, is admirably clean, resonant, and open.

—E. Fred Sher.

Bidú Sayão on Jan. 24, 1970, at a party marking the 25th anniversary of Richard Tucker's Metropolitan Opera debut—"one of the greatest of her time."

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra. **Kodaly:** *Galánta Dances.* Seiji Ozawa conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Angel stereo, SFO-36035, $5.98.	Ozawa's search for drama and "significance" in this score leads him into some questionable preferences in tempi and emphases, which also tend to misstate somewhat the character of the music. Thus as a "concerto for orchestra," it sometimes (as in the finale) finds the orchestra all but out of breath in an effort to accommodate itself to Ozawa's tempo. The *Galánta Dances* fare rather better, although in neither is the Chicago Orchestra's sound as distinctively itself as in other recordings with Martinon and Reiner. The less than informative liner content is at its best when it reproduces (uncredited either to author or to source) statements from Robert C. Marsh's article about Ozawa published in *SR,* September 27, 1969.
Brahms: Concerto in A minor. David Oistrakh, violin; and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; with the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Angel stereo, SFO-36032, $5.98.	This is, altogether, a happier marriage of elements than was heard in Szell's prior collaboration in Cleveland with a Soviet artist (Emil Gilels). This has nothing to do with musical compatibility, but rather with the successive steps that intervened between the taping, under Columbia auspices, and the mastering by Angel. This time it is Angel all the way, and the results are not only of the highest qualities, musically, but richly representative of the sound generated on all sides. The outcome, thus, is one that immediately engages the attention for the strongly individual response to Brahms that it embodies, and the solid maturity of the artistry that assures the disc will weather well and endure long. In the end, it is the judicious intercession of Szell that makes a harmonious whole of the interrelated elements.
Bizet-Kostelanetz: *Carmen* for Orchestra. Andre Kostelanetz conducting. Columbia stereo, MS-7404, $5.98.	Operagoers may not be aware of it, but thousands of others have long cherished a Kostelanetz treatment of Bizet's score in his own way. In this deployment of the same basic matter for stereo, Kostelanetz has achieved an ever greater success in realizing the beauties of Bizet's score to a greater degree than may be heard in the average performance in the opera house or even in the nonaverage on discs. This is due, to some extent, in substituting the dependable oboe or solo violin for the undependable mezzo or tenor voice, but to an even greater extent by honoring the rhythmic, tonal, and coloristic details of Bizet's writing as they seldom are in the opera house. Perhaps this reflects the greater finesse and technical skill of the Kostelanetz flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and trumpet players, but it reflects even more conspicuously the care for detail and the ear for accuracy of the conductor. Couple with these attributes a highly skillful use of microphones to pick up the ordinarily weak sound of cellos at the bottom, clarinets in the middle, or piccolo at the top, and the components of this highly satisfactory disc are more clearly defined.
Burgmüller, Johann: *La Péri.* Richard Bonynge conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London stereo, CS-6627, $5.98.	Ninety-nine per cent of those to whom the name is familiar would associate Burgmüller with the "teaching pieces" of their pianistic childhood. The other one per cent would be such specialists as Bonynge, who has liberated this ballet score from decades of slumber and exercised his gifts as vivifier of such material to pleasurable as well as profitable ends. The circumstances of its creation tell more about its content than paragraphs of description could. It was created in 1843 on behalf of Carlotta Grisi, first of Giselles, and acclaimed rapturously for its success in 1841. There is no reason to suppose that Burgmüller (whose first act "Waltz" and "Peasant Pas de Deux" had been included in the first performances of Adolphe Adam's score for *Giselle*) was willfully imitating the music of *Giselle,* but it comes out much the same way nevertheless. It is, perhaps, some degrees more pliantly pretty than Adam's score, but it moves, rhythmically, in much the same way. To Bonynge's credit, he makes no effort to convert it into something it is not, and the London Symphony responds in kind.
Copland: *An Outdoor Overture; Our Town*; Pieces for String Orchestra; and *Quiet City* (with Michael Winfield, English horn; and William Lang, trumpet). Aaron Copland conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS-7375, $5.98.	Aside from the *Outdoor Overture* and the *Quiet City* music, the contents of this disc are of lesser Copland quality and diminishing interest. This applies especially to the Pieces for String Orchestra, originally written for string quartet, the first of them while Copland was still working in Paris. Neither makes much of a musical point, which one would be loath to blame on Copland the conductor rather than Copland the composer. Indeed, Copland's effort on behalf of himself produces a version of the *Outdoor Overture* that renders it as fresh and brisk as when it was first performed in 1938, and a treatment of the *Quiet City* nocturne that is comparable in quality. The performance by the English orchestra is admirably efficient, and well reproduced.
Strauss, J.: "Treasure Waltz" (*Gypsy Baron); Morning Papers; Emperor Waltz; Tales from the Vienna Woods; Where the Citrons Bloom;* and *Artist's Life.* Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC-3149, $5.98.	Doubtless there is a market for any Philadelphia Orchestra record of Strauss waltzes, but, in this instance, it is more likely to be among admirers of The Philadelphia Orchestra than of Johann Strauss. It is more than a little ironic that the cover design of this issue centers on a figure of dancing couples, for the dance impulse is precisely the respect in which these performances are deficient. One cannot realistically expect an abundance of it from an orchestra whose characteristic is power rather than finesse, but, even as concert versions, these performances are deficient in lilt or lightness, oversupplied with blare and brassiness. As a cross reference, mention might be made of the Reiner-Chicago Symphony sequence (also for RCA) in which several of the same items were realized with a subtler blend of the symphonic and the Straussian. The bigger scope of the waltzes on Side 2 responds better to the Ormandy treatment (one gauche moment in *Tales from the Vienna Woods* aside), but the comparative never comes quite to an absolute. —Irving Kolodin.

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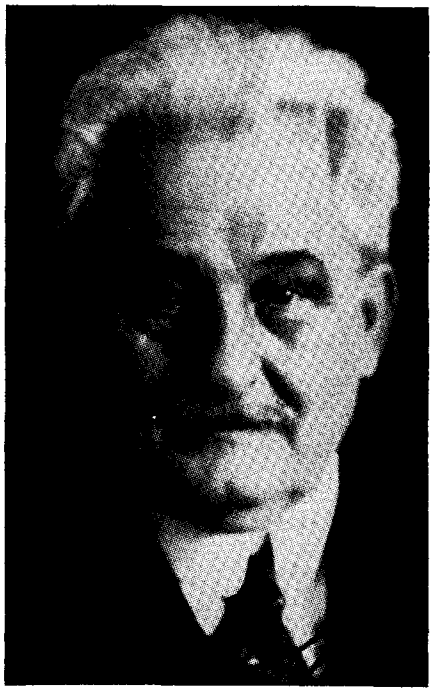
"Jenufa" Ten Years Later

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

A complete three-record Prague (Supraphon) recording of Leoš Janáček's opera *Jenufa* that was not new when I reviewed it in these pages nearly ten years ago ["Minority Report on Janáček," Nov. 15, 1960] remains in the Schwann catalogue (as Artia 80). Angel now issues a new complete, but two-record, Prague version (SBL-3576, $11.98). It improves upon the earlier recording by being stereophonic and tonally superior, by the conducting of Bohumil Gregor, and by more pleasant and knowing singing by all the principals except the singer assigned to the role of Laca Klemen, Vilěm Pribyl, who is much inferior to the Beno Blachut of the earlier set. Those others are Libuše Domanínská (Jenufa), Nadězda Kniplová (Kostelnička Buryjovka), Marie Mrázová (Stařenka Buryjovka), and, as in the earlier version, Ivo Zídek (Steva—though he was the Laca in a concert performance of *Jenufa* presented in New York by the Little Orchestra Society on November 1, 1966). Without exception, they pronounce and enunciate clearly the buzzing Czech text—itself an integral component of the sound of the opera.

I approached these approximately two hours of listening, piano-vocal score in hand, determined to be fiercely attentive, to form a completely fresh opinion of the opera itself while judging the performance. In that 1960 review, I had written of the "localism" of Janáček's esthetic outlook, "an intense provincialism that gave him strengths but did not save him from weaknesses"—and, of *Jenufa* itself: "What the opera as here performed brings to my mind is not the masterworks of Czech or Russian opera so much as *Tiefland*, though I do not doubt that Janáček was a more original musician than Eugen d'Albert." Could that have been fair to an opera that, in non-Slavic Europe, has been heard again and again since its first performance in 1904? (In Czechoslovakia, of course, it is a regular integer of the repertoire, along with such other Janáček operas as *Katya Kabanová*, *The Makropoulos Case*, and *The Cunning Little Vixen*.)

Jenufa seems to me by much the best-achieved of the Janáček operas that I have been able to hear live or



Leoš Janáček—"the jets of genius."

recorded, in part because it has the best libretto (the composer's adaptation of a Moravian folk tragedy by Gabriela Preissová). Yet so thoughtful a critic as the late Ernest Newman wrote of the Metropolitan Opera's first *Jenufa* (December 6, 1924, when Newman was guest critic of the New York *Evening Post*):

> To [the] crude story, Janácek has written music that is obviously the work of a man who, however many works he may have to his credit, is only a cut above the amateur. The best things in the score are the national songs and dances, which are charming. For the bigger moments he has mostly nothing but conventional operatic formulae. It is a little puzzling to the non-Czech listener to find cheerful national dance rhythms running through the most tragic scenes. Apparently in these Central European countries, you do everything to these rhythms; you shave yourself to a Krakoviak, cut a man's throat to a Mazurka, and bury him to a Czardas.

Fresh from concentrating through the new Angel recording, I find Newman's judgment, as I found it in 1960, a little too pat, a little too harsh, but essentially just. How to describe *Jenufa* to an opera lover who has never heard it? As a Smetana-and-Dvořák-haunted cross between *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Tiefland*, Czech *verismo*? As the best opera of a composer who was what Mussorgsky has been falsely accused of being, operatically a somewhat bungling technician—and one in need of a slick Czech Rimsky-Korsakov to burnish his musical dramaturgy? Best, perhaps, as an unconvincing tragedy with a "happy" ending, in which superb fragments—for example, the orchestral prelude to Act III—fail to contribute to unified or convincing musical drama. If that failure is as real as these records make it appear, the failure cannot be blamed on Mr. Gregor, except at a few junctures where the orchestra covers the voices. Nor can it be laid to the soloists or the Chorus and Orchestra of the National Theater of Prague. It goes deeper and is more basic, perhaps being related to a kind of parochialism inherent in Janáček's Moravia.

Any opera enthusiast with a special penchant for the warm coloring and attractive variety of harmony and rhythm of the best Czech folk-influenced music will be certain to enjoy *Jenufa* and this recording. He will probably not miss too severely melodies of genuine distinction and expressiveness. I myself enjoyed it greatly, though seldom without the nagging wish that more technical sophistication and dramatic competence had been stirred into Janáček's creative mixture alongside the jets of genius or near-genius that certainly were there.

A Wise Son Maketh A Glad Father

by R. P. Dickey

After many years, in his living room,
I told my father I had discovered
the Life Elixir. "Is that right?
Well what do you know about that!"

I said, "Look, Dad," took a shot
and became about fourteen years old
right there in front of his eyes,
barely keeping my balance on the rug.

He said, "Keep up the good work,"
flipped on the big floor model TV,
hollered and asked Mother what time
the Army-Missouri game came on.

O I drove away disconsolate,
drove all the way home, underage,
my rear-view mirror quivering
with state patrolmen and city cops.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Quartet in F (Op. 14, No. 1); Quintet in C (Op. 29). Amadeus Quartet; with Cecil Aronowitz, viola. DGG stereo, 139 444, $5.98.	Before sharp-eyed Beethoven fanciers take typewriter in hand to scoff at the contention that Opus 14, No. 1, is a string quartet and certainly not in F major, the addenda should be noted. It is a version for strings made by Beethoven of his Piano Sonata Opus 14, No. 1, because the market for quartets was booming in the first years of the nineteenth century. His Opus 18 quartets had just been completed, and he took advantage of the experience acquired thereby to transpose the sonata up a tone from E-flat in order to have the bottom (C) string of the cello as the dominant pivot of F. It makes an entertaining addition to the official sixteen quartets and could, were one unaware of its prior identity, be accepted as an original composition for strings. The Amadeus ensemble performs its part of DGG's intention to put every printed note of Beethoven into circulation in this bicentennial year with a performance of the Opus 14 transcription that is all finesse and clarity, adding appropriate drama and stress to the larger-scaled Quintet.
Kraus: *Funeral Cantata for Gustav III.* Newell Jenkins conducting the Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus; with Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano; Kerstin Meyer, mezzo; Ragnar Ulfung, tenor; and Kim Borg, bass. Vanguard stereo, VCS 10065, $3.98.	The assassination of Gustav III of Sweden in March 1792 had one well-known musical outcome: Verdi's *Ballo in maschera.* This cantata, though all but unknown prior to its revival in 1969 by Jenkins and his associates of this disc, is a much more direct result. Joseph Martin Kraus, born in the Rhineland and educated in Germany, found musical employment in Sweden when he entered his twenties, and spent the remainder of his life as a conductor and composer much favored by Gustav III. Thus the emotion of this work strikes a more personal note than may sometimes be the case in court-decreed compositions. It also strikes more than a few notes suggestive of Gluck, to whom Kraus was devoted. In this, it has a curious kinship to Beethoven's parallel *Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II* composed in Bonn two years earlier. This is not to imply any relationship of Kraus to Beethoven, but rather to underscore the importance attached to Gluck by young musicians of the time. Kraus's extended work, with its five arias and nearly twice as many ensembles, is more profoundly felt than original, but it nevertheless leaves regrets that it was the last work by Kraus, who died at thirty-six before the year was out. Jenkins's leadership is sober and vitalizing, his chorus and orchestra highly satisfactory. The musicianly efforts of his solo singers are downgraded by small but constant deviations from the pitch, an especial liability when they sing together.
Sarasate: *Zigeunerweisen.* **Saint-Saëns:** *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.* **Massenet:** "Meditation" (*Thaïs*). **Beethoven:** *Romances* (Opp. 40 and 50). **Tchaikovsky:** "Melodie" (*Souvenir d'un lieu cher*). Toshio Unno, violin; with Tadashi Mori conducting the CBS Symphony. Columbia stereo, MS 7411, $5.98.	As of only a few decades ago, a critic's range of possible hostile reactions was restricted to North America and Western Europe. Now, with conductors from India, pianists from the Argentine as well as Brazil, and violinists from Japan and Israel, the possibilities of giving offense on a world-wide scale are realistically available. In the instance of Unno, a thirty-four-year-old native of Tokyo whose teachers include Joseph Szigeti, the danger is minimal, for he is a very fine violinist, quite capable for any requirements of the works contained on this disc. What distinguishes his playing of them from dozens of others who might do as well technically is a broadly sonorous sound as few violinists of any time command. However, Unno has not yet achieved the kind of finesse required to redeem the Massenet "Meditation" or the Tchaikovsky "Melodie" from tedium, nor the special insight to make the Beethoven Romances convincing. His best performances are of the *Zigeunerweisen,* which have dash and urgency, and the Saint-Saëns *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.*
Satie: *Trois Gymnopédies; Heures séculaires et instantanées; Avant-dernières pensées; Passacaille; Trois Gnossiennes; Trois Nocturnes; Embryons desséchés; Enfantillages pittoresques; Peccadilles importunes; Pièces froides I, II,* and *III.* William Bennett, flute; Derek Wickens, oboe; Tom Kelly, clarinet; and Roland Marker, guitar. Deram stereo, DES 18036, $5.98.	Should there be some with the fleeting impression that there are, indeed, versions by Satie for the instrumental quartet defined at left of the *Gymnopédies* and *Gnossiennes*: give it no further thought. The versions of these, as of all the other matter on the disc, are—if you can read fine print—by Camarata. For those who, further, associate Camarata with the invention of opera in Florence, that was the Camerata, and quite a different breed of musical being altogether. This Camarata is the North Jersey-born Salvador (also known as Tutti), who played trumpet in dance bands while learning his craft at the Juilliard of the Thirties, and has recently been based in London furthering his reputation as one of the best of orchestral arrangers. This preamble is merely to establish the background against which these evocations of Satie emerged. They are, really, evocations rather than merely arrangements—a fulfillment, in terms of the chosen means, of the composer's purpose, and very skillfully done. One further detail: The credits attribute the highly well-defined recording to Arthur Haddy, *doyen* of London's engineering staff, and parent of (among other things) its *ffrr* process. It is a great rarity, these days, for Haddy to perform such functions, and the results may be meaningful for other London projects-to-come (Deram being a subsidiary of London). Some of the playing is a little broad and insufficiently subtle for the best standard in Satie, but the sound, as a whole, is remarkably fine.
Stravinsky: *Introitus.* The composer conducting the Gregg Smith Singers and the Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Variations. Robert Craft conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. *Abraham and Isaac.* Craft conducting the CBS Orchestra; with Richard Frisch, baritone. *Requiem Canticle.* Craft conducting the CBS Orchestra, the Gregg Smith Singers; Linda Anderson, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass. Columbia stereo, MS 7386, $5.98.	Among these examples of what the copywriters call "The New Stravinsky" (as if "The Old Stravinsky" would be an invidious title) there is the greatest musical interest ("the easiest to take home of my last period—or last-ditch period," is the composer's own description of it) in the *Requiem Canticle.* This is a creation of 1965-66 that is not only full of the ability to create musical matter and manipulate it effortlessly (as are the other contents of the disc) but also of imagery, eloquence, and a fresh sense of sonorous combinations. In short, it is a terse ("mini- or pocket-*Requiem*" is another observation of the composer on his own work) commentary on the time-old text, in which Stravinsky provides his own estimate of trumpet fanfares, chantings of the congregational prayer in the "Libera me," etc. It is expressively performed under Craft's guidance. —I. K.

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The Meaning of True Grit

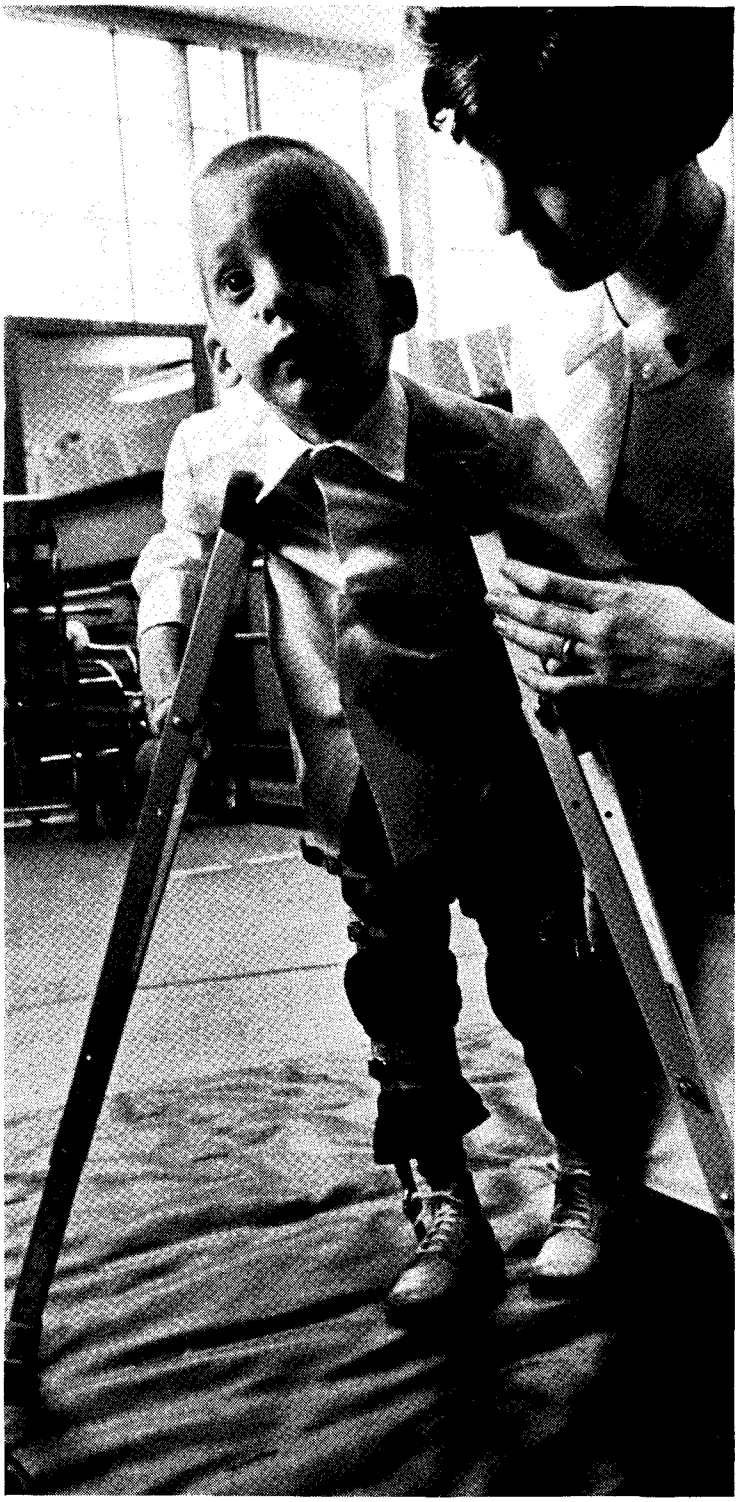
You're only four
and you fall on the floor,
'cause your legs aren't working right

you're weary and teary
and mad and sad
from fighting the punishing fight

the floor gives a jump
and your bones come down *bump!*
when the Easter Seal Lady says, "Please"

but you keep on trying,
keep right on trying
to raise yourself up off your knees.

So it's snuffle the nose,
and knuckle the eye,
the battle is just begun;
then give it another bloody try—
you've got true grit, my son.



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Philosophy, Fidelity, and Sonic Pleasure

To hear some audiophiles talk, one would think that high fidelity is a sternly imposed duty, and not at all an avenue of pleasure. They take their friends to hi-fi salons and point out the speakers that sound most realistic—only to sneer and suffer as their friends acknowledge all they say, yet pick some other speaker that sounds "pleasanter."

"Pleasant!" the purists snort, as if that were the last thing in high fidelity to consider. And they have a point: Conditioned as most people are by all the medium and low fidelity they've heard throughout the years, the best fidelity may sound unpleasantly strange to them.

After all, our final arbiters of fidelity are our prejudices, not our ears. We carry in our heads imperfect images of what music should sound like, created from our memories of (hopefully) a few live performances and a myriad of canned ones. When we hear an approximation of that image, reproduced by an imperfect speaker, playing an imperfect record in a most imperfect room, we cry out, "Ah! Reality!" (and presumably whip out our checkbooks).

But the purists do strive to bring their prejudices into the closest possible correspondence with their ears, and with the real sounds of the world around them. And they, therefore, maintain with justice that there is more pleasure, ultimately, in a sound that corresponds to their fulfillment of *their* prejudices than to the average man's.

I am at least a hemidemisemipurist myself and compare what I hear at concerts with the sound I hear at home. So, given the chance to try the ultimate test of sonic realism, a live-vs.-recorded demonstration, in my home, I grabbed it. As a result, I now find (to my slightly shocked amusement) that I can cheerfully sacrifice realism to pleasure, also—provided I don't have to make too great a sacrifice.

The live-vs.-recorded comparison was a simulation, since I couldn't afford to feed and house an orchestra for several months. My "live" reference source was not a live performance but a taped one, played through a loudspeaker; my "recorded" test signal was not the original recording, but a tape of that recording *as it sounded when played through that specific reference speaker.*

In this form of the test, the perfect speaker would provide a realistic imitation not of the sound produced by the musicians, but of the sound the reference speaker produced. Compare the reference sound to its playback through two different speakers, and the speaker that sounds more like the reference unit will be the more realistic.

So far, I've submitted two speakers extensively to this test: the Acoustic Research AR-3a, and the Rectilinear III. The AR-3a did noticeably better in the test, always providing the more accurate match. But I find that when I'm listening to music, I usually prefer the Rectilinear, pleasure apparently overcoming principle.

Were I more egotistical, I'd say that my ears were the better judge, and that the test was biased in the AR's favor. After all, the method was devised by AR, and the reference speaker was an AR-5. This has, however, nothing to do with it. To the extent that AR speakers sound alike, they would share the same defects; so the AR that's being tested would exaggerate the test speaker's sonic character, rather than merely reproduce it. The results would be as obviously inaccurate as those obtained with different speakers that compensated for the reference speaker's difficulties, or speakers that reproduced those difficulties while adding new ones of their own. But the results do, I suspect, have a great deal to do with the fact that this test is a standard part of AR's speaker-development program.

And the test convinces me that, whatever my own preferences, the AR is the more realistic reproducer of the two. The AR has some further advantages that the test does not show: a slightly deeper, cleaner low bass, and a broader, smoother dispersion of high frequencies throughout the room. It is also more efficient than the Rectilinear.

Yet, for some reason, the Rectilinear III seems to offer greater clarity. The words of songs are easier to distinguish, as are the voices of complex orchestral or vocal passages. Massed strings are clearer (if not as smooth). Pianos sound more like concert grands.

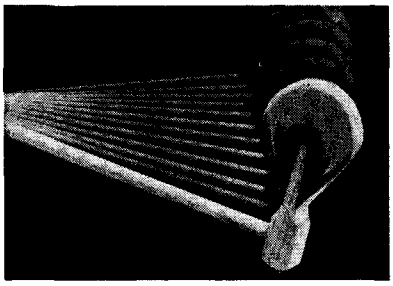
The AR, on the other hand, draws a very thin veil across the sound, adding a warmth that I find pleasant on big, noisy, blockbuster music; on solo voices (where it adds a distinct intimacy); as well as on any program material that needs a little smoothing. At the same time, I find these virtues less appealing than those of the Rectilinear.

All of these differences are relative and subtle. Before I settled down to listen to the AR and the Rectilinear, I ran the same tests to compare each of them to several other speakers, both for reproducing accuracy and for listening pleasure. And there the correlations were more obvious. The speakers that sounded less realistic than the AR or the Rectilinear also gave me less listening pleasure. And compared to them, the AR's "warmth" began to seem a veritable chill.

This still, of course, leaves open the question of why the AR and the Rectilinear interchange positions when I change criteria. In part, it's because the live-vs.-recorded simulation is still not the perfect test.

And in part, I suspect, it's because the AR and the Rectilinear differ in different directions from reality. The AR leans a bit toward undue warmth, the Rectilinear a bit (and probably a little further) in the opposite direction. Obviously, the Rectilinear's direction is the one I prefer.

The differences and the inaccuracies are, as I said, subtle. Both speakers are eminently pleasurable; both are eminently realistic. And the perfect speaker, should it ever come to pass, will probably split the differences between them. —IVAN BERGER.



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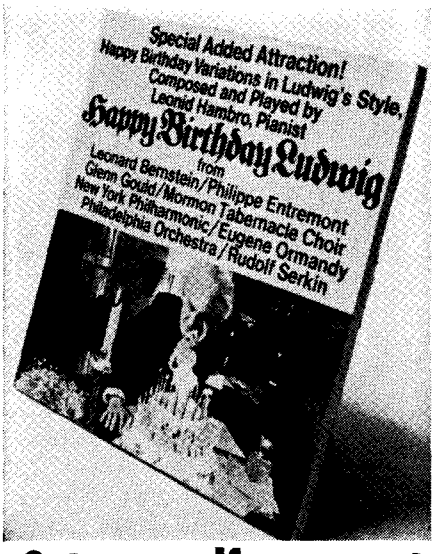

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

New English Wotan; "Figaro" by Klemperer

LONDON.

THESE PAST FEW WEEKS have proved an eventful period for opera, not only at our two established lyric theaters but also at the Royal Festival Hall, which, on successive nights early in February, was the setting for notable concert performances of *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* conducted, respectively, by Otto Klemperer and Colin Davis. At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Mr. Davis, who will of course assume the company's musical direction when Georg Solti relinquishes the post next year, conducted a lively, if somewhat uneven, revival of *Fidelio* with a cast headed by Gwyneth Jones, Jon Vickers, and Donald McIntyre. There were revivals, too, of some of the company's most notable productions of the past dozen years: Zeffirelli's *Don Giovanni* and Visconti's *Don Carlo* and *Il Trovatore*.

And what about the Klemperer *Figaro*, which caused the music critic of *The Times* to leave midway through Act IV because he could hear the conductor's "didactic, humorless, tortoise-like manner" no longer, while his colleague in *The Observer* felt that the performance "had revealed the score to a degree I had not previously experienced"? Speaking personally, I am bound to say that the latter view coincided completely with my own reactions. I suspect that the recording, when it appears, will engender similarly divergent responses, although the cast is an exceptionally strong one.

In fact, two of the excellent protagonists at the RFH had not been involved in the recording: Margaret Price's lovely Cherubino will not be heard on disc this time, though few are likely to cavil at the choice of Teresa Berganza, while Gabriel Bacquier's last minute indisposition brought in Canadian baritone Victor Braun, who, without rehearsal or using a score, gave the finest Count I have heard in years. From the recording sessions came Sir Geraint Evans's superb Figaro, Reri Grist's adorable Susanna, and Elisabeth Söderström's Countess.

For me, at any rate, it was not Covent Garden but Sadler's Wells and the RFH that provided the month's outstanding operatic experiences—one of them generally acclaimed, the other producing some of the most divergent critical reactions I have seen for a long time. When Sadler's Wells announced last year that it proposed to put on *The Valkyrie* as a first step toward a projected *Ring* cycle in English, there were many who doubted the company's capacity to meet so stern a challenge. True, its new home, the Coliseum, is better suited to large-scale Wagner than the smaller Islington theater with its hard, unflattering acoustics; true, too, that the company had proved its Wagnerian mettle with a *Mastersingers* second to none and that it has, in Reginald Gooddall, a Wagner conductor of the old school (not unlike Knappertsbusch) who, notwithstanding his technical frailties, clearly understands the epic timescale of this music.

This *Valkyrie*, sung to a new translation by Andrew Porter by a cast every member of which was new to his or her part, proved little short of a revelation, and provided strong support for the view, expressed many years ago by Bernard Shaw, that British singers might easily surpass their German counterparts in this music. With striking space-age settings by Ralph Koltai, a finely detailed production by John Blatchley and Glen Byam Shaw, and a sensible, generally audible translation, here was a *Valkyrie* of dramatic plausibility, conducted spaciously and with remarkable insight by Mr. Gooddall, and quite beautifully sung, especially by the male performers. Not that the ladies were anything but admirable, with Ava June (familiar in Mozart and Verdi, but here essaying her first Wagnerian role) an attractively lyrical Sieglinde; Ann Howard a strikingly handsome, vehement Fricka; and, above all, Rita Hunter, whose Brünnhilde was her first really major role after some years on the company's roster.

But it was the men who took the main honors, with Clifford Grant a dark, menacing, yet unusually human Hunding, Alberto Remedios a Siegmund of no more than adequate power yet sung in a *bel canto* style that I had never before experienced in this role, and Norman Bailey a truly magnificent Wotan. This young baritone, who joined the company two years ago and made his debut as Hans Sachs, is already well on his way to becoming the outstanding Heldenbariton of his generation. All things considered, Charles Mackerras has every reason to feel proud of his company.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

The Dorseys of Lansford

JOHN CHARLES EDWARDS's observation [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Feb. 28] concerning the Dorsey Brothers and Lansford (or Shenandoah?), Pennsylvania, may need a footnote. As a native of Mauch Chunk (now Jim Thorpe), about nine miles from Lansford, and a short-time participant with both Dorseys in a little combo (circa 1920), I have always identified them with Lansford. They may have been born in Shenandoah, some twenty miles away and hardly "suburban" distance, but Lansford was their center of activity before their start with the Scranton Sirens.

HENRY F. BUTLER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

An Aye for Hall

I WOULD LIKE to second the remarks of David Hall [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Feb. 28], regarding the need for distribution of recordings of contemporary music, especially to FM stations, and especially to public FM stations. Many such stations have starvation budgets, and generally purchase only the records they feel are absolutely necessary. And so contemporary music does not get played.

However, if recordings were made available to them, chances are they would be played.

At WGUC, even though I present a regular program of contemporary music, and some is played on other programs, the picture is not that much different. While the budget will allow buying those recordings of the major companies with standard promotional rates, such labels as CRI, Opus One, Advance, and others that specialize in contemporary music and cannot afford the luxury of promotional rates, often must wait for a richer budget, or until we have enough Tchaikovsky symphonies.

MYRON C. BENNETT,
Chief Announcer,
WGUC-FM,
University of Cincinnati,
Cincinnati, O.

The Hungry I(van)

I ENJOYED Irving Kolodin's article "How Long Can the Met Survive?" [*SR*, Dec. 27, 1969] even if I enjoyed his conclusions no more than he did.

But the moderately antiquated looking TV camera in the lead illustration reminded me of just how badly the Met can "utilize the innovations of a technological age." In theory, the Met's TV room is a great idea, giving latecomers a chance to see and hear the first act of an opera without disturbing those who did arrive on time.

But in practice it is a dismal failure—or at least it was when I caught *Rosenkavalier* there last season. The picture was big, but it was lacking in contrast and detail, growing steadily fuzzier as the act progressed. What's worse, the sound was nowhere near as good as that of the Saturday broadcasts heard on a cheap AM radio.

Perhaps such niceties as color were beyond the Met's TV-room budget. But would the cost of *adequate* equipment have been that much higher, to start with, than the cost of the equipment now in use?

If I couldn't better their sound for less than $1,000 worth of equipment—probably far less—I would eat their mike cables with spaghetti sauce.

IVAN BERGER,
New York, N.Y.

The Philharmonic's Non-Broadcasts

ON PAGE 22 of the entertainment section of *The New York Times* (March 1, 1970), under the caption "This Week's Radio Concerts," I fail to find one by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, The Philadelphia Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Marlboro Festival Concerts, the Boston "Pops"—and, yes, amazingly—the one live presentation, the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday afternoons.

It ill becomes Amyas Ames in his article "The Silent Spring of Our Symphonies" [*SR*, Feb. 28] to bemoan the lack of support and income for our orchestras until he corrects a curious insensitivity here in New York.

Why do we not have live broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic on Sunday afternoons as we did in the past. Are not sponsors available; would not the musicians' union cooperate, in return for a portion of the income?

Live radio broadcasts are the most total method for our symphony orchestras to serve their communities.

MORTON G. MORRIS, D.D.S.,
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "curious insensitivity" has to do with the musicians, not with the Philharmonic. The long series of years during which the programs were broadcast weekly, whether sponsored or not, terminated in 1967 when the musicians demanded a larger fee for the nonsponsored broadcasts than a "public service" programer could provide.*

Simon, Garfunkel, and Sander

IN AN AGE where banality and crudeness dominate so much of the pop music field, it is refreshing to find so artistic and talented a duo as Simon & Garfunkel. Ellen Sander's review of their music, "Simon & Garfunkel: The Singers and the Songs" [*SR*, Feb. 28], was a piece of poetic excellence deserving of two fine musicians.

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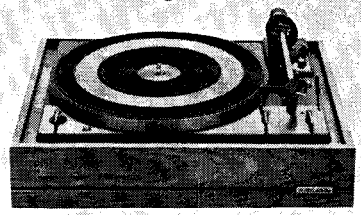

This comment by Hirsch-Houck Labs sums up their test report on the Dual 1219 automatic turntable, printed in Stereo Review, December, 1969.

We had anticipated that the 1219 would get a warm reception from the testing labs. After all, it retains all the features that made its predecessor "widely regarded as one of the finest record players available." (As Hirsch-Houck also said.)

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United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mount Vernon, New York, 10553. Dual

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Rosina Lhevinne

Continued from page 59

Bernstein asked her why she had never played with the New York Philharmonic. "I would do it," she told him, "but nobody has ever asked me." Then Carlos Moseley called and requested the Chopin First three days in succession, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. She felt it might prove to be too great a physical strain, but Bernstein retorted: "Tell her that, knowing her, after she plays three days, on the fourth she will not know what to do with herself and will say she wants to play again." She said it was the truth: "I couldn't find myself a place, you know, I was aching to play again. The joy I had in playing with him is not to be described. He asked if he could come to Juilliard to accompany me, so he would know my ideas, so that the rehearsal would be easier. And from the very first opening—you know, when the piano enters—I played the theme and he jumped up and kissed me and said, 'How can it be that it is the third generation—not the second—the third, and that we feel so much together?' So the whole concerto he accompanied, and all the time he jumped and kissed."

Rosina Lhevinne's self-perception is as remarkable as is her memory of facts and events spread across ninety years. She recalls being a spoiled, sickly child but being brought to reality by Mr. Lhevinne. "I always spoke of 'my little hands and my little feet,' and he would say, 'Nothing of the sort—regular feet and regular hands.' One day after we were married my mother arranged a little cottage on one side of a Moscow suburb—they lived on the other side because it was better that I wouldn't be so close. So we would travel to see them. He adored the sky. For him the sky was not only on the same plane as the piano, but in his heart, I think, he liked the sky more. So he always looked and told me everything, even though I was a very bad student. He knew every constellation with the naked eye. This one time he was looking at the sky and he said, 'Rosina, look, there are a million mosquitoes,' and really it was so humid and the air was full of them. 'You know,' he said, 'we are one of them.' And it may be hard for someone to believe this, but it really changed my character a great deal—to feel my size in the world.

"As I say, I was brought up with tremendous love and care. They made me a queen in the house, and then I probably formed in my head that I was not only the center of my home but the center of the universe. And here I was, one of the mosquitoes. You know, I received a terrible, terrible shock to realize this." But this realization, she feels, transformed her into a different person with many good qualities. She is particularly noted for her special kindness and her gift of forgetting bad things, the latter being particularly valuable in her attitude toward the piano and pianists. "I don't have to be so good to forgive, I simply forget; it doesn't exist. Then I started to think a great deal about my position in life, what I am. Mr. Lhevinne was so celebrated in the beginning of the twentieth century. He was one of the five or six, I would say, that were on the same plane. Living with him all the forty-six years we were married, I really became one of those humble persons. And the older I get the more I realize how much I don't know. People don't believe this, and I don't try to speak of it." Harold Schonberg did, however, a few years ago when he wrote in *The New York Times* that she combined the greatness of Catherine the Great with the simplicity of a taxi driver.

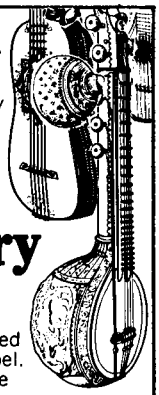
One thing she feels strongly about is a pianist's attitude toward his colleagues. "You know, so many people go to concerts to see what a colleague does bad. When a student comes to me, I always start with a few words of greeting before I start the lesson. I cannot spend much time, but I always say, 'Now what did you hear interesting this week?' or something like that —and they will say, 'Oh, I heard Rubinstein, and he took fourteen wrong notes.' I say that doesn't interest me at all—tell me how enchanted you were with his playing, or probably you didn't hear Rubinstein, you didn't hear the pieces—you heard fourteen wrong notes. And they come and tell me about a student of another colleague and how terrible he was. I say that it doesn't

interest me at all, because you must go with a kind heart to hear a colleague, not to see what he will do wrong. I have played so little in my life, but the very first time I played in Aspen I remember I said in my mind, 'I know you are all my friends,' because when I go to a concert I really, truly am a friend of the person who is playing. That is why I can almost always, if I want to go backstage, find something very good and speak of that. I don't speak of the places that were bad."

She discourages the idea of competition on an individual basis between students. "Throughout his life, my husband competed only with himself," she has said, "and had only one goal—to re-create the music he was playing." That goal is Rosina Lhevinne's, too, and it is one she is emphatically passing on to the new generation of pianists as she celebrates her ninetieth year.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 56: bustler, butlers, bluster, subtler.

"Excellent before . . . better now."
–N. Y. Times Book Review



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Storm on the Holy See

Continued from page 21

or perhaps national Councils of Churches.

Many of these questions are to some extent academic or technical. What is far more urgent and real is the extent to which the "local churches" (meaning, basically, individual bishops with their dioceses, but also national and other geographically defined assemblies of bishops) will face up to the challenge vaguely sketched out by the synod and take the initiative in evolving forms of Catholic Christianity more suited to their own cultures, experience, and aspirations (including political) than the highly centralized and uniform one, which was all they had to offer in the past—to the peasant in Peru as well as to the professor in Boston. In this sense, the French priest-worker of the late Forties can now perhaps be regarded as the forerunner of Camillo Torres in the Sixties; it is above all in the burgeoning countries of Africa and Latin America that the problems and opportunities facing the Catholic Church of the future can be most vividly seen.

Africa's problems are in many ways more intractable than those of Latin America. The Catholic Church in most African countries is a minority church that looks to Rome to give it status in the eyes of its own people and of the governments under which it works. It is also, more than half a century after the great missionary outreach from Europe, still very much a white church, with too many white bishops, too many white priests, and too much white money. If the church there is not to lose the ground that it has so painfully gained, it has to Africanize its clergy, hierarchy, and structures with the minimum possible delay. But the difficulty is that the majority of those African priests who are eligible for promotion are precisely the men who are most unsuitable, because they have been either educated in Rome or in African seminaries heavily influenced by Roman (i.e., centralist) ideas. They are men caught between two cultures: the European, which they do not understand, and the African, which they have been taught to reject. In these circumstances, it is entirely natural that they should turn to Rome for moral and physical support. But if they are appointed, and if they do seek Rome's support, they will create intense disappointment and eventual alienation among young clerical and lay African Catholics who are determined on the need to build a local church that will be in communion with Rome but that will be irreproachably free from any taint of ecclesiastical neo-colonialism or Uncle Tom-ism. And yet, if the African church is not Africanized, the wastage and disillusion could be just as great. The dilemma is a cruel one, and it is felt with particular keenness by the men who are the present—and probably the last—generation of white African bishops.

The same problem, which is essentially one of adaptation and authenticity, is rapidly developing in Latin America, where the church, frequently accused of being too uncritical of undemocratic regimes, corrupt practices, and exploitation, is being forced into new positions that contrast sharply with its former willingness to accept the political and economic status quo. When Latin American governments find themselves having to take active steps against members of the clergy and hierarchy who oppose their policies (Brazil and Paraguay are cases in point), there is increasing conflict between church and state, frequently on the need for social reforms. It may be objected—and often is—that the Latin American hierarchies become involved in these struggles only when they themselves feel threatened, and that they do not bother to make a stand when the people who are being tortured or killed or put in prison are mere members of the laity. This objection, however, can be met by pointing to the evidence of *conscientisation*, of a becoming aware of one's own po-

Will

By Richard Eberhart

What is will but the advent of the free?
Is the sailor who sails on the sea, whose vessel
Descends from Eagle Light to shoal Duck Harbor on Ile au Haut,
Casting anchor near the weir, and remaining overnight,
Voyaging outward in the morning, out to the open ocean
Turning east to the bull music of Roaring Bull Ledge,
Going thence northeast before a following southwester
To the Light of Swans Island, thence to Frenchboro
And up the chart to Placentia, west across Blue Hill Bay,
Across Jericho, and into Eggemoggin Reach and through it,
Back to mooring near Weir Cove on Cape Rosier,

Nearer to reality than a man of land sitting on the shore,
Immovable so he seems, despite changes of tide, of wind,
Impervious to fog rolling in or lifting, the light's decline,
Or its rise to scintillant brilliance in a forenoon of glass,
Is this man nearer to reality being without action,
Willing imagination in his snug bone case,
Containing within his skull voyages past and future?
He wills to sit still and listen to the secret music
Of sidereal roarings beyond the reach of human hearing,
It is the play of imagination without danger of drowning
Where the will is free to assume the freedom of its desire.

The contemplation of heaven has to be this side of death.
The contemplation of the minute particulars of tragedy
Speaks in superior oracles to the pain and ordeal of the real,
A voyage of endless nuances and considerations
Giving the illusion of reality beyond the grasp of the actual.
To sink in thought is less possible than to sink in wood,
So it seems, for the dogged persistence of the mind exists,
Its raptures incalculable, its blazons searching the deeps,
Its dream equal to the effects and douse of Ulysses,
Its structure of the possible greater than the actual.

Yet in plethoric instances of imagined reality
Where mischance is the limit of the breathing tone
Man's concern is with reality itself
And he shall imagine beyond the vastness of the universe
His brace against, bout with Roaring Bull Ledge,
Dreaming of the truths beyond the seas
Because he stood to the compass on the waves of chance,
Ironist who dared the danger of the open ocean,
Pulled down by fate in willing the control of action,
Enigmatic helmsman of the real, man of imagination.

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tentialities, that is spreading throughout the church in Latin America and joining hierarchy and people together in the fight for social justice in an unprecedented way. One has only to look at the position in Cuba, where within less than a decade one of the most conservative hierarchies in the Southern Hemisphere virtually reversed its policy on cooperation with a Communist government, to see that for a growing number of Latin American Catholics revolution has become a reality.

This awareness is especially true in Brazil, where, since 1967, a number of convinced Catholics have begun to identify themselves positively with armed resistance to the military regime, as was clearly shown by the circumstances surrounding the death of the Brazilian Communist leader Carlos Marighela in an ambush in late 1969. Not all Brazilian Catholic opponents of the regime, however, are members of the armed resistance movement; thousands have joined the small but prophetic figure of Dom Helder Câmara, the sparrow-like archbishop of Olinda-Recife in the poverty-stricken northeast of the country, in his campaign for social justice based on nonviolence of Gandhian proportions. These developments neatly point up the dilemma facing Catholics in such a situation. Must they join the revolution? Or must they continue to work for change by constitutional means?

Pope Paul, on his visit to Bogotá, explicitly ruled out violence, but even as he spoke events were providing the ingredients of a different answer to a problem that is not as clear-cut as it may seem. Traditional Catholic doctrine on the right to rebel against an unjust government has proved largely inadequate to deal with the situation in Latin America today. For one thing, the word "violence" is being widely redefined to include what is considered to be social and economic violence toward various groups or classes of people—the idea being that this, too, justifies rebellion by these groups or classes against the existing structures of society. For another, the sheer injustice of some human and political situations has prompted even the mildest of men to re-evaluate their own positions. For instance, not long before his death in 1969, Père Pire, the Belgian Dominican who won a worldwide reputation with his "Villages for Peace" projects and for his outspoken pacifism, wondered publicly about the possibilities of "surgical violence" to cure the cancer in society—violence used as therapy and not (as it is so often used) as self-expression. Side by side with this kind of thinking is the development of the idea that the Catholic, whatever his personal situation,

---

By Howard Nemerov

On Being Asked for a Peace Poem

Here is Joe Blow the poet
  Sitting before the console of
    the giant instrument
That mediates his spirit to the world.
He flexes his fingers nervously,
He ripples off a few scale passages
(Shall I compare three to a summer's
  day?)
And resolutely readies himself to begin
His poem about the War in Vietnam.

This poem, he figures, is
A sacred obligation: all by himself,
Applying the immense leverage of art,
He is about to stop this senseless war.
So Homer stopped that dreadful thing
  at Troy
By giving the troops the Iliad to read
  instead;
So Wordsworth stopped the
  Revolution when
He felt that Robespierre had gone
  too far;
So Yevtushenko was invited in
  The Times
To keep the Arabs out of Israel
By smiting once again his mighty lyre.*

Joe smiles. He sees the Nobel Prize
Already, and the reading of his poem
Before the General Assembly,
  followed by
His Lecture to the Security Council
About the Creative Process; probably
Some bright producer would put it
  on TV.
Poetry might suddenly be the in thing.

Only trouble was, he didn't have
A good first line, though he thought
  that for so great
A theme it would be right to start
  with O,
Something he would not normally have
  done

O

And follow this by making some
  demands
Of a strenuous sort upon the Muse
Polymnia of sacred song, that lady
With the fierce gaze and implacable
  small smile.

*"An Open Letter to Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Poet Extraordinary of Humanity." Charles Rubinstein, New York Times, November 3, 1966.

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can never confine himself to one of the two great options, reform or revolution, but that he must continually be open to the possibilities inherent in both, while remembering that his role in each is a humanizing one.

This kind of "theology in action," born and bred in the political caldrons of Latin America, may well prove to be one of the most significant theological developments in the church in this century. It is being paralleled nearer home, in Europe and the United States, by the development of a "theology of hope" and of a "theology of risk," both characterized by a strong social and political interpretation of the Catholic's duty in the world, by an abandonment of many of the old, worn-out certainties, and by a new humility and provisionality in the face of the world's coming of age. If the church eventually becomes, in Hoekendijk's phrase, "God's theo-political agent in the world," it will not be as a political party, much less as the tattered remnants of some Holy Roman Empire, but as a vital and energetic community fully integrated in human affairs.

This transformation is not an accident. It is happening because each of the crises affecting the Catholic Church at the moment—whether in connection with authority, ecumenism, celibacy, or revolution—has the same point of origin: the search for relevance, for meaning. In other words, if the church is to mean anything at all to modern man, it must begin to speak to him in language that he can understand. This problem was glimpsed at the Vatican Council; it has since then become the most pressing one of all. This is not a question of adopting the world's standards—the most radical Roman Catholics of all insist that their church should make even more obvious its opposition to what the world is prepared to put up with—but of exploring, together with modern man, his own nature, his human possibilities, and his ideas about his future. What Catholics believe about man they call faith. The problem is to find out if it can have a meaning for modern self-sufficient humanity, and this is the problem that coordinates and, to a certain extent, dwarfs all the others. As a necessary preliminary to this exploration the Catholic Church has, for better or for worse, become part of our world again. It has, however reluctantly and hesitantly, opted into the continuum of tension and anguish (as well as of hope and excitement) that definitively marks the human condition today. If it is to become the service group of hope it claims to be within the human community, there is no going back on this decision.

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(Continued from page 75)

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(Continued from page 77)

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(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1877

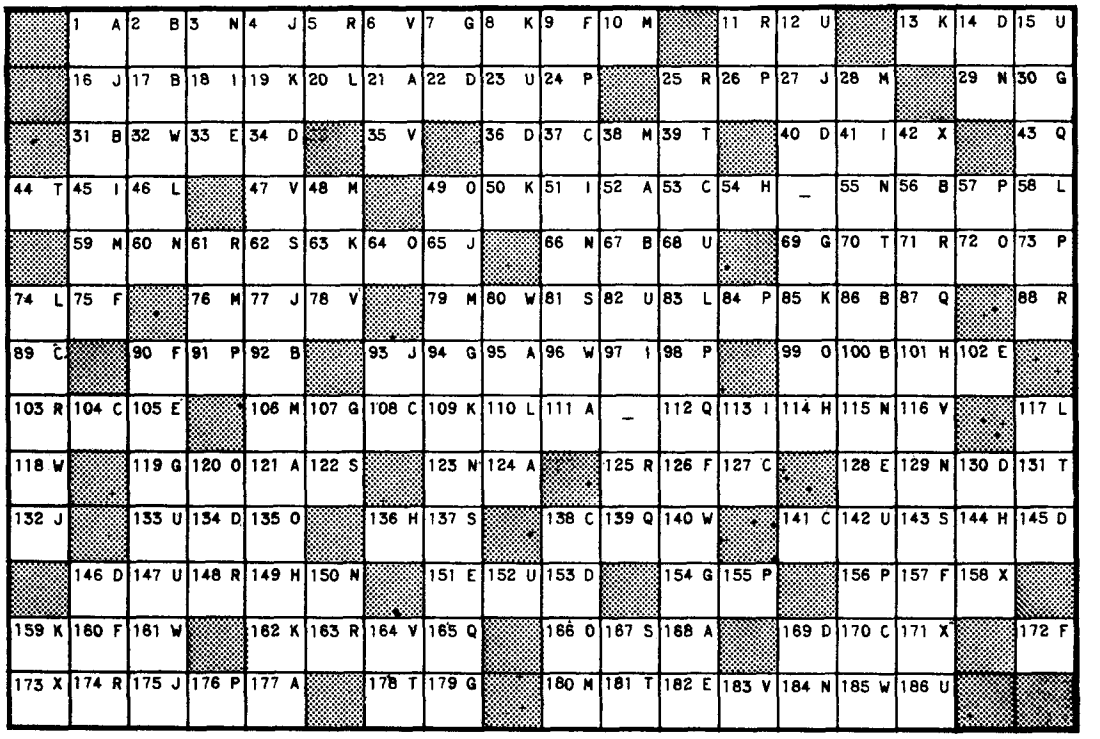
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Noctuid moths that travel in great swarms destroying grass, grain, and other crops	21 52 95 111 121 124 168 177 1
B. Mixture of aromatic substances usu. in the form of a ball	2 17 31 56 67 86 92 100
C. Author of "The Marble Faun"	104 108 138 141 170 37 53 89 127
D. Not at all (2 wds.)	130 134 145 146 14 22 34 36 40 153 169
E. To wit	182 33 102 105 128 151
F. Scottish landscape and portrait painter (1758-1840; "Stirling Castle")	157 160 172 9 75 90 126
G. Adverse; indecorous	154 179 7 30 69 94 107 119
H. Indefinite portion; half	114 101 136 149 144 54
I. Opera by Charpentier	97 113 18 41 45 51
J. Frequently	77 93 132 175 4 16 27 65
K. "The hill-side's dew-pearled;/The lark's——." (3 wds.; Browning, "Pippa Passes")	85 109 13 50 63 159 8 19 162
L. Set the tone or theme of	58 74 83 110 117 20 46
M. Declined, reneged (2 wds.)	59 79 106 180 10 28 38 48 76
N. Acted as referee	115 184 55 60 29 3 66 123 129 150
O. Treasury, exchequer, chests	49 120 166 99 135 64 72
P. Main route between Peshawar, Pakistan, and Kabul, Afghanistan (2 wds.)	73 91 98 84 176 57 155 156 24 26
Q. Cowpoke	112 139 165 43 87
R. Establishment	11 148 174 61 71 125 25 103 88 163 5
S. Mountains of Wyo. and Ida., part of the Rockies	62 81 137 167 122 143
T. 8th cent. B.C. Greek poet, author of "Works and Days"	70 181 131 178 44 39
U. Novel by R.D. Blackmore (2 wds.)	186 133 82 12 142 68 147 152 23 15
V. Herb of the mint family, used in seasoning	164 78 183 6 35 116 47
W. The residuum in a still after distillation	80 96 118 185 140 161 32
X. Irritable; anxious	171 158 42 173

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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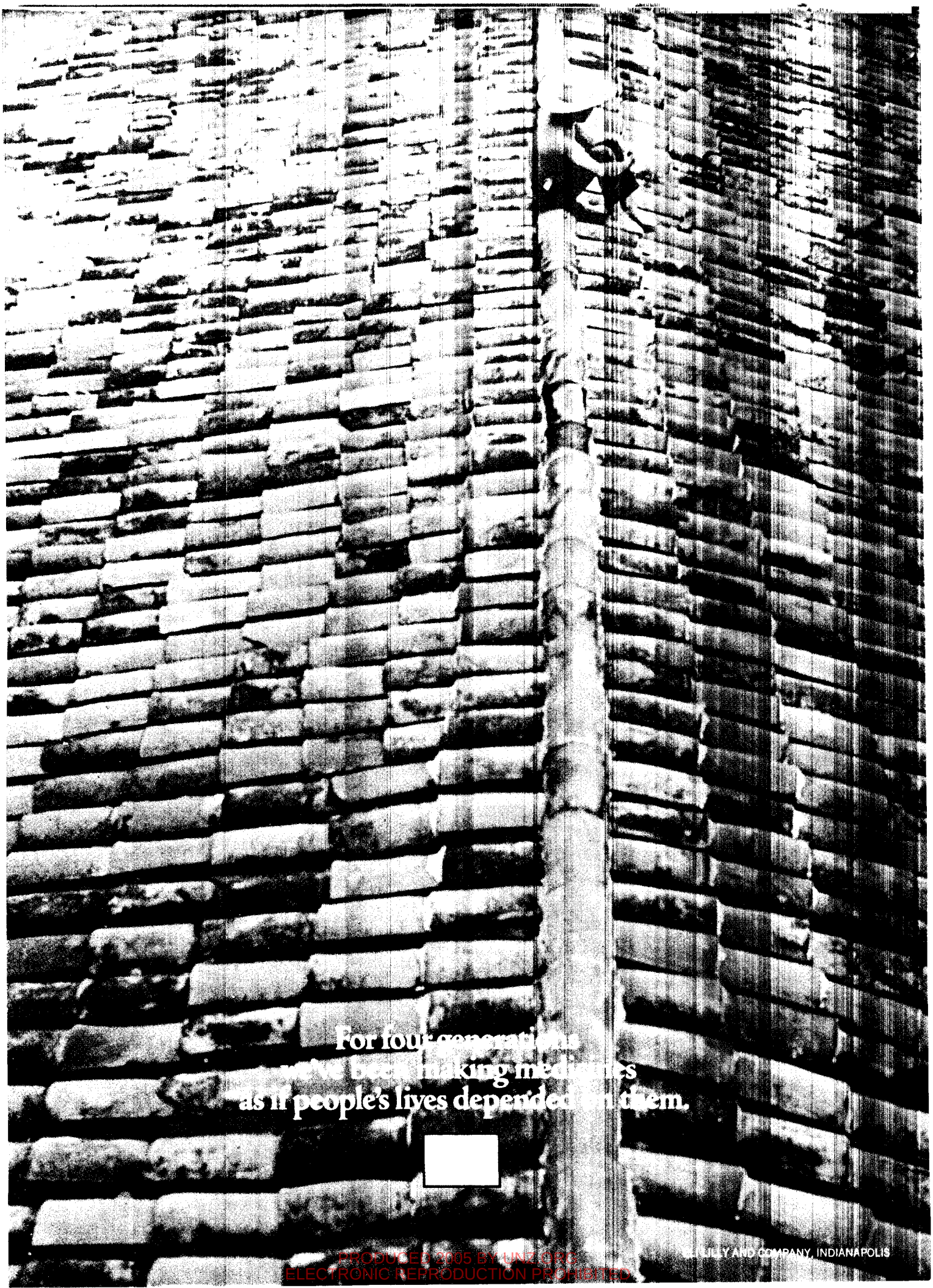

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